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NOVEMBER 1, 1848.

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ART. I.—*Memoir of William Ellery Channing, with Extracts from his Correspondence and Manuscripts.* 3 vols. London. 1848.

It is long since a piece of biography has issued from the press more fraught with instruction than are the volumes before us. Every page teems with thought, is expressive of elevated sympathies, and brings us into fellowship with mind in some of its highest tones of culture and experience. In common with nearly all productions of this nature, the bias in favour of the subject is sufficiently observable; but if the shades of infirmity which belong to the best are laid in with a somewhat timid and reluctant hand, the lights of the picture appear to have been given upon the whole with a chastened regard to truth. Some four-fifths of these volumes consist of extracts from the pen of Dr. Channing, partly from his published works, but chiefly from his letters, or from papers hitherto more or less private. The work is, accordingly, in its substance, an auto-biography, and to us the more welcome on that account. The tenderness evinced in touching on the defective points in the history and character of Dr. Channing, and the pains taken to bring out his excellencies with prominence and impressiveness, may suggest, that in making these selections from the manuscripts entrusted to his care, Mr. Channing has not been wanting in solicitude about the future reputation of his distinguished relative. We know not, however, that there is any ground to suspect the editor of having acquitted himself with more partiality in this respect than must always be supposed in such cases. Certainly the character presented to us in the published works of Dr.

Channing, and especially in these extracts from more private documents, is one of extraordinary worth, and deserving, on many accounts, of some patient study. His life connects him with the progress of nearly all the great questions belonging to the history of the last half century; and presents a serious problem in relation to theological science, demanding a more candid and thorough attention from our divines than the majority are likely to bestow upon it. We mean to give expression to a few thoughts on this latter topic, but, before we so do, shall state our honest judgment with regard to the character of Dr. Channing and his performances generally.

William Ellery Channing was born in 1780 and died in 1842. His life divides itself into two sections. The one embraces his youth to the time of his settlement as a minister at Boston; in the other we have the history of his pastorate in that city, and of his labours as an author, until his decease.

Rhode Island, the place of Dr. Channing's birth, is a spot where natural scenery, generally beautiful, and often rising to sublimity, became familiar to him from his childhood. The island is about fifteen miles in extent, and rises by gradual elevations towards the upper grounds, which form its outline as seen by the mariner from the Atlantic, or as approached from the American coast by the vessels which wind their way through the islets that sprinkle the silvery sheet of the Narragansett Bay. Its declivities were all in good cultivation, studded with dwelling places. The circle upon its summit presented a succession of magnificent panoramic views of sea and land, while its slopes toward the sea opened many a woody glen, many level spaces of sea beach or sand, and presented many a rocky barrier upraised against the ocean, whose spray threw itself, as in sport, against the dark and wave-worn surface, even in the calmest weather, and whose brows seemed to become the throne of the terrible as the winter storm came careering in from the far-off world of waters beyond. Even the frequent humidness of the atmosphere contributed to the general charm of the place, by giving a constant freshness to the earth, an ever-changing aspect to the heavens, revealing the more distant coasts and faint head-lands with fitful variety, and under every shade of beauty. Channing revelled amidst these scenes in his youth, and derived new pleasure from them as he visited them, from time to time, even to the last year of his life. During these later visits—in the manner of all thoughtful men in the same circumstances—he often contrasted the ever fresh and ever flowing course of nature, with the decay and disappearance of man, many who had been watchers of her wondrous evolutions,

and who had once rejoiced with her joy, having dropped from their place without causing one moment's stay in her onwardness, or calling forth one note of sympathy from earth or sky!

Such was the birth-place of Channing. It was favourable to health, and the somewhat delicate organization which he inherited from his parents became, on the whole, vigorous, so that, according to credible testimony, he was a beautiful child. It was during a residence at Richmond in the south, and after he had entered upon his nineteenth year, that he so far became negligent of his health, and the prey of solicitude, as to have reduced himself to a state of physical debility which no future care sufficed to remove. To the weak and shadowy constitution thus induced, much of the caution and apparent timidity in his subsequent history should be attributed. But if prevented by this means from becoming so much a man of action as he might otherwise have been, he was in this way more decidedly shut up to his vocation as a man of thought. His conscientiousness never ceased to prompt him to effort, but his physical nature pointed to the mind as the only channel through which his mission toward society could be discharged.

The mixture of intelligence and amiableness which imparted so much interest to his features as a boy, led many to predict that he would some day rise to eminence. But it was not until he had ceased to be a child that he began to give signs of more than ordinary capacity. In his early years he was rather dull than precocious. Such is often the case with boys disposed to dwell amidst their own thoughts—amidst the ideal. The memory is not conspicuous, because the mind even thus early has something else to do besides remember. If the scenery of Rhode Island was adapted to awaken the imagination of our young philosopher, and to beget in him a sympathy with the grand and the beautiful in their external forms, the history of the place, and the social life about him, were of a sort to exert a considerable influence on his intellectual and moral nature. Roger Williams—the brave and free-hearted Roger Williams—had been the founder of the state in Rhode Island. His thorough liberalism in religious matters had been strengthened and made to take deep root by the influence of such coadjutors as Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, Governor Coddington, and Samuel Gorton. But with this stern puritan element others had become intermingled. Newport, the principal town of the island, was, as it still is, a place of great resort for strangers, partly as engaged in the business of a prosperous sea-port, but chiefly for the purposes of bathing, or in pursuit of pleasure. When Channing was a youth, the number of English and French officers



generally resident there, together with many retired sea-captains and merchants, contributed to raise the tone of manners in the place something above the standard generally attained in American towns. Above all, the great battle between the old opinions in relation to society and religion, and the principles of French liberalism, had commenced, and next to the heat with which the distinction between the true and the false on such questions was asserted, was the eagerness with which men debated about the right and the wrong of the means which had been hitherto employed to sustain or oppose the power of opinion.

Channing grew up amidst the more favourable influences of this locality. He had seen Washington as a guest at the house of his father; and, in common with most great men, appears to have been blessed with an intelligent and firm-hearted mother. Reverence for religion, accordingly, and for that patriotism which recognises in freedom the instrument of order and progress, were virtues which came to him as by inheritance. But in 1793, in the thirteenth year of his age, young Channing lost his father. He was then at school with an uncle in Connecticut, and from this clerical relative he appears to have derived a liberality of thinking which had its influence in the formation of those opinions on the subject of religion which he subsequently professed. The next year he entered Harvard College, and from this time his mental progress gave large promise that the predictions uttered concerning him in his childhood would be realized. The four years which he passed at college appear to have been the happiest of his life. He left with the reputation of being second to no one of his class-mates in general attainments, and esteemed by all as a person eminent in every manly and social virtue. From college Channing removed to Richmond, where he remained something more than eighteen months. Concerning that interval in his history he shall himself speak. The letter from which this extract is taken bears date so late as 1842.

‘Your account of Richmond was very interesting. You little suspected how many remembrances your letter was to awaken in me. I spent a year and a half there, and perhaps the most eventful of my life. I lived alone, too poor to buy books, spending my days and nights in an out-building, with no one beneath my roof except during the hours of school-keeping. There I toiled as I have never done since, for gradually my constitution sunk under the unremitting exertion. With not a human being to whom I could communicate my deepest thoughts and feelings, and shrinking from common society, I passed through intellectual and moral conflicts, through excitements

of heart and mind, so absorbing as often to banish sleep, and to destroy almost wholly the power of digestion. I was worn well nigh to a skeleton. Yet I look back upon those days and nights of loneliness and frequent gloom with thankfulness. If I ever struggled with my whole soul for purity, truth, and goodness, it was there. There amid sore trials, the great question, I trust, was settled within me, whether I should obey the higher or lower principles of my nature—whether I should be the victim of passion, of the world, or the free child and servant of God. It is an interesting recollection that this great conflict was going on within me, and that my mind was then receiving its impulse toward the perfect, without a thought or suspicion of one person around me as to what I was experiencing. And is not this the case continually? The greatest work on earth is going on near us, perhaps under our roof, and we know it not. In a licentious, intemperate city, one spirit at least was preparing in silence and loneliness, to toil not wholly in vain for truth and holiness.'

It was in this condition of impaired health that Channing returned to Newport. As his strength in some measure returned, he decided on becoming a Christian minister, and, at the age of twenty-three, he accepted a call to the pastorate at Boston. His relation to this society continued until within two years of his decease. His history, subsequently to his settlement in Boston, is indicated in his writings, which furnish ample illustration of his character as a man, as a social reformer, as a man of letters, and as a divine.

As a man, Dr. Channing was highly exemplary in every relation—as a son and a brother, as a friend and a citizen. Indeed, the ethical element in his mind was evidently the master element—at once the most refined and the most potent of his faculties. His perception of moral relations, and of the duties proper to them, was always marked by a singular promptitude and delicacy. Such was the happy combination subsisting between his intellectual nature and his moral sympathies, that his certitude in such speculations seemed to be more the result of intuition than of reasoning. It was not that his understanding had much exceeded the ordinary limits in acuteness, comprehensiveness, or discipline, but that in his case it had found a better fellowship in the whole man than commonly befalls that power of our nature. With Channing, the principles of morality were all in an unusual degree the principles of taste. Few men have been more sincere worshippers of virtue as the highest form of the beautiful. The lovely in morals was to him as the creations of Raphael. The lofty in spiritual achievement spoke to him much as the sublime works of Phidias or Michael Angelo have spoken to the connoisseur. But his admiration did not expend itself in mere sentiment. It rested

—amidst all that might be evanescent in feeling—on the stability of principle. He saw an inherent greatness in the Right and the Good—a greatness to be worshipped at all times. An undue place, indeed, was sometimes permitted to the finer sensibilities of his nature, not strictly compatible with a bold discharge of the rougher and more weighty duties of life. But this constitutional bias, if not under perfect control, was never allowed to lead him very far astray, and in his nearer relations prompted him to everything kind and generous. On his settlement at Boston, it was agreed between himself and his brother Francis, that one of them should remain unmarried for ten years, that they might the better contribute to the comfort of their mother and her family. This service of self-denial was chosen by the subject of this memoir. His letters all bespeak the warmth and generosity of his friendship. Towards the necessitous, his private charities were such as to be always bordering on imprudence. So lively, indeed, were his sympathies with suffering, even as seen in the animal creation, that he one day let loose a cage of rats doomed to the horsepond, being altogether overcome by the cries of the innocents! It is true, this was a doing of his youth, but it must be confessed that to the end of his days he was liable to err in the same direction. Even in his most philosophical estimates, the presumption nearly always seems to be, that the preponderance of virtue must be on the side of the weak and the suffering. Hence his voice as a citizen is scarcely heard except as lifted up against some real or supposed wrong-doing. Judging, too, from the contents of these volumes, we must suppose that he had by degrees acquired a strong mastery over that feeling which with most men is the last to bow to good discipline—viz. the sense of injury. His course, at different periods of his history, exposed him to comments of all sorts, and he appears to have passed through the whole with a temper rarely excited, and never vindictive.

As a social reformer, his principles were all on the side of equalizing the rights and enjoyments of the human family to the greatest extent practicable. The wide space which separates between the wealthy and the poor he viewed as one of the most foreboding facts in the history of modern civilization. Often does he utter his lament over the growing passion for accumulation, and the excessive pursuit of material interests. Hence his endeavours, especially in his later years, to diffuse intelligence among the people, and to elevate the humbler classes, by directing their attention inward on their spiritual and immortal capabilities. His appeals are commonly to the higher and more generous motives, and by such he would

see men governed. But while prone to err, in common with nearly all men of the same order, by judging of humanity generally from the humanity found within his own bosom, he was by no means insensible to the evils incident to the ~~freest~~ forms of government, or to the vices inseparable from society under the best influences that have hitherto been brought to bear upon it. He loudly reprobated those outbreaks of broadcloth mobs which have done so much to disgrace the recent history of his country. Nor was he insensible to other evils which, if less conspicuous than the proceedings of mobs, were more general and more deeply rooted in his beloved republic. So powerfully was he affected by the disorders which have made their appearance in the society of the United States since the constitution of those states was founded, that he expresses himself as follows on the present condition of the elective franchise in that country.

‘I have endeavoured on all occasions to disprove the notion that the labouring classes are unfit depositories of political power. I owe it, however, to truth to say, that I believe that *the elective franchise is extended too far in this country*. No man, I think, should be intrusted with this high privilege who has not been instructed in the principles of our government, and in the duties of a good citizen, and who cannot afford evidence of respectability in regard to morals. One of the principal objects of our public schools should be to train the young of all conditions for the duties of good citizens, to furnish them with the necessary knowledge of principles for the judicious use of political power. The admission of the young to the privilege of voting, should be the most solemn public act—the grand national festival. It should be preceded by an examination of the candidates. It should be accompanied by the most imposing forms, fitted to impress the young and the whole community with the great responsibility and the honourableness of this trust.

‘None of us seem adequately to understand that to confer the elective franchise, is to admit a man to the participation of sovereignty, of the supreme power of the state. The levity with which this dignity is conferred—the thoughtlessness with which it has been extended—constitutes one of our great political dangers. Were the proper qualifications for it required, they would not exclude one class rather than another. The aim should be to exclude the unworthy of all classes. A community is bound to provide for itself the best possible government, and this implies the obligation to withhold political power from those who are palpably disqualified by gross ignorance or by profligacy for comprehending or consulting the general welfare—who cannot exercise the sovereignty without injuring the commonwealth.

‘I am fully aware of the obstacles which the violence of party spirit would throw in the way of the system now proposed, and I cannot but fear that the inconsiderateness with which the highest

political power has been squandered in this country, has gone too far for remedy. Still, it is useful to hold up to a people what it owes to itself. At least, *these remarks will prevent my fellow-citizens from considering me as an advocate of universal suffrage, in the present state of society.* I think, however, that a system of education should be established in a republic, for the very purpose of making suffrage universal—that is, for the purpose of qualifying every man to be a voter. But in the case of those who will not avail themselves of the natural means of improvement, political power should be withheld.’—Vol. ii. pp. 257—259.

We are old-fashioned enough to regard these words as the sayings of the wise. Listen again to the discoursing of our author on this subject—the discoursing, be it remembered, not of a fanatical royalist, or of a European aristocrat, but of a virtuous and hearty New-England republican, and of a man known through Christendom as the champion of the humbler classes in modern society.

‘The privilege of electing rulers is indeed invaluable; but who does not see, in a moment, that this privilege will be a blessing or a curse, according to the character of the community? Let a people be corrupt, and who will be their favourite—the uncorrupted patriot, the man of inflexible principle, too upright to flatter bad passions and to promise subservience to unworthy views, or the subtle, specious demagogue, who pants for power, and disdains no act by which it may be acquired? Bad men, of all others, are most greedy of political power, for they see in power, not only the gratification of ambition, but food for their avarice, and all their passions; and in a corrupt state of the community, what can preserve the reins of government from their unholy grasp? Depraved themselves, they understand the depraved feelings of others, and can bend every popular passion to their service. To the mercenary they exhibit the allurements of office; to the envious they promise a triumph over their superiors; to the discontented and restless a removal of fancied or exaggerated grievances. A corrupt state of society is the very element for the artful and aspiring. Unfettered by principle, and inflamed by the prospect of success, they pursue power with an energy which no power can exhaust, no disappointment repress, and on which better men look with astonishment. Better men are too much inclined to shrink in despair from a conflict with these unscrupulous spirits. They cannot stoop, they say, to artifice and falsehood. They cannot purchase office by the sacrifice of uprightness, by communion with the worst members and the worst feelings of society. What have they, then, to hope from this desperate struggle with the depraved, but envenomed and unceasing abuse, and a final defeat, more fatal the longer it has been deferred. Such reflections too often paralyze the efforts of the wise and upright, and the place of honour, which is their due, is usurped by the unworthy.

'Is it said, that, under free institutions of society, men of talents, if not of virtue, will rise—that a republican country will, at least, escape a government contemptible by its folly and weakness? Yes! men of talent will rise; but they may be those who have a talent to wield a mob rather than to govern a state—to build up a party, rather than to strengthen the foundations of national greatness; it may be cunning, not wisdom—the power of managing vulgar passions, which men of vulgar minds often possess in the highest degree, that will triumph. In some corrupt states of society, not even this miserable talent will be requisite to obtain promotion. Let a people yield themselves to their passions, and especially to envy, the besetting sin of republics, and they will sometimes advance men of gross and narrow minds, in preference to men of distinguished ability, for the very purpose of humbling their superiors. In a republic, eminence in talent is sometimes a crime, and rude and clamorous ignorance may be raised above it. From these causes it may happen again, as it has happened before, that the rulers of a republic will be more weak and wicked than the spoilt child of royalty. Of what use, then, is the privilege of electing rulers to a depraved people?

'These remarks naturally lead to the consideration of another advantage peculiar to republican institutions—I mean the power they confer of removing without violence rulers who abuse their trust. This is indeed a great privilege; but again I say that its benefits depend on the character of the community. Let bad men rise to power by flattering the passions of a depraved people, and how are they to be displaced except by the arts of men more subtle than themselves? The influence which their elevation gives is all directed to perpetuate their sway. They wield the power of the state for the great and almost exclusive purpose of strengthening the party to which they owe their greatness. For this end patronage and office are employed to reward past services, and to attract new adherents from the ranks of their opponents. Venal presses are kept in perpetual action to increase the perversity of public sentiment, and especially to feed the spirit of party. There is no passion in our nature more headstrong, unrelenting, unbending, and unwilling to be convinced, than party spirit, and on this the artful and aspiring chiefly rely for the preservation of their power. Let this be kindled, and a corrupt administration has little to fear. To the thorough partisan, no conduct of his leaders gives offence. His conscience is in their keeping. Self-will, pride, malignity, prompt him to uphold their worst measures. He would rather see the republic perish by their crimes, than owe its safety to the virtues and elevation of their opponents. I need not tell you that a corrupt republic is the very soil for party spirit. Here it grows without culture, and shoots up into deadly luxuriance, even when left to its native vigour. Let its growth be aided by human art, and it overspreads the fairest plants of social life, and darkens a nation with its poisonous branches. With these means of support, bad rulers have nothing to fear.

‘ Especially if the republic be extensive, as well as corrupt, is the prospect of removing from power those who abuse it almost sure of disappointment. The rulers of such a community, seated as they are in the centre, sending forth their patronage to the remotest extremities, and guiding to one end the exertions of their supporters, have every advantage for perpetuating their power. Their opponents, scattered over a wide extent of country, having different interests, wanting bonds of union, offer a divided and feeble resistance. They complain of the oppression under which the nation groans; but the credulous and malignant spirit of party is instructed to lay to their charge the very evils which they are struggling to avert, and a guilty administration contrives to direct upon their heads the indignation which its own crimes and follies have awakened. Thus we see how little benefit is to be expected in a corrupt republic from the power of removing unfaithful rulers.’—Vol. ii. 63—66.

With such views, it is hardly surprising that each year in Dr. Channing’s life should seem to add to his distrust of mere institutions, whatever might be their abstract excellence, and should give new strength to his conviction that the only real guarantee of freedom must be found in the intelligence and morality of a people. Hence the zeal with which he extended his aid to the various projects designed to elevate the community. Societies for the promotion of temperance and universal peace, for the improvement of jails and penitentiaries, for sending instruction to the homes of the ignorant in large towns, for raising the standard and diffusing the benefits of popular education, for directing the attention of youth to the pleasures of science and literature—all these objects, and whatever was cognate with them, found in Dr. Channing a cordial and active patron. His impression manifestly was, that of institutional freedom the United States possessed enough, and even more than enough, but that the really free spirit always necessary to the healthy action of free institutions had not by any means the same proportionate influence as in the early days of the Republic, and needed to be reinforced by every possible appliance. Among all the possible forms of political folly, none could have been greater, in his view, than that men should become zealous for an unlimited suffrage, and proclaim themselves at the same time as the sworn foes of a state education. Such a policy he would have regarded as clearly suicidal—as precluding with one hand the thing demanded by the other. In his judgment, it was one of the plainest maxims of policy, that if the universality of the suffrage should be secured by statute, the universality of education should be secured by the same means. To give the security of a statute to the Right in this case, and to leave the qualification to discharge the Duty implied in that Right to

accident, was far from being in accordance with Dr. Channing's notion of sound statesmanship.

But whatever may have been the real or supposed wisdom of Dr. Channing's views on this subject, it must, we think, be confessed that the defective feature in his political speculations is in a certain see-saw say and unsay tone which pervades them. We are aware—almost as much so as Sir Roger de Coverly himself—that there is much to be said on both sides in respect to all questions of this nature. And the understanding of Dr. Channing was of a sort to perceive this truth more clearly than most men, while his strict moral feeling disposed him, in most instances, to cede to an opponent whatever might be ceded with candour. The effect, however, of this long balancing between yes and no, we sometimes feel as a large demand on our patience. We are sensible that we do not get on; and what is more, we see in the distance, that if the scale should ultimately turn in our favour, it is likely to be in a manner so formal and hesitating as to supply no adequate motive to energetic action. Nothing can be more jubilant than some of Dr. Channing's exhortations to have faith in man—to hope for him. But on the other hand, nothing can be more emphatic than his frequent assurances that to confide much in that quarter will be to treasure up disappointment. It is thus with nearly all topics: everything good has its bright side, but—and then come the drawbacks.

Now, it certainly is not pleasant to run one's head against a stone wall; but there are occasions when even circumspection may become superabundant. It was never meant, we humbly think, that any animal should be so much disposed to make use of its feelers as to be in great danger of losing the use of its legs. Notwithstanding all that is said in these volumes with the intention of showing that Dr. Channing was a man of courage, we cannot free our minds from a degree of scepticism on that point. On no question of progress do we find him first in the field; and we much doubt if, in the hour of disaster, he would in any case have been quite the last to have withdrawn from it. He was no man to front a host single-handed. His danger was always on the side of caution, never on the side of daring. He was too solicitous of being received on favourable terms everywhere, to commit himself irrevocably anywhere. His timidity, as we think, aided by his humane temper, made him prolific in excuses on the side of peace. We admit, there is much excuse for him in his circumstances. The contrast presented between the cultivated susceptibilities of his nature, and the passions of a 'fierce democracy,' which were always more or less seething about him, was strong, and must have



been felt as placing him at much disadvantage. Indeed, we are much inclined to the notion—bit of calumny as it may be thought by some men—that such a system of liberty and equality as obtains among our transatlantic brethren is not really favourable to the formation and utterance of independent opinion. It is obvious, that society itself is there very much what the censorship of the press, and such devout institutions as the Holy Office have been elsewhere. The power which issues the law, and distributes penalties, has changed hands, but it has not ceased to exist. It may not now be exercised in the same form or to the same extent, but it still lives, and its life is not an idle one. In countries where the government plays the tyrant, there is some chance that the people will sympathize with its victims; but where the community itself takes this function upon it, the poor delinquent has no second power to fall back upon. He is a man who presumes to put himself in advance of the rest, and to do so is to cast insult on the rest—to put dishonour on the wisdom and majesty of the state! Every man feels as if his personal pretensions were assailed, every man's envy is raised, and the sovereign power—that is, the people—have a thousand channels through which to visit such presumption with the fitting penalty. Only in respect to those questions on which the community itself happens to be divided, can there be exemption from this terrible ostracism; and even then, the tyranny of a popular majority may become one of the most goading forms of oppression. This is the great evil incident to all popular governments, and to all popular organizations—the tyranny of opinion comes into the place of tyranny by office or according to law. Too much of this is getting into play among ourselves, but in the United States the evil has become so rampant as to cause many thoughtful and honest men, after the example of Dr. Channing, to stand aloof, as far as possible, from all parties—the tyranny of a party over its own members being often an evil less easy to be borne than any onslaught that might come from the contrary side. In short, Dr. Channing was a man whose opinions and tastes were at variance with much that had become powerful in his country, and he gave wholesome utterance to his impressions, but it was, in most cases, with a degree of caution and limitation that may be traced in part to his natural temperament, and in greater part to his prudential considerations with regard to the amount of censorship in which it might be expedient or even safe to indulge among such a people. The boldest act of his life was his protest against the annexation of the Texas, and the noblest production among his writings is his paper on that subject.

The claims of Dr. Channing, as a man of letters, have been largely appreciated. His style is admirable of its kind. We say of its kind, because, excellent as it may be within its limits, those limits, as every reader must perceive, are such as to leave small space for variety. His language is more simple than that of Robert Hall, and the structure of his sentences is less artificial and ambitious. Still there is a stately uniformity, and a something which reminds you of the pulpit, in everything he writes. This is observable, not only in his more elaborate publications having no relation to the pulpit, but in his most familiar correspondence. His thoughts and his emotions are obedient to one disciplined course, and to that course his language is conformed. During the early portion of his career—we may say until after his return from Europe—the sombre, and almost ascetic spirit which he cultivated, may go far to account for that equable and grave tone in which he treated every subject. But even subsequently to that event, when his mind had passed into greater sunshine and freedom, the same manner is in the main observable. Small things and great are given with the same diction and antithesis, with the same care and seriousness. Secular topics and religious are cast in the same mould. In clearness and good taste he never fails. His thoughts are all arranged with much judgment and precision. From elegance he often rises into eloquence. But we look in vain to Dr. Channing for those strong, negligent touches which impart a striking beauty or grandeur to a subject, and are so characteristic of genius. Not a sally of wit, not a trace of humour, not an approach towards anything piquant or sparkling do we find in his history or writings. The amiable, the orderly, the solemn, are everywhere; and the style, as if conscious of the society in which it moves, departs not for a moment from the etiquette proper to such company. Even in the way of pathos—a quality in which such a writer might have been expected to excel—we find nothing remarkable. Nevertheless, there is a lucidness, a mixture of ease and dignity, and a benignant earnestness in his compositions, which bespeak the presence of a master spirit, and produce impression, an impression wanting, perhaps, in strength, as regards the main points of the case, but strong upon the whole, and not soon to be effaced.

Channing was not much of a student—at least so far as study may be understood to mean converse with books. In science, in history, in philosophy, and even in divinity, his reading appears to have been surprisingly limited. It is difficult to discover the books he has read on those subjects. We suspect that his reading, like his authorship, was in a great degree

fitful and disjointed. Neither the state of his health nor the habit of his mind was favourable to continuous mental effort. The masculine force necessary to such labour had not been conferred on either his inferior or his superior nature. But if his reading was neither large nor profound, it was reading turned to the best account. If his appetite was at fault, his digestion was excellent. What he failed to derive from books, was derived in a great measure from nature, from the actual world about him, and from the volume of his own consciousness. Reflective, however, as his mind was, it was not of the order which makes discoveries. Little, accordingly, was left to such a writer, beyond the inculcation of truths generally ascertained or accessible. But these truths were inculcated with all the advantages to be derived from a clear perception, a well balanced judgment, a fine imagination, and exquisite feeling,—the whole being set off with a charm and eloquence in style which few men could command. Ingenious thoughts, acute distinctions, felicitous illustrations, and beautiful turns of expression, meet you at every step; at every step, however, you feel that you are in company with a guide who is not prosecuting a laborious and bewildered search after something new and profound, but with one who is fully at ease with his subject, and aiming at nothing higher than to call out with its proper vividness and impressiveness the knowledge you already possess, or at least seem to possess. For broad massy views, or views which penetrate where the sound of your footsteps chills and alarms you—views which from their very force must sometimes diverge from the safe path—for these we do not go to Dr. Channing. In his company we may explore the coast with much skill and advantage, but we must sail under another captain if we would traverse the distant waters, and stand the least chance of narrowing the domain of the *terra incognita*. Indeed, like our own Robert Hall, Dr. Channing has added little—next to nothing, to our previous knowledge, but he has done much—very much, to show to us how beautiful is knowledge, how charming her companionship, and how manifold the blessings which she scatters in the pathway of all her children!

In what Dr. Channing was as a divine, we see, as in the other aspects of his history, the natural result of his characteristics as a man, and of the circumstances in which he was placed. In point of genius, he is not to be compared with Fenelon or with Robert Hall, but his religious spirit placed him in much nearer fellowship with those great men than with Priestly or Belsham. If not an original thinker, he was intelligent and conscientious, and to his conscientiousness mainly,—regarded by him as the

voice of his moral nature—we must attribute the measure of independence observable in his theological opinions. He came into life, as we have seen, when the Calvinism to which the Pilgrim Fathers had given a habitation in the new world was losing much of its influence. The later latitudinarian doctrine of the mother country had been opposed with some effect to the sterner spirit of the old theology; and the impression made by the gentlemanly authorship of our English deists during the former part of the eighteenth century, was followed by the memorable struggle between the atheism of France and religion in every form. Channing felt the force of these opposite influences, and took his position at about an equal distance from both. To this course he was disposed as the result of some severe mental conflicts, but not less, we have reason to believe, by the current of opinion which began to flow strongly in that direction in Boston at the time of his settlement in that city. His family had continued steadfast in their adherence to the old theology, but to his own mind, even from his childhood, the doctrines of that theology presented a repulsive aspect, and he never embraced them more than in part. In the character of many persons who professed themselves believers in these tenets he saw much to esteem and admire, but that persons so good should be believers in a creed which in his view was so little favourable to goodness perplexed him exceedingly. On this point the following anecdote furnishes sufficient indication:—

‘His father, with the view of giving him a ride, took William in his chaise one day, as he was going to hear a famous preacher in the neighbourhood. Impressed with the notion that he might learn great tidings from the unseen world, he listened attentively to the sermon. With very glowing rhetoric, the lost state of man was described,—his abandonment to evil, helplessness, dependence upon sovereign grace, and the need of earnest prayer as the condition of receiving His divine aid. In the view of the speaker, a curse seemed to rest upon the earth, and darkness and horror to veil the face of nature. William, for his part, supposed that henceforth those who believed would abandon all other things to seek this salvation, and that amusement and earthly business would no longer occupy a moment. The service over, they went out of the church; and his father, in answer to the remark of some person, said, with a decisive tone, ‘Sound doctrine, sir.’ ‘It is all true, then,’ was his inward reflection. A heavy weight fell on his heart. He wanted to speak to his father; he expected his father would speak to him in relation to this tremendous crisis of things. They got into the chaise, and rode along, but, absorbed in awful thoughts, he could not raise his voice. Presently his father began to whistle! At length they reached home; but instead of calling the family together, and telling them of the appalling intelligence, which

the preacher had given, his father took off his boots, put his feet upon the mantelpiece, and quietly read a newspaper. All things went on as usual. At first he was surprised; but not being given to talking, he asked no explanations. Soon, however, the question rose, 'Could what he had heard be true? No! his father did not believe it; people did not believe it! It was not true!' He felt that he had been trifled with; that the preacher had deceived him; and from that time, he became inclined to distrust everything oratorical, and to measure exactly the meaning of words,—he had received a profound lesson on the worth of sincerity.'—i. 33.

Our biographer has given something of his own colouring to this story, but we see no reason to doubt its substantial accuracy; and through the loop-hole thus opened into the juvenile thinking of Channing, we may discern the secret of his whole history. His apprehension of the morally degraded state of our race often filled him with sorrow; but he still retained so firm a belief in the freedom of the human will, and in the intellectual and moral capabilities of the human mind, that without professing so much in words, he always acted in the spirit of a man who felt that, on moral questions, his safest bible was within him. Everything we regard as unscriptural in his creed, may be traced, we think, to an undue self-reliance in this form.

Severe, apparently, was the conflict, in Dr. Channing's case, between the understanding, which would fain have excluded all mystery from religion, and the religious sympathies, which demanded their objects on which to repose, whether coming forth in a form of mystery or not. In his creed we see the effect of the compromise adjusted between these somewhat rival tendencies. The doctrine of the Trinity he never embraced, regarding it at all times as unintelligible and contradictory. But while rejecting the doctrine of three persons, he retained the doctrine of a threefold divine operation. He rendered supreme homage to the paternity of the Godhead; and if essential deity was denied to Christ, the highest conceivable greatness, personal and official, was ascribed to him; while all the scriptures relating to the agency of the Holy Spirit were retained, as pointing to the means by which a truly divine influence enlightens and renovates the souls of men. In Christ he saw the One Mediator between God and man—the head of the church; and his sufferings, no less than his teachings, were viewed as divinely appointed to bring about human salvation. Thus, while not a believer in a tri-unity of persons as proper to the Godhead, he was a believer in a tri-unity of functions as proceeding from that source. Hence he was wont to insist, that the difference between himself and Trinitarians was a difference more about

words than about realities. Man he felt to be so sinful, as to need nearly all the spiritual aid that orthodoxy itself had promised in his favour. From this faith flowed his habit of devotion, and his earnest commendation of the duty and the privilege of prayer. His aspirations towards a spiritual life, the converse of his thoughts with an unseen world, and the earnestness with which he sought the divine assistance that this life might be raised to a higher elevation, and that this commerce with the invisible might become more immediate and renovating, remind us of the breathings of a Baxter or a Howe, more than of the religious spirit as it is thought to exist generally in the connexion with which the name of Dr. Channing is commonly associated. It is in the following terms that he describes the exercises of his mind on the subject of religion, when in the twenty-first year of his age; the letter was written from Richmond, and is addressed to his uncle:—

‘Would to God that I could return a favourable answer to your question respecting religion! Christianity is here breathing its last. I cannot find a friend with whom I can even converse on religious subjects. I am obliged to confine my feelings to my own bosom. How often, when I have walked out into the country, have I looked for a companion to whom I could address the language of praise and adoration which was trembling on my lips, and which the surrounding scenes of nature had excited! But in vain. I fear that they read the volume of nature without once thinking of its Author. The Bible is wholly neglected. That treasure of wisdom and comfort is trodden under foot. The wonders of redeeming love excite no sentiments of gratitude. The glad tidings of a Saviour are heard without joy. Infidelity is very general among the higher classes; and they who do not reject Christianity can hardly be said to believe, as they never examine the foundations on which it rests. In fine, religion is in a deplorable state. Many of the people have wondered how I could embrace such an *unprofitable* profession as the ministry. Alas! they know not the riches which God has promised to those who serve him. You may fear, my uncle, lest I have fallen a prey to the contagion of example. Thanks to God! I have maintained my ground. The streams of dissipation have flowed by me, and I have not felt a wish to taste them.

‘I will go farther, sir. I believe that I never experienced that *change of heart* which is necessary to constitute a Christian, till within a few months past. The worldling would laugh at me; he would call conversion a farce. But the man who has felt the influences of the Holy Spirit, can oppose fact and experience to empty declaration and contemptuous sneers. You remember the language of the blind man whom Jesus healed,—‘This I know, that *y*hereas I was blind, now I see.’ Such is the language which the real Christian may truly utter. Once, and not long ago, I was blind,—blind to my own

condition, blind to the goodness of God, and blind to the love of my Redeemer. Now I behold with shame and confusion the depravity and rottenness of my heart. Now I behold with love and admiration the long-suffering and infinite benevolence of Deity.

‘All my sentiments and affections have lately changed. I once considered mere moral attainments as the only object I had to pursue. I have now solemnly given myself up to God. I consider supreme love to him as the first of all duties, and morality seems but a branch from the vigorous root of religion. I love mankind because they are the children of God. I practise temperance, and strive for purity of heart, that I may become a temple for his Holy Spirit to dwell in. I long, most earnestly long, to be such a minister as Fénélon describes. Religion is the only treasure worth pursuing. I consider the man who recommends it to society as more useful than the greatest statesman and patriot who adorns the page of history. What liberty so valuable as liberty of heart—freedom from sin?—i. 126—128.

Mr. Channing, while praising the conscientiousness and earnest religious feeling of this passage, speaks of it as ‘shadowed by the gloomy theology (a favourite phrase with him) which at that time pervaded all minds.’ But though the mind of Dr. Channing attained, as might be expected, to much more settledness and cheerfulness in later years, we see nothing in the theology of the preceding extract that he did not substantially retain to the last. The following extracts are from papers relating to the interval between his twenty-third and thirty-fourth year:—

‘Be very careful to open and close the day with devotion. Pray before going to meals, or entering society, or engaging in study and composition. On Sunday, let me preach over to myself the sermon and pray for its success, before I go to the desk; read works of sober devotion till the exercises of the day are over; after service, consider how far I have been faithful and conducted myself as a minister should; after supper, retire to examine, humble, and devote myself; and until bed-time, reflect upon the character and love of the Redeemer.’ \* \* \*

‘We thank thee for Jesus Christ; that he came, not to bless one people or one age, but all nations and times; that he came to establish such a religion, to seal such a covenant; that he came to be a bright manifestation of God, to give everlasting happiness. For a Saviour so excellent, so suited to our wants, so fitted to awaken our love, to inspire holy and delightful attachment, to call out our whole hearts, we thank thee. We bless thee that man’s sins have served to manifest and glorify thy mercy, to show forth thine essential, inexhaustible goodness, so that our unworthiness has formed a new ground for love and thankfulness to thee.

‘May Christ be precious to us; teach us his worth, his glory, so that we may love him and rejoice in him with joy unspeakable. May a sense of the greatness of the evils from which he came to deliver, and

of the blessings which he can bestow, excite our sensibility, gratitude, desire, and lead our minds to dwell on him. Let sin be our greatest burden; may all life's ills seem light in comparison with it; may we groan for deliverance from it, and be earnest in resisting all other evils; and may we welcome Christ as our Saviour from it.

'Communicate and quicken spiritual life. May our souls be warm with life. Save us from an inanimate and sluggish state. Teach us thy purity, how great thy abhorrence of evil, how irreconcilable thy hatred of it, and may we all partake of the same abhorrence of sin. Increase our sensibility to evil; may we shun every appearance of it, and repel the first temptation; and in a world where example is so corrupt, we beseech thee to arm us with a holy fortitude. Inspire us with a generous love of virtue, of rectitude, of holiness. May we prefer it even to life. Animate us to adhere to good in every danger. May nothing on earth move us, or shake our steadfastness. Increase our sensibility to good; may we see more and more its loveliness and beauty.

'Animate us to cheerfulness. May we have a joyful sense of our blessings, learn to look on the bright circumstances of our lot, and maintain a perpetual contentedness under thy allotments. Fortify our minds against disappointment and calamity. Preserve us from despondency, from yielding to dejection. Teach us that no evil is intolerable, but a guilty conscience, and that nothing can hurt us, if, with true loyalty of affection, we keep thy commandments and take refuge in thee.

'May every day add brightness and energy to our conceptions of thy lovely and glorious character. Give us a deeper sense of thy presence, and instruct us to nourish our devoutness by every scene of nature and every event of providence. Assist us to consecrate our whole being and existence to thee, our understandings to the knowledge of thy character, our hearts to the veneration and love of thy perfections, our wills to the choice of thy commands, our active energies to the accomplishment of thy purposes, our lives to thy glory, and every power to the imitation of thy goodness. Be thou the centre, life, and sovereign of our souls. \* \* \*

'Have I not reason to fear that many are destitute of love to God, to Christ, to the church, to man? Do they not confide in a course of negative goodness? Are they not full of false hopes from the performance of particular duties, abstinence from great crimes? Are they not easy and satisfied because they give no positive evidence of irreligion, not because they have a positive evidence of religion? Do they not mistake habit for principle? Do the hopes, pleasures, duties, difficulties of religion form any part of domestic conversation? Is holiness an end? Is God all in all? Is Christ all in all to them? Is love the habit of their soul, operating in their whole conduct? Christ came to recover men from sin. A change of heart is the object of the Gospel. In this consists the redemption of Christ. It becomes men to weep, to feel true, hearty sorrow at sin itself, to abhor and



condemn themselves as without excuse, to feel themselves dependent upon free, unmerited, unobligated, sovereign grace for pardon and renewal. Repentance includes unconditional submission, choice, and desire that God should reign, should accomplish his will, should dispose of his creatures as seems to him best. It supposes subjection of ourselves and others wholly to his will. It gives all things, in all times and all places, to him, as his own for ever.

'The Spirit of God is the blessing of the new covenant. The knowledge, love, imitation, service, and enjoyment of God through eternity are all included in this gift. There can be no other rational, eternal blessedness. The Spirit of God operates on the heart, creates new exercises, and dwells in the souls of Christians by constantly and immediately supporting all good affections. Every man must be new-born, have a new heart, a new principle, end, motive, disposition, a change by the Spirit into a meek, submissive, self-renouncing, self-aborring, benevolent state of soul, before he can believe, approve, choose the Gospel, and receive the kingdom of heaven.'—i. 188; 194—196; 210, 211.

At a much later period of life, the same views and the same feeling are evinced:

'Let me be very definite in the end which I propose, when I converse, write, or preach, and let me keep them in view and press forward to them. Let me appeal to God for the truth and importance of every sentiment, and for my own sincere conviction and my desire to impress it. Let me write with prayer, as on my knees, sensible of my dependence on the Divine Spirit for every good exercise, every right aim, every disinterested affection. Let me be satisfied with plain, serious, important truth, expressed perspicuously.

'Let me purpose, before I begin to write, some definite, serious impression, which I wish to make, and pray for direction and sincerity. Let me lead a whole life of religion, humility, faith, devotion—for unless there be this general frame of character, no particular acts will be religious in spirit. The heart is always active, and builds up, unawares, the discourse of the speaker, turns his thought, fashions his expression. Let me, in writing and reviewing, hold intercourse with God, refer every word to his approbation, and consider whether I bear his message.

'Let me cultivate love, be continually setting before my mind views which will lead to disinterestedness, be continually engaged in some definite benevolent object. Let me labour through the week to keep alive a devotional sentiment, which may thus show itself, unforced, and communicate itself to others on the Sabbath.'

'My object should be to contribute to that great work which God is promoting in the world. Every faithful effort has its influence. Let me never despair. Local, temporary objects should be comparatively unimportant. An expanded interest in humanity should govern me. I am connected with the church universal, with all future ages, and let

no devotion to a party lead me for an instant to overlook its defects, or to forget the high claims of truth and right. The religion which is to open heaven in the human heart, is as far away from heated bigotry as from the lowness of a worldly temper. To breathe warmth into the cold, generous piety into the abject and servile, honourable views of God and man into the dejected, timid, and superstitious, should be my end. Let me live to exhibit the paternal character of God, the quickening influence of His Spirit, His willingness to raise us to perfection, the glorious capacities and destination of man, the filial nature of religion, the beauty of benevolence, of self-denial, and suffering in a generous cause, the union formed by a spirit of humanity between God and the soul, the joy of high moral sentiment, the possibility of attaining to sublime greatness of character and habitual largeness of sentiment and action. Men are to be regenerated not so much by a sense of the blessedness of goodness in the abstract, as by coming to understand, that disinterestedness, that union with God and his whole spiritual family, in which goodness consists. The glory and nobleness of a soul self-surrendered to God, joined to him in purposes of beneficence, and swallowed up in a pure, overflowing love, must be made manifest.

‘It is essential in a minister that his mind should be habitually under religious influences, so that his whole character and life shall diffuse an animating spiritual power. All should feel that his soul is in communion with God, that he lives under the guidance of His *will*, and by His spiritual influences. He should unite with devotional fervour an harmonious, full development of human nature. His end is to flash upon the dormant minds of men a consciousness of the Divine life, to touch the spring of spiritual affection. He should enable them to see how religion works within his own soul, he should make his own mind visible, and show religious truth, not abstractly, but warm and living, clothed with the light and glow of his own conscious experience. Let the perfection of the Christian life, its high, holy, humane spirit, its communion with God, its elevation, disinterestedness, hope, joy, be my habitual state, so that in all my thoughts, actions, studies, I may be a guide to my people.’—ii. 148, 149; 157, 158.

It would be easy to fill a large space with extracts of this description. The theology of these passages is chiefly remarkable as compared with the Unitarianism existing at that time in this country. It was the Unitarianism of America, in the early days of Channing, not that of England, either then or now. Some Christians suppose, writes Dr. Channing, that Trinitarians

‘think highly of Jesus Christ, whilst Unitarians form low ideas of him, hardly ranking him above common men, and therefore they choose to be Trinitarians. This is a great error. Some Unitarians believe that the Father is so intimately united with Jesus Christ, that it is proper, on account of this union, to ascribe divine honours and titles

to Jesus Christ. Some Unitarians deny that Jesus is a creature, maintain that he is literally the first-born of the creation, the first production of God, the instrumental cause by whom God created all other beings, and the most exalted being in the universe, with the single exception of the Infinite Father. I am persuaded that under these classes of high Unitarians, many Christians ought to be ranked who call themselves orthodox and Trinitarians. In fact, as the word trinity is sometimes used, we all believe it. It is time that this word was better defined. Christians ought not to be separated by a sound. Some suppose that Trinitarianism consists in believing in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. But we all believe in these: we all believe that the *Father* sent the *Son*, and gives, to those who ask, the *Holy Spirit*. We are all Trinitarians if this belief is trinitarianism.'—i. 410, 411.

It thus appears that the simple humanitarian view concerning the person of Christ, was at that time the rare exception, and not the commonly-received doctrine among American Unitarians. Since then, indeed, the neology of Germany has been so freely propagated in most of the States, as to have reduced the theological standard of this party to a lower and still lower level, in so far that Channing learnt to speak of himself as 'little of a Unitarian;' as little concerned about 'Unitarianism as a sect;' and as being more nearly related to the orthodox, in the substance of his creed, than to many of that school. Still he was not a Trinitarian. His views of man and of the Gospel led him to seek nearly every kind of spiritual aid through the mediation of the Saviour that orthodox believers are wont to seek through that channel; but he was not a believer in the personality of the Holy Spirit, nor in the doctrine of the atonement in any orthodox sense.

We mean no disrespect to Dr. Channing when we say, that we do not attach very great importance to his views as a theologian. We see no signs of his having given himself to the study of this subject in a manner that should entitle his opinions to any extraordinary weight. As we have intimated, his biblical interpretation is the manifest reflection of the characteristic tendencies of his own mind. Those tendencies disposed him to reject even the most probable construction of scripture passages, if opposed to conclusions commending themselves to his own natural understanding, or to his moral sentiments. Whatever the Bible might seem to teach, the ultimate judge of truth in his case, was in the processes of his own thoughts, and in the verdict of his own feeling. The office of Holy Scripture was to corroborate more than to reveal, to confirm more than to make known. Even psychology, viewed as a science, was much less

an object of study with him than might have been expected from the place thus assigned to it. It was raised to the seat of judgment even with regard to the matter of revelation, but was itself only imperfectly apprehended. His mental science appears to have been much more the result of his personal reflection and self-scrutiny, than the fruit of a large commerce with the great minds which have given themselves in ancient or modern times to such speculations. But so far as it extended, it was generally sound, it became an unsafe guide to him only when applied to subjects beyond its reach, and when human reason was set up as a rule to determine between the fit or the unfit as pertaining to the infinite reason. It was as thus applied that it led him astray. But so satisfied was Channing as to the propriety of this course of proceeding, that it appears to have prevented his giving anything like a critical attention to the sacred records, contenting himself for the most part with the meaning which seemed to lie upon their surface, or which, according to his theory, ought to have been found there. With all his religiousness, there was in him to the last much more of the literary than of the biblical critic: and he showed much more skill in the discussion of political principles, than in dealing with the doctrines of Christianity.

Nevertheless, the name of Channing has done much to dispose multitudes in favour of a creed seriously defective in respect to the doctrines which we regard as distinctive of Christianity. Much more also remains to be done in that direction by means of his character and writings. Far be it from us to detract the weight of a hair on that account from his just reputation. We must repeat, however, that we regard his theology, and still more the theology of the religious body claiming him as their own, as wanting in authority when compared with the Sacred Scriptures, and as wanting in consistency if brought into comparison with a sound philosophy. At present we can do little more than indicate the ground of this judgment.

Before we do this also, we deem it right to state, that we are far from meaning to defend the old theology according to the letter of the forms and symbols in which it has come down to us. We are no more bound by the judgment of Calvin, than the Unitarian is bound by the judgment of Socinus. Each of these distinguished men may be regarded as substantially right or substantially wrong, but no man of sense will account either the one or the other as right in everything or wrong in everything. The substance of the evangelical doctrine for which we feel disposed to contend, depends not on the suffrage of any one man, nor on that of any one sect or generation

of men. Its claims rest, as we hope to show, on a much broader basis.

We are ready to admit, also, that the ethical spirit of Christianity, to which so much prominence is given in every scheme of Unitarian doctrine, has not been always so fully developed as it should have been in connexion with the history of evangelical opinion. The causes of this defect, in the degree in which it may be said to exist, are not difficult to discover. In the time of the Protestant Reformation, the great truth for which men did battle was the doctrine of justification by faith. This doctrine was the instrument by which the priestly power of that time was to be smitten, and smitten effectually. It was eminently the truth that made free. It took the souls of men out of the hands of the priest, and placed them in a scriptural relation to the Saviour. Nor was anything further from the thought of the Reformers than that this doctrine should be so perverted as to favour the licence of Antinomianism. In their view, it was a truth tending beyond all other truth to godliness of life. Emphatic, too, was their denunciation of the popular vices of the times, and their inculcation of the moral conduct, and of the higher exercises of the soul, proper to the Christian man. With extraordinary effect, moreover, did they deliver these lessons. In general, the fruit of the new doctrine was a new conduct, guided by a higher principle, and animated by a nobler spirit. But it must be confessed, that in the preaching and in the authorship of the Reformers, the discussion of the ethical was greatly subordinate to the discussion of the doctrinal. That truths adapted by their nature to regenerate the soul would do their own work there if once truly embraced, seemed to be taken too much as a matter settled and certain. In a word, the time had not come for the same elaboration to be bestowed on the science of duty, that had been given to the science of doctrine. In some respects, indeed, the latter operated as an impediment to the progress of the former, the doctrine of human depravity being often so described as to leave no moral science to man—as man. This was a form of the reaction against the alleged popish doctrine of salvation by works. That man might be precluded from the hope of being saved by his works, he was described as having lost the power to perform works that should be deemed in any sense virtuous. It was not enough to assert that works before conversion must be defective, and partake of some mixture of evil, the idea that virtue could exist at all in that state was reprobated—reprobated, however, in theory only, for no man could be brought to do so much violence to his nature as to conduct himself towards

the unregenerate persons about him in the manner proper to a person really believing such a doctrine.

In the theology of the Church of England subsequently to the Restoration, we see a reaction against this bias on the side of doctrinal teaching, in the shape of another no less marked on the side of moral teaching. Sermons, from having been mainly doctrinal, came to be mainly ethical. But it soon became manifest that to make a moral people, we need something more than moral preaching. Religion became all but extinct. Society became everywhere corrupt.

The reaction against this course of affairs is before us in the rise of Methodism. The antagonism of Methodism was not Romanism, with its salvation by works; but a corrupt Protestantism, with its salvation by forms. Hence the great doctrine by Methodism was not so much justification by faith, as the necessity of regeneration, the proclamation of the truth—‘Ye must be born again.’ In this second Reformation, the great doctrine was the doctrine of a spiritual life. The nature of this life, its reasonableness, its pleasures, its conflicts, and the source from which it must be derived, and by which it must be sustained—these were the favourite topics of preaching among the early Methodists. Because some preachers did little else than discuss moral questions, and thereby did much harm, it was deemed wise not to meddle with such themes at all, or to touch upon them in a manner the most cursory and superficial. It was quite as far from the leaders of Methodism, as from the leaders of the Reformation, really to make light of moral obligation, but the antagonist influences arrayed against them were such as could hardly fail of giving this somewhat unequal apportionment to the parts of their respective systems. The effect has descended considerably to our own time.

Evangelical preaching is much less open to complaint in this respect now than it was some thirty years since. But many are the connexions still in which a full exhibition of the moral principles of the gospel would call forth the signs of weariness and dissatisfaction from some of our theological doctrinaires. The complaint of legality, or of Arminianism, would, we fear, be the reward of fidelity in this respect in many of our smaller and less educated churches. But it is certain, nevertheless, that the religious spirit and the moral practice which have resulted, upon the whole, from evangelical doctrine, are such as no other doctrine has realized. It has vanquished human selfishness in a manner and in a degree strictly its own. It has produced a spirituality in the untaught minds of our race which we shall seek in vain from any other influence; and pity it is that it

should leave its disciples without instruction fully as ample concerning what is due from man to man as concerning the duties of man to his Maker.

Unitarianism is not chargeable with deficiency in this particular. In its pulpits, the discussion of moral principles is generally ample and searching, and to the training thus induced, much of the social reputation of the body may be attributed. In respect to general integrity and honour, the men belonging to this section of professed believers in Christianity stand second to none. To our orthodox instructors who make light of the teaching relating to such topics, we venture to say—this ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone. We honour you as expounders of doctrinal truth, and only regret that any class of men should be left to become better exponents than yourselves in reference to some of those departments of excellence to which that truth should lead—in a word, that you should scruple to teach, as worthy of praise, the things which you never fail to admire as they come under your observation. Religion, according to our loftiest conception of it, may be defined as moral principle acted upon in its highest relations. The honour due to an earthly parent is the image of that due to the heavenly. There should be the same principle of godliness in the relief of a beggar, as in the immediate worship of the Infinite.

But if the error of modern orthodoxy in this respect be one of defect, the error of modern Unitarianism is one of excess. It attaches to its simple ethical piety a degree of value which the scriptures, as we believe, have not ceded to it. It fails to distinguish adequately between the effect of education and the refinements of philosophy, as calling forth virtuous sentiments in a few, and the agency necessary to give existence to anything like the same principle and feeling in the case of men in general. In the case of not a few men of this class, their morality would seem to be only a particular department in their general taste. The cultivation which has made them connoisseurs in art, has given them their refined perceptions of the awfulness of rectitude, and of the beauty of goodness. The contrary of these is something mean and deformed—something coarse and vulgar. Now, we ourselves are persuaded that truth and goodness are the highest forms of greatness and beauty; but we must be allowed to distinguish between the æsthetic sympathy with these objects of thought which may come from no wiser influence than might have been found within the academic groves of Athens, and that which is derived from sitting at the feet of One greater than the greatest who there taught. Taken along with

such cultivation, the smallest vestige of Christian truth may suffice to call forth this elevation of moral character; but the question is, what would be the effect of this truth, if left to operate apart from that cultivation? We are bold to say, that in most cases its effect would be imperceptible, or absolutely nothing. We have been assured, that in instances where the Unitarian minister has brought much of Channing's devotional spirit to the discharge of his duties, little way is ever made by such a preacher towards bringing the religious sentiment in his hearers up to his own standard. And were it otherwise, it would be possible, in such case, that pious sentiments, derived wholly from philosophy, should be mistaken for the sentiments enjoined in the Bible; or, at best, that the virtues which seem to proceed from a Christian source should consist in attainments having very little dependence on anything distinctive of that source. It is to be borne in mind, however, that in the ruder stages of society, this philosophical training is wholly wanting, and that in the best state of society it must be restricted to a very few. The great want, accordingly, in a world like ours, is not a religion which may contribute to make men socially virtuous, by coming in, as a make-weight, along with high cultivation, but a religion which may suffice to raise men to the possession of a truly spiritual life without the aid of such advantages. There is a sentimental piety which is simply natural, and which springs from simply natural causes; but scriptural piety is something beyond mere nature, and to be traced to something more than a merely natural agency. Men of the school of Mr. James Martineau are greatly mistaken if they think that the modicum of Christian truth embraced by themselves would be quite sufficient if embraced by the world to regenerate it up to their own level. Before that may be, the world must be educated up to their level, and then the change realized would remain to be placed so largely to the score of mere education, as to leave little, we fear, if anything, to be placed to the account of Christianity.

Now, we must maintain, that a system which is manifestly all but valueless, except as allied with these advantages, proclaims itself, in that fact, as a scheme of speculation which may meet the tastes of a sect, rather than as a religion adapted to man. It is wanting in the feature announced as the grand characteristic of the gospel—wanting in adaptation to all, and in potency as applied to all. As tried by this test, the doctrine of the rudest Methodist comes nearer to 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' than the best among these philosophical systems of theology. Evangelical doctrine, in its humblest form, does reach the lowest



condition of humanity, and by creating in it a new sympathy with goodness, raises it to a place with the highest. If it be indeed true, as we are often told, that the great thing necessary to the success of the gospel is, that it should be reduced to the simplest possible theism—how comes it to pass that it is seen to fall so powerless from the hands of those who have reduced it to that state? If we are living under a dispensation which has no longer any relation to the supernatural, and which simply requires that natural means should be applied to the natural susceptibilities of mankind—then why have not these natural means done their work long since?—or, what should hinder them from doing it forthwith? Wherever this purer gospel shall be preached, its fruits should bear witness to it. Its greater truthfulness should be ever manifest in its greater effectiveness—but is it so?

We do not press these inquiries uncharitably. But they point to some of the considerations which serve to make us what we are ourselves as Christian believers, and we leave them to their just influence on the minds of sober men. The substance of our statement is, that in our evangelical theology, the explanation and defence of Christian doctrine, and of the devout affections demanded by it, are too often such as to leave inadequate space for the development and application of Christian ethics; while in the scheme of the Unitarian, the ethical element of the gospel becomes so thoroughly its substance, that religion appears to be so much a thing of man, as to contain scarcely anything that may be traced with certainty to a higher origin. We should be constrained to doubt the existence of a revelation at all, did we feel obliged to expect so little from it as many persons of this class appear to expect.

But the voice of history—we may say the voice of humanity, is against such a judgment concerning the nature and design of the gospel. The verdict thus widely, thus authoritatively given, is, that the Christian scriptures *have* a much deeper meaning, and that, to be adapted to the need of our race, this deeper meaning *ought* to be in them.

It is true, when we look to the development of the Christian system in the past, or to what have been regarded as developments of it, we seem to find ourselves amidst the confusions of Babel rather than in the way to unity and certainty. The interpreters of law, it is said, are generally half the makers of law. Assuredly the interpreters of the Christian scriptures have constructed systems differing strangely from each other, while all have been derived professedly from the same source. But this is scarcely surprising. The causes which serve to disturb the

course of an unbiassed and adequate inquiry on this subject, and which leave space for these varied results, are themselves almost endless in variety. Some of these causes arise from natural temperament,—the temperament of individuals, of communities, and even of races. Some may be traced to the peculiarities of social condition, of culture, and of civilization generally; while others are found in the controversies carried on by the abettors of opposite systems of philosophy or theology, in different ages or countries. Hence the strange mixture of error with truth, and of human folly with divine wisdom, presented in the stream of ecclesiastical history.

But amidst all these causes, ever tending to produce uncertainty, we find in the history of Christianity a rich vein of certainty. Amidst all this change, there has been a broad element of truth that has not changed. External things have never been in all places the same, nor in any one place have they been long the same. When we look widely over the field of church history, we see matters of polity and outward forms all shifting like the clouds. Even theological truth—the principles which bear on the spirit and essence of religion itself, even these have been subjected, in a measure, to this law of mutation. But here the change has been much less considerable. The identity perpetuated in Christian doctrine has been great and essential at all times. What the New Testament may be supposed to teach directly, or to sanction indirectly, in reference to church order and church ceremonies, has not been always an object of much solicitude, that whole subject being generally viewed as left to be determined very much by times and seasons. But it has not been thus with respect to theological doctrine, and truths more immediately religious. Concerning such points, all men have been more or less agreed in admitting the necessity of sufficient scriptural testimony. In this respect, the question has everywhere been, with more or less sincerity—What saith the scripture? Here, even the church of Rome aspires to nothing more than to be the *interpreter* of what is *written*.

Now the fact to which we think our readers would do well to direct their attention is this, that throughout the long interval from the age of the apostles to our own, and among peoples distinguished from each other by almost every possible diversity, the interpretation as to the theological doctrine taught in the New Testament has been everywhere, in its great substance, the same. All these peoples have been in the main agreed that the scriptures clearly teach the doctrine of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, and that the souls of the redeemed are in

some sense Regenerated by the Holy Spirit. These doctrines, relating to God, suppose others, no less weighty, relating to man. They suppose the fall of man, his guilt, his depravity. In a sense more or less significant, all these doctrines have been thus widely embraced.

Now, it behoves us to look at these doctrines: first, in their relation to the documents which are supposed to teach them; and then in their relation to the moral consciousness in man to which they make their appeal. Having so done, we have to ask ourselves,—Is it probable, that human nature, over so wide a space, through so long an interval, and in such diversities of condition, has been committed to a twofold blunder so prodigious as to affirm that these doctrines are the veritable doctrines of the New Testament; and that the moral state of man is such as to need the great spiritual remedy embodied in those doctrines—while in fact there is no truth in either of these conclusions? The presumptive evidence to the contrary we hold to be all but irresistible. Exceptions to this rule of judgment there no doubt have been, and still are, but it would be easy to show, we think, that the rule is not invalidated but confirmed by them. We say not that this decision of the past time is such as to supersede the obligation to further and personal inquiry; but we do say, that having passed all these facts in review, it belongs to every man's private judgment to determine, whether it be fitting to set these results of human learning, these decisions of the human judgment, and this voice of the human conscience, wholly at nought; or whether it may not be more consonant with reason, ingenuousness, and modesty, that large influence should be ceded to these facts in the formation of our private opinion on this grave subject? With every intelligent man, we presume, the only question arising in this case must be one relating to the *measure* of deference due to the *moral* authority coming thus fairly before him.

If we pass from what Unitarianism is in relation to history, to what it is in theory, the scale turns, we think, no less decidedly against it. We have seen that the moral sympathies of Dr. Channing were characterized by an almost feminine delicacy. The just, the humane, the tender-hearted, formed the region in which he dwelt. Whatever seemed to fail of harmony with these qualities, he would fain have extruded from the Christian scriptures, as from everywhere else. Other men, of less refinement than Channing, still appeal, like him, to their personal susceptibilities of right and wrong, as embodying the standard which should regulate, not only the conduct of man towards man, but of the Creator towards all creatures. Right,

it is assumed, like the Divine Nature itself, must be omnipresent and unchanging. But it does not seem to be remembered in this reasoning, that Right in all cases depends on Relations, and that where relations are only partially known, the right in respect to them can be only partially apprehended. Concerning the real and entire relations of things, even as restricted to this world, we know little. Time is ever explaining them, but to the last leaves much unexplained. But if it be thus with the relations of the present, how much more must it be thus with the relations which link the present with the future. We must possess the knowledge of the Infinite fully to comprehend the rectitude of the Infinite. What we thus say of the Divine rectitude, may be said of all the moral perfections of the Deity. Nevertheless, the language of the Unitarian, as opposing the creed of the orthodox, is this—‘*I should not have acquitted myself as a moral governor in any such manner, and in this consciousness I have sufficient proof that the Almighty has not so done.*’ In this language it is assumed that the objections taken to the doctrines of evangelical theology, have no sort of application to the doctrines of natural theology. But is it so? Far from it. Look abroad on the intellectual, the moral, and the physical condition of our species. Let your views embrace the world’s whole surface and all time. Let any man attempt an explanation of these astounding appearances, by attributing them to the doctrine of necessity, as held by philosophers; or to the doctrine of some strange defectiveness in the mind itself, as admitted by moralists—and what is gained by either of these schemes? The world of evils before you, is before you still; and, for the greater part, they are manifestly the result of *causes* which, as belonging either to the nature which man brings with him into the world, or to the circumstances of the world into which he is brought, are causes foreign to man himself, older than himself, stronger than himself! Receive the doctrine of the fall of human nature in Adam, or reject it; receive the doctrine of a seducing influence exercised by an evil spirit called the Devil and Satan, or reject it; receive the doctrine of the divine decrees as promulgated by Calvin, or reject it; or in place of any of these schemes, take up the philosophical necessity of Priestley, or the inherent defectibility notion of the moralist—and as viewed from any of these points the condition of our nature remains strictly as it was—the same strange and overpowering mystery! Hence, we must confess, it is sometimes a sore trial to our patience to read the tirades against the revealed character of the Deity, and of the divine government, which are sent forth just now by sceptical minds

of all grades, it being manifest that the men who indulge in these invectives see not, or will not seem to see, that the schemes which they propose in the place of those which they assail, all take the same difficulties along with them, only under another show of reasoning, or another form of words. The world, after all they have said, remains the same—its relation to the moral character of its Creator and Ruler the same. Oh ! let the time past suffice to have been employed in demolishing theories. In the name of a suffering, a craving humanity, we entreat you to fill up the void you would make with something better—with the TRUTH.

We should perhaps state, in connexion with such expressions as the above, that we are not believers in the whole of the doctrine concerning the effect of the fall on the moral state of mankind, which is sometimes attributed to the orthodox. That event has changed the form of our probation, but has not put an end to it. It is true, the future lot of man is no longer dependent on his conformity to a rule of perfect rectitude : but it is still dependent on moral conduct—conduct having respect to a dispensation of grace. He is no longer capable of perfect obedience ; but he is still capable of understanding and appreciating the moral influences by which his course should be regulated, and strictly according to this capacity, with a due allowance for the world of circumstances by which it may have been affected, will be the future state assigned to him. To demonstrate to the human understanding that these things are really so, is not possible ; but that so they are is the doctrine of the Bible, and the irrepressible verdict of the human conscience.

It can avail nothing, therefore, that a certain class of controversialists should give signs of uneasiness, and of something more, when reasoning of the sort now adduced is urged upon them. It will be useless to allege, that to perpetuate our favourite horrors in a world to come, we labour to make this world as much like that one as possible—in short, that we put out the light of nature, as the only means of saving our scholastic dogmas. With submission, we would say, this fair world is quite as beautiful to us as to any class of our neighbours. We see in it all the good our neighbours see, mixed with no more of evil than must be seen by all thoughtful men in common with ourselves. Nor are we the ingrates with regard to the light of nature which some men aver. We follow that light with thankfulness wherever we can discover it ; and when it becomes obscure, and utterly fails us, we still cling to nature, and would profit even by its twilight and darkness, as suggesting that to

know only in part, and in respect to many things to be wholly without knowledge, must be for ever inseparable from the condition of created natures. We see in the permission of evil, and in the facts connected with it, very much which plainly supposes that views concerning the highest exercises of rectitude and goodness, should be considered as having place in the divine mind which have no counterpart in our own. Such being the fact, the question arises—can it be reasonable to object that the mystery we feel to be inseparable from the *existence* of evil, should be found to attach, in a measure, to the course said to have been pursued for the purpose of *counteracting* it? In place of being offended with appearances of this nature in the antidote, as well as in the evil to which it is antagonist, is not this rather a course of things to have been expected? Reasons of conduct beyond our comprehension came into action when sin was permitted—does not this render it highly probable that reasons of conduct equally beyond our reach will come into action when good is to be deduced from evil? We do not expect the light of Revelation to contradict the certainties of nature; but we do expect in it an authority which shall do something more than confirm our previous knowledge—an authority which shall train our nature to a higher culture by means of its own higher truth. We do not deny that the light of nature may suffice to convince us that there is a God, and that he must be just and good; we simply affirm, that there is much in nature which *seems* to contravene this judgment, and to show that there may be other modes of doing honour to those perfections than our own ideas in relation to them would have led us to expect. It is thus with regard to the permission of evil; and the language of reason is, that it *may* be thus with regard to the means by which good is to be brought into the place of evil.

We might now proceed to bring the special doctrines of Revelation to this test, and in so doing a wide and interesting field would open to us. But we have occupied our space on this subject for the present. We shall only say in conclusion, that though to some men, sufficiently reliant on their own powers, it may seem a very pleasant comedy, to summon the orthodox to state their doctrine of the Trinity, much as they would explain the properties of a triangle; to define the mystery of the Incarnation, as they would perform a process in arithmetic; and to describe the nature of Spiritual influence, as they would account for the connexion between thought and speech—and when the persons summoned to the performance of these feats have been weak enough to attempt them, and are seen to fail, it may then be

still more pleasant to call on the bystanders, saying, 'See a people who profess to believe what they cannot explain, and evidently do not understand!' But it would be well for such gentlemen to pause a little in their career of merriment, and to ask themselves how it comes to pass, that after all this display of logical dexterity, mind everywhere about them is seen resting in the substance of the old faith—the faith of eighteen centuries—as alone in harmony with Holy Writ and man's wants, or else, in dropping away from this faith, are seen relinquishing their hold on any faith possessing the slightest pretensions to the name of Christian? If the old theology must undergo change, verily there is a theology opposed to it, which stands in quite as much need of mending, if it is to make any tolerable approach towards meeting the necessities of the age.

ART. II.—*Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats.* Edited by R. MONCKTON MILNES. 2 vols. Moxon, 1848.

EARLY in the present century a lady was invited to meet some of the *literati* who were then courting the applauses of the 'gods and columns.' Being herself of a poetical turn, the invitation was accepted with gratitude. On entering the room, she was much struck by the capricious fancy exhibited in some of the costumes. Two young and pretty women, both wives of celebrated poets, were dressed as shepherdesses, in pink bodices and white skirts, with chaplets of flowers round their heads. At the feet of one of these shepherdesses, his head in her lap, sat a strange eager-looking youth, with flowing hair, submitting to be crowned by his fair Amaryllis, and cracking filberts for her. That was John Keats! The scene was less fantastic in those days than it would be now. Not only was it a poetical age, in the sense of rejoicing in a number of real poets; but there was also a poetical foppery prevalent in certain circles, which rendered such a scene more intelligible and less extravagant than it appears to us.

This picture of Keats at the feet of the shepherdess seemed very distinctly to represent the sort of lackadaisical, feeble, consumptive poet, who could be 'snuffed out by an article.' Thinking of his early death, his weak lungs, the perpetual recurrence of 'swoonings' and 'faintings' in his poems, and the universally accredited story of the 'Quarterly Review' having hastened his death—we could not help picturing him to ourselves as the sort of man to give way to all fantastical conceits, and to want the very characteristic of greatness—manly sense, and manly strength.

The publication of 'Keats's Life' has greatly altered this idea of him. If it does not succeed in making out that he was a great man, or a deep thinker, it does at least successfully extirpate the old notion of the 'Quarterly' having killed him; as it also shows that he was by no means the fragile, puny creature many believe him to have been. Keats, as he appears in his letters, and as his biographer pictures him, is an energetic, irritable, proud, vehement man. The seeds of early destruction are indeed in his blood; he is doomed to an early death; but till he is laid upon a sick bed, we find a superabundant affluence of life and energy exhibiting itself in all sorts of ways. As a boy at school he was always fighting, and chose his favourites among those of his school-fellows with whom he had fought the most readily and pertinaciously. We also find him giving a severe drubbing to a butcher whom he saw beating a little boy, and obtaining the enthusiastic admiration of a crowd of bystanders for his interference. On one occasion he violently attacked an usher who had boxed his brother's ears. Combined with this pugnacity there was, however, a passionate sensibility, exhibiting itself in the strongest contrasts; and in this sensibility we see the author of 'Endymion.' Convulsions of laughter and of tears were equally frequent with him; and he would pass from one to the other almost without an interval. On the death of his mother, he hid himself in a nook under the master's desk for several days in a long agony of grief; and could not be consoled. At school he was popular for his skill in all manly exercises, no less than for the generosity of his disposition. 'He combined,' writes one of his school-fellows, 'a terrier-like resoluteness of character with the most noble placability.' Another school-fellow mentions that his extraordinary animation, energy, and ability, impressed them all with the conviction of his future greatness; but rather in a military or some such active scene of life, than in the peaceful arena of literature.

Thus when we look at the school-days of this sickly poet, we find him there, to use the language of Milnes, realizing 'the character of Achilles,

' ——— joyous and glorious youth everlastingly striving.'

Altogether one rises from the perusal of this life with a feeling of greater admiration and greater pity for Keats; though not with any fresh conviction respecting the possibility of his attaining greatness had he been spared. He will always remain in our literature as a marvellous specimen of what mere sensuous imagery can create in poetry; but although there can be no



question that if he had lived he would have transcended all that he had done, it seems to us quite clear that in no case would he have ever soared into the higher region of art. Freed from many errors of taste his poems might have been; but they would have always been substantially of the same kind as those which he has produced; for although he died young, he was still old enough when he died, especially in one so precocious, to have shown as it were in *germ* every faculty he possessed. Plastic power he possessed, but he had none of the creative. Affluent in imagery, he was meagre in thought. He passed through life the creature of sensations; throwing off poems which were the transcripts of those sensations; but he seems not to have had his eye open to the universe before him, except as that of a mere spectator, luxuriously contemplating its ever-changing hues, and myriad graceful forms. The mystery of life was no burden on his soul. Earth spread out before him, and was fair to see. To him it only presented flowers; and those flowers only presented their beauty. He questioned nothing; he strove to penetrate no problems. He was content to feel, and to sing. Now, although plastic power is indispensable to the poet, still more indispensable to a great poet is the creative and o'ermastering power of thought: the power of wresting from the universe some portion of its secret; of opening before men's eyes a vista, bright if small, into the mysterious future; of forcing intellectual power to go

‘Sounding on its dim and perilous way.’

Now Keats neither seems to have understood himself, nor the world. It is remarked by his biographer that his love-verses are remarkably deficient in beauty, and even in passion; being the very worst things he ever wrote. ‘The world of personal emotion,’ says Mr. Miines, ‘was then far less familiar to him than that of fancy; and indeed it seems to have been long before he descended from the ideal atmosphere in which he dwelt so happily, into the troubled realities of human love.’ But why was this? Because the highest effort of art is to mould into shapes of beauty all that we have felt, thought, and suffered. It is comparatively easy and comparatively worthless to mould the caprices of our fancy. But Keats was not strong enough to cope successfully with the highest difficulties of his art; and instinctively chose such subjects as Endymion, Hyperion, and Lamia: that is to say, subjects of fancy rather than of reality—subjects taken from the remote antique world rather than from the living breathing world around him. We must not, in saying this, be understood to shut the poet out from the antique world;

but simply to shut him out from the merely fanciful employment of antiquity. A poet is not limited to time and space; but he ought to be limited to those materials of human experience which alone have any poetic value. Poetry is *vision*, not *caprice*; the poet is a Seer, not an intellectual Acrobat. He addresses the human soul, and does not merely titillate the fancy. Mr. Milnes, indeed, following the common opinion, talks of Keats' 'wonderful reconstruction of Grecian feeling and fancy;' but for 'reconstruction' we should be inclined to read 'substitution of his own fancy.' True it is, that Keats infused into ancient mythology a more poetic spirit than had most of his predecessors; because he did not regard mythologic persons as mere abstractions, but as living beings. The objection to his creations is, that they are neither Greek nor human.

In one of his letters he lets fall a sentence which may be taken as descriptive of his writings. 'I look,' he says, 'upon *fine phrases like a lover*.' Very fine phrases he certainly did utter, and many exquisite images did his poetic imagination form; but his poetry is by far too unsubstantial ever to nourish one single soul. 'Oh for a life of sensations rather than of thought!' is another characteristic exclamation; and herein these letters peculiarly illustrate the poet, by showing his intense delight in all sensual enjoyments:—

'How I like claret! When I can get claret, I must drink it. 'Tis the only palate affair that I am at all sensual in. Would it not be a good spec. to send you some vine-roots? Could it be done? I'll inquire. If you could make some wine like claret to drink on summer evenings in an arbour! It fills one's mouth with a gushing freshness, then goes down cool and feverless; then you do not feel it quarrelling with one's liver. No; 'tis rather a peace-maker, and lies as quiet as it did in the grape. Then it is as fragrant as the Queen Bees, and the more ethereal part mounts into the brain, not assaulting the cerebral apartments, like a bully looking for his trull, and hurrying from door to door, bouncing against the wainscot, but rather walks like Aladdin about his enchanted palace, so gently that you do not feel his step. Other wines of a heavy and spirituous nature transform a man into a Silenus, this makes him a Hermes, and gives a woman the soul and immortality of an Ariadne, for whom Bacchus always kept a good cellar of claret, and even of that he never could persuade her to take above two cups. I said this same claret is the only palate passion I have; I forgot game—I must plead guilty to the breast of a partridge, the back of a hare, the backbone of a grouse, the wing and side of a pheasant, and a woodcock *passim*.'—Vol. i. pp. 259, 60.

The wonderful gusto with which this is written is very significant: it is the poet's sensuality, as distinguished from the

sensuality of a mere brute. Here is another fragment in the same strain:—‘Talking of pleasure, this moment I was writing ‘with one hand, and with the other holding to my mouth a nectarine—how fine! It went down soft, pulpy, slushy, oozy, ‘all its delicious *embonpoint* melted down my throat like ‘a large beatified strawberry!’ For further illustrations, the reader need only turn to his poems, which are saturated with the same spirit.

The life of Keats, as here portrayed, is a tragic poem, beginning in idyllic sweetness, ending in anguish. It is essentially the life of a poet. The young man’s aspirations, and budding genius, are summed up in three small volumes of verse, some earnest friendship, one passion, and a premature death. Were it not that, as he exquisitely says,

‘A thing of beauty is a joy forever!’

and had he not created one or two of those ‘things of beauty,’ we should say that his was a life wretchedly spent, and miserably wasted. Painful it is to trace the deepening shadows of its declining sun; to see so much earnest ambition achieving so little; so much hope, and so little fulfilment; so bright a commencement with so dark an ending; the morning of youth, when ‘confident as is the falcon’s flight,’ his spirit soars so proudly, and the sad twilight of his early maturity, when

‘Like a sick eagle, looking at the sky,’

he feels that all his hopes are vain, and that his epitaph must be, ‘*Here lies one whose name was writ in water.*’ All this affects us as we go over the sad recorded pages of the poet’s life, with a feeling of solemn interest, such as few books excite.

Although Keats was precocious, his poetical tendency had so little manifested itself in his early years, that Cowden Clarke says, when Keats borrowed Spenser’s ‘*Fairy Queen*,’ it was supposed by his family that he merely wished to read it out of a boyish ambition. The effect upon him was electrical. It awoke within him the ambition to leave behind lays

‘Of such a dear delight,  
That maids will sing them on their bridal night.’

Chapman’s fine vigorous translation of Homer was another book which deeply affected him. Poetry was a genuine impulse in him. Here are two passages brought together from his letters, which show how completely he regarded poetry as the business of his life:—

‘I find I cannot exist without poetry—without eternal poetry; half

the day will not do the whole of it. I began with a little, but habit has made me a Leviathan. I had become all in a tremble from not having written anything of late. The sonnet over leaf (*i. e.* on the preceding page) did me good; I slept the better last night for it; this morning, however, I am nearly as bad again. Just now, I opened Spenser, and the first lines I saw were these:—

‘The noble heart that harbours virtuous thought,  
And is with child of glorious great intent,  
Can never rest until it forth have brought,  
Th’ eternal brood of glory excellent!’

I had an idea that a man might pass a very pleasant life in this manner—let him on a certain day read a certain page of full poesy, or distilled prose, and let him wander with it, and muse upon it, and reflect from it, and bring home to it, and prophesy upon it, and dream upon it, until it becomes stale. But will it do so? Never. When man has arrived at a certain ripeness of intellect, any one grand and spiritual passage serves him as a starting-post towards all ‘the two-and-thirty palaces.’ How happy is such a voyage of conception, what delicious, diligent, indolence! A doze upon a sofa does not hinder it, and a nap upon clover engenders ethereal finger pointings; the prattle of a child gives it wings, and the converse of middle age a strength to beat them; a strain of music conducts to ‘an odd angle of the Isle,’ and when the leaves whisper, it puts a girdle round the earth.’—Vol. i. pp. 35—37, 8.

His shorter poems were all sudden impulses; as if written merely to ‘rid his bosom of the perilous stuff.’

‘Shorter poems were scrawled, as they happened to suggest themselves, on the first scrap of paper at hand, which was afterwards used as a mark for a book, or thrown anywhere aside. It seemed as if, when his imagination was once relieved by writing down its effusions, he cared so little about them, that it required a friend at hand to prevent them from being utterly lost. The admirable ‘Ode to a Nightingale’ was suggested by the continual song of the bird that, in the spring of 1819, had built her nest close to the house, and which often threw Keats into a sort of trance of tranquil pleasure. One morning he took his chair from the breakfast-table, placed it on the grass-plot under a plum-tree, and sat there for two or three hours with some scraps of paper in his hands. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Brown saw him thrusting them away as waste paper, behind some books, and had considerable difficulty in putting together and arranging the stanzas of the ode. Other poems, as literally ‘fugitive,’ were rescued in much the same way—for he permitted Mr. Brown to copy whatever he could pick up, and sometimes assisted him.’—Vol. i. pp. 244, 5.

Although sometimes greatly sinning against laws of poetic taste, Keats was not without a fine sense of what poetry should be. Here are three axioms he lays down:—

‘1st, I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess, and not by

singularity; it should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance.

'2nd. Its touches of beauty should never be half way, thereby making the reader breathless, instead of content. The rise, the progress, the setting of imagery should, like the sun, come natural to him, shine over him, and set soberly, although in magnificence, leaving him in the luxury of twilight. But it is easier to think what poetry should be, than to write it. And this leads me to

'Another axiom. That if poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all.'

There is a very remarkable sentence in one of his subsequent letters, wherein he nicely discriminates between the critical and poetical judgment, seeing very clearly that a poet cannot write by rule. 'I have written independently *without judgment*. I may write independently, *and with judgment*, hereafter. *The genius of poetry must work out its own salvation in a man. It cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself.*'

The most interesting chapters in a poet's history are usually those of his attachments; but Keats, though he once felt the passion of love with singular intensity, felt it only once. His opinion of women was low—a strange error in a poet. He says on one occasion:—

'I am certain I have not a right feeling towards women—at this moment I am striving to be just to them; but I cannot. Is it because they fall so far beneath my boyish imagination? When I was a schoolboy, I thought a fair woman a pure goddess; my mind was a soft nest, in which some one of them slept, though she knew it not. I have no right to expect more than their reality. I thought them ethereal, above men. I find them, perhaps, equal—great, by comparison, is very small. Insult may be inflicted in more ways than by word or action. One who is tender of being insulted, does not like to think an insult against another. I do not like to think insults in a lady's company. I commit a crime with her, which absence would not have known. Is it not extraordinary?—when among men, I have no evil thoughts, no malice, no spleen; I feel free to speak, or to be silent; I can listen, and from every one I can learn; my hands are in my pockets; I am free from all suspicion, and comfortable. When I am among women, I have evil thoughts—malice, spleen; I cannot speak, or be silent; I am full of suspicions, and therefore listen to nothing; I am in a hurry to be gone. You must be charitable, and put this perversity to my being disappointed since my boyhood.'—i. pp. 175, 176.

On another he writes:—

'Notwithstanding your happiness, and your recommendations, I hope I shall never marry, though the most beautiful creature were

waiting for me at the end of a journey or a walk; though the carpet were of silk, and the curtains of the morning clouds, the chairs and sofas stuffed with cygnet's down, the food manna, the wine beyond claret, the window opening on Winandermere, I should not feel, or rather my happiness should not be, so fine; my solitude is sublime—for, instead of what I have described, there is a sublimity to welcome me home; the roaring of the wind is my wife; and the stars through my window panes are my children; the mighty abstract idea of beauty in all things I have, stifles the more divided and minute domestic happiness. An amiable wife, and sweet children, I contemplate as part of that beauty, but I must have a thousand of those beautiful particles to fill up my heart. I feel more and more every day, as my imagination strengthens, that I do not live in this world alone, but in a thousand worlds. No sooner am I alone, than shapes of epic greatness are stationed around me, and serve my spirit the office which is equivalent to a king's body guard. 'Then tragedy with sceptered pall comes sweeping by.' According to my state of mind, I am with Achilles shouting in the trenches, or with Theocritus in the vales of Sicily; or throw my whole being into Troilus, and, repeating those lines—'I wander like a lost soul upon the Stygian bank, staying for waftage;' I melt into the air with a voluptuousness so delicate, that I am content to be alone. Those things, combined with the opinion I have formed of the generality of women, who appear to me as children, to whom I would rather give a sugar-plum than my time, form a barrier against matrimony which I rejoice in.'—Vol. i. pp. 234—236.

A very little while after this, he fell desperately in love with a lady who is still alive, and of whom, therefore, the biographer only gives us the vaguest possible glimpses. Circumstances prevented their marrying. Indeed, had Keats lived much longer, we do not see how he could have supported himself. The small patrimony he had inherited was spent. His profession he had long relinquished; his friends would have been wearied at last, great as was their generosity; and to make an income by his poetry was clearly not possible. He seems to have been tormented with some such presentiment, and came up to London, with a view of getting literary employment:—

'I have taken a resolution,' he writes, 'to endeavour to acquire something by temporary writing in periodical works. You must agree with me, how unwise it is to keep feeding upon hopes, which, depending so much on the state of temper and imagination, appear gloomy or bright, near or afar off, just as it happens. Now, an act has three parts—to act, to do, and to perform.—I mean, I should *do* something for my immediate welfare. Even if I am swept away like a spider from a drawing-room, I am determined to spin—homespun, anything for sale. Yea, I will traffic—anything but mortgage my brain to Blackwood. I am determined not to lie like a dead lump. You may say I want tact—that is easily acquired. You may be up to the slang of

a cock-pit in three battles; it is fortunate I have not, before this, been tempted to venture on the common. I should, a year or two ago, have spoken my mind on every subject with the utmost simplicity; I hope I have learned a little better, and am confident I shall be able to cheat as well as any Jew of the market, and shine up an article on anything, without much knowledge of the subject—ay, like an orange. I would willingly have recourse to other means. I cannot; I am fit for nothing but literature. Wait for the issue of this tragedy? No; there cannot be greater uncertainties, east, west, north, and south, than concerning dramatic composition. How many months must I wait! Had I not better begin to look about me now? If better events supersede this necessity, what harm will be done? I have no trust whatever in poetry.—ii. pp. 16, 17.

The tone of this is not pleasant, there is an air of presumption and moral indifference about it, especially where he talks about being able to cheat as well as any literary Jew of the market. In another letter he says, on the same subject, 'I shall not suffer my pride to hinder me. The whisper may go round—I shall not hear it. *If I can get an article in the 'Edinburgh' I will; one must not be delicate!*' This is intolerable coxcombry, unless it be ignorance. It does not appear that he got any employment; and, shortly after, he was laid on the bed of sickness by the first attack of the disease which carried him off.

'One night, about eleven o'clock, Keats returned home in a state of strange physical excitement; it might have appeared to those who did not know him, one of fierce intoxication. He told his friend he had been outside the stage-coach, had received a severe chill, was a little fevered, but added, 'I don't feel it now.' He was easily persuaded to go to bed; and as he leapt into the cold sheets, before his head was on the pillow, he slightly coughed and said, 'That is blood from my mouth; bring me the candle; let me see this blood.' He gazed steadfastly for some moments at the ruddy stain, and then looking in his friend's face, with an expression of sudden calmness never to be forgotten, said, 'I know the colour of that blood, it is arterial blood—I cannot be deceived in that colour; that drop is my death-warrant—I must die.'—Vol. ii. p. 534.

A surgeon was immediately called in, and, after being bled, Keats fell into a quiet sleep. The medical man declared his lungs to be uninjured, and the rupture not important, but he himself was of a different opinion; and, with the frequent self-prescience of disease, added to his scientific knowledge, he was not to be persuaded out of his forebodings. At times, however, the love of life, inherent in active natures, got the better of his gloom. 'If you would have me recover,' he said to his devoted friend and constant attendant, Mr. Brown, 'flatter me with a hope of happiness when I shall be well, for I am now so weak

'that I can be flattered into hope.' 'Look at my hand,' he said, another day; 'it is that of a man of fifty.' Keats had studied medicine, and knew that his disease was mortal. It is the general characteristic of consumptive persons to be perfectly unconscious of their approaching end; but no such sweet delusion ever calmed the mind of Keats. He was a doomed man, and he knew it. The first attack, however, passed away, and left him comparatively strong. Indeed, it seems to have strangely lightened his brain of some of its oppression. He writes, on one occasion:—

'I may say, that for six months before I was taken ill, I had not passed a tranquil day. Either that gloom overspread me, or I was suffering under some passionate feeling; or, if I turned to versify, that acerbated the poison of either sensation. The beauties of nature had lost their power over me. How astonishingly, (here I must premise that illness, as far as I can judge in so short a time, has relieved my mind of a load of deceptive thoughts and images, and makes me perceive things in a truer light,) how astonishingly does the chance of leaving the world impress a sense of its natural beauties upon us! Like poor Falstaff, though I do not 'babble,' I think of green fields; I muse with the greatest affection on every flower I have known from my infancy—their shapes and colours are as new to me as if I had just created them with a superhuman fancy. It is because they are connected with the most thoughtless and the happiest moments of our lives. I have seen foreign flowers in hot-houses, of the most beautiful nature, but I do not care a straw for them. The simple flowers of our Spring are what I want to see again.'—p. 56.

How exquisitely touching is that simple phrase, 'The simple flowers of our Spring are what I want to see again!' There is a whole poem in that line. It is to Spring—that lovely fatality to all in his condition—the consumptive patient looks fondly forward; on the verge of the grave, men look for the season of life and renovation, as if its vernal breath could bring freshness and vigour to their decaying frames. One of his last phrases was in a moment of peace—'I feel the flowers growing over me.'

Keats knowing that a winter in London would infallibly kill him, resolved to go to Italy; this resolution was probably in consequence of the invitation he received from Shelley to pass the winter with him at Pisa, of which mention is made in the *Life*. The letter from Shelley, containing that invitation, is in our possession; and as it is not included among the published letters of that poet, we think the reader will be gratified to see so interesting a document. It is dated Pisa, July 27th, 1820:—

'MY DEAR KEATS,—I hear with great pain the dangerous accident



that you have undergone; and Mr. Gisborne, who gives me the account of it, adds, that you continue to wear a consumptive appearance. This consumption is a disease particularly fond of people who write such good verses as you have done; and, with the assistance of an English winter, it can often indulge its selection; I do not think that young and amiable poets are at all bound to gratify its taste; they have entered into no bond with the Muses to that effect. But seriously, (for I am joking on what I am very anxious about,) I think you would do well to pass the winter abroad . . . . . If you think it as necessary as I do, and so long as you can find Pisa or its neighbourhood agreeable, Mrs. Shelley unites with myself in urging the request that you would take up your residence with us. You might come by sea to Leghorn, (France is not worth seeing, and the sea air is particularly good for weak lungs,) which is within a few miles of us. You ought, at all events, to see Italy, and your health, which I suggest as a motive, might be an excuse to you. I spare declamation about the statues, and the paintings, and the ruins; and what is a greater piece of forbearance, about the mountains, the streams, and the fields, the colours of the sky, and the sky itself. I have lately read your *Endymion* again, and ever with a new sense of the treasures of poetry it contains—though treasures poured forth with indistinct profusion. This people in general will not endure, and that is the cause of the comparatively few copies which have sold. I feel persuaded that you are capable of the greatest things, so you but will. I always tell Ollier to send you copies of my books. *Prometheus Unbound*, I imagine, you will receive nearly at the same time with this letter. The *Cenci* I hope you have already received—it was studiously composed in a different style, ‘below the *good* how far! but far above the *great*.’ In poetry I have sought to avoid system and mannerism; I wish those who excel me in genius would pursue the same plan. Whether you remain in England or journey to Italy, believe that you carry with you my anxious wishes for your health, happiness, and success, wherever you are, or whatever you undertake, and that I am yours sincerely,  
‘P. B. SHELLEY.’

Keats went to Italy, but not to Pisa; he went in the company of that noble friend to whom these volumes will ever be a monument, recording, as they do, the story of one of the most devoted and disinterested of friendships—we allude to Mr. Severn. But in leaving England, Keats not only felt that he was carrying his body to a foreign grave—he felt that he was leaving behind him all that made life precious—all that made death terrible—his love! If it was hard to die so young on the threshold of fame, it was still worse to leave behind the one absorbing object of his life. This is terribly depicted in his letters. It escapes in cries of agony, such as we have seldom heard. The passion of an Antigone casting back far-reaching glances into the life she is to quit:—

•  
 ἀκλανστος, ἀφίλος, ἀνυμέναιος,  
 ταλαίφρων ἄγομαι,

is trivial beside the intensity of that single phrase where the dying poet exclaims, 'I eternally see her figure eternally vanishing.' The whole passage is more tragic than anything we have read for a long while:—

'I wish to write on subjects that will not agitate me much. There is one I must mention, and have done with it. Even if my body would recover of itself, this would prevent it. The very thing I want to live most for will be a great occasion of my death. I cannot help it. Who can help it? Were I in health it would make me ill, and how can I bear it in my state? I dare say you will be able to guess on what subject I am harping—you know what was my greatest pain during the first part of my illness at your house. I wish for death every day and night to deliver me from these pains, and then I wish death away, for death would destroy those pains, which are better than nothing. Land and sea, weakness and decline, are great separators, but death is the great divorcer for ever. When the pang of this thought has passed through my mind, I may say the bitterness of death is passed. I often wish for you, that you might flatter me with the best. I think, without my mentioning it, for my sake, you would be a friend to Miss — when I am dead. You think she has many faults, but for my sake think she has not one. If there is anything you can do for her by word or deed, I know you will do it. I am in a state at present in which woman, merely as woman, can have no more power over me than stocks and stones, and yet the difference of my sensations with respect to Miss — and my sister is amazing—the one seems to absorb the other to a degree incredible. I seldom think of my brother and sister in America; the thought of leaving Miss — is beyond everything horrible—the sense of darkness coming over me—*I eternally see her figure eternally vanishing*; some of the phrases she was in the habit of using during my last nursing at Wentworth-place ring in my ears. *Is there another life? Shall I awake and find all this a dream? There must be, we cannot be created for this sort of suffering.*' —Vol. i. pp. 73, 74.

In a second letter he again struggles with the same torment—

'Yesterday we were let out of quarantine, during which my health suffered more from bad air and the stifled cabin than it had done the whole voyage. The fresh air revived me a little, and I hope I am well enough this morning to write to you a short, calm letter; if that can be called one in which I am afraid to speak of what I would faintest dwell upon. As I have gone thus far into it, I must go on a little; perhaps it may relieve the load of *wretchedness* which presses upon me. The persuasion that I shall see her no more will kill me. My dear Brown, I should have had her when I was in health, and I should have remained well. I can bear to die. I cannot bear to leave her. Oh, God! God! God! Everything I have in my trunks that reminds me

of her goes through me like a spear. The silk lining she put in my travelling cap scalds my head. My imagination is horribly vivid about her—I see her—I hear her. There is nothing in the world of sufficient interest to divert me from her a moment. This was the case when I was in England; I cannot recollect, without shuddering, the time that I was a prisoner at Hunt's, and used to keep my eyes fixed on Hampstead all day. Then there was a good hope of seeing her again. Now! O, that I could be buried near where she lives! I am afraid to write to her—to receive a letter from her. To see her handwriting would break my heart: even to hear of her anyhow, to see her name written, would be more than I can bear. My dear Brown, what am I to do? Where can I look for consolation and ease? If I had any chance of recovery, this passion would kill me. Indeed, through the whole of my illness, both at your house and at Kentish-town, this fever has never ceased wearing me out. When you write to me, which you will do immediately, write to Rome (*poste restante*); if she is well and happy, put a mark thus †; if — . . . . My dear Brown, for my sake, be her advocate for ever. I cannot say a word about Naples; I do not feel at all concerned in the thousand novelties around me. I am afraid to write to her. I should like her to know that I do not forget her. Oh, Brown, I have coals of fire in my breast. It surprises me that the human heart is capable of containing and bearing so much misery. Was I born for this end? God bless her, and her mother, and my sister, and George, and his wife, and you, and all!' —Vol. i. pp. 77, 8, 9.

This was written in November: in the December of the same year he was at Rome, rapidly sinking, and attended only by the kind science of Sir James Clark, and the unalterable devotion of Mr. Severn. It is only in the patient love of woman that we are accustomed to see such tenderness and watchfulness as the artist here displayed towards his dying friend. He scarcely ever left his side. He sat by his bed reading to him, talking to him, tending him like a mother, humouring him in all his wanderings. The history of those days is told in the brief and terrible fragments of Mr. Severn's letters, from which we extract these passages—

'Jan. 15th, 1821, *half-past eleven*.—Poor Keats has just fallen asleep. I have watched him and read to him to his very last wink; he has been saying to me, 'Severn, I can see under your quiet look immense contention. You don't know what you are reading. You are enduring for me more than I would have you. O! that my last hour was come!' He is sinking daily; perhaps another three weeks may lose him to me for ever! I made sure of his recovery when we set out. I was selfish. I thought of his value to me; I made my own public success to depend on his candour to me.

'Torlonia, the banker, has refused us any more money; the bill is

returned unaccepted, and to-morrow I must pay my last crown for this cursed lodging-place; and what is more, if he dies, all the beds and furniture will be burnt, and the walls scraped, and they will come on me for a hundred pounds or more! But, above all, this noble fellow lying on the bed, and without the common spiritual comforts that many a rogue and fool has in his last moments! If I do break down it will be under this; but I pray that some angel of goodness may yet lead him through this dark wilderness.

'If I could leave Keats every day for a time, I could soon raise money by my painting, but he will not let me out of his sight, he will not bear the face of a stranger. I would rather cut my tongue out than tell him I must get the money—that would kill him at a word. You see my hopes of being kept by the Royal Academy will be cut off, unless I send a picture by the Spring. I have written to Sir T. Lawrence. I have got a volume of Jeremy Taylor's works, which Keats has heard me read to-night. This is a treasure, indeed, and came when I should have thought it hopeless. Why may not other good things come? I will keep myself up with such hopes. Dr. Clark is still the same, though he knows about the bill: he is afraid the next change will be to diarrhœa. Keats sees all this—his knowledge of anatomy makes every change tenfold worse; every way he is unfortunate, yet every one offers me assistance on his account. He cannot read any letters, he has made me put them by him unopened. They tear him to pieces—he dare not look on the outside of any more: make this known.

'*Feb. 18th.*—I have just got your letter of Jan. 15th. The contrast of your quiet, friendly Hampstead with this lonely place and our poor suffering Keats, brings the tears into my eyes. I wish many times that he had never left you. His recovery would have been impossible in England, but his excessive grief has made it equally so. In your care he seemed to me like an infant in its mother's arms; you would have smoothed down his pain by variety of interests, and his death would have been eased by the presence of many friends. Here, with one solitary friend, in a place savage for an invalid, he has one more pang added to his many, for I have had the hardest task in keeping from him my painful situation. I have kept him alive week after week. He has refused all food, and I have prepared his meals six times a-day, till he had no excuse left. I have only dared to leave him while he slept. It is impossible to conceive what his sufferings have been: he might, in his anguish, have plunged into the grave in secret, and not a syllable been known about him: this reflection alone repays me for all I have done. Now, he is still alive and calm. He would not hear that he was better: the thought of recovery is beyond everything dreadful to him; we dare not perceive any improvement, for the hope of death seems his only comfort. He talks of the quiet grave as the first rest he can ever have.

'In the last week a great desire for books came across his mind. I

got him all I could, and three days this charm lasted, but now it has gone. Yet he is very tranquil. He is more and more reconciled to his horrible misfortunes.

'Feb. 14th.—Little or no change has taken place, except this beautiful one, that his mind is growing to great quietness and peace. I find this change has to do with the increasing weakness of his body, but to me it seems like a delightful sleep: I have been beating about in the tempest of his mind so long. To-night he has talked very much, but so easily that he fell at last into a pleasant sleep. He seems to have happy dreams. This will bring on some change—it cannot be worse—it may be better. Among the many things he has requested of me to-night, this is the principal—that on his gravestone shall be this inscription—'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.' You will understand this so well that I need not say a word about it.

'When he first came here he purchased a copy of 'Alfieri,' but put it down at the second page, being much affected at the lines—

'Misera me ! sollievo a me non resta,  
Altro che il pianto, ed il pianto è delitto !'

Now that I know so much of his grief, I do not wonder at it.

'Such a letter has come! I gave it to Keats, supposing it to be one of yours, but it proved sadly otherwise. The glance at that letter tore him to pieces; the effects were on him for many days. He did not read it—he could not—but requested me to place it in his coffin, together with a purse and a letter (unopened) of his sister's; since then he has told me *not* to place that letter in his coffin, only his sister's purse and letter, and some hair. I, however, persuaded him to think otherwise on this point. In his most irritable state he sees a friendless world about him, with everything that his life presents, and especially the kindness of others, tending to his melancholy death.

'I have got an English nurse to come two hours every other day, so that I am quite recovering my health. Keats seems to like her, but she has been taken ill to-day and cannot come. In a little back room I get chalking out a picture; this, with swallowing a little Italian every day, helps to keep me up. The Doctor is delighted with your kindness to Keats; he thinks him worse; his lungs are in a dreadful state; his stomach has lost all its power. Keats knew from the first little drop of blood that he must die; no common chance of living was left him.

'Feb. 22nd.—O! how anxious I am to hear from you (Mr. Haslam). I have nothing to break this dreadful solitude but letters. Day after day, night after night, here I am by our poor dying friend. My spirits, my intellect, and my health are breaking down. I can get no one to change with me—no one to relieve me. All run away, and even if they did not, Keats would not do without me.

'Last night I thought he was going; I could hear the phlegm in his throat; he bade me lift him up in the bed, or he would die with pain. I watched him all night; expecting him to be suffocated at every cough. This morning, by the pale daylight, the change in him fright-

ened me: he has sunk in the last three days to a most ghastly look. Though Dr. Clark has prepared me for the worst, I shall be ill able to bear it. *I cannot bear to be set free, even from this, my horrible situation, by the loss of him.*

'I am still quite precluded from painting: which may be of consequence to me. Poor Keats has me ever by him, and shadows out the form of one solitary friend! He opens his eyes in great doubt and horror, but when they fall upon me, they close gently, open quietly, and close again, till he sinks to sleep. This thought alone would keep me by him till he dies: and why did I say I was losing my time? The advantages I have gained by knowing John Keats are double and treble any I could have won by any other occupation. Farewell.

'Feb. 27th.—He is gone; he died with the most perfect ease—he seemed to go to sleep. On the twenty-third, about four, the approaches of death came on. 'Severn—I—lift me up—I am dying—I shall die easy—don't be frightened—be firm, and thank God it has come.' I lifted him up in my arms. The phlegm seemed boiling in his throat, and increased until eleven, when he gradually sunk into death, so quiet that I still thought he slept. I cannot say more now. I am broken down by four nights' watching, no sleep since, and my poor Keats gone. Three days since, the body was opened: the lungs were completely gone. The doctors could not imagine how he had lived these two months. I followed his dear body to the grave on Monday, with many English. They take much care of me here. I must else have gone into a fever. I am better now, but still quite disabled.

'The police have been. The furniture, the walls, the floor, must all be destroyed and changed; but this is well looked to by Dr. Clark.

'The letters I placed in the coffin with my own hand.'

We dare not add a word to such accents as these. But let us, while still under the emotion they excite, pay our humble tribute to the beauty of that friendship from which they sprang. There has been considerable diversity of opinion respecting this 'Life of Keats;' and many regret its publication, as tending to degrade the poet from his former high position; but, for ourselves, had this book done no more than set before us such a picture of human friendship and of heroic tenderness, it would have been welcomed as a precious gift. 'The world is too much with us,' was the sigh of the sad poet. And is it not so? And is it not by keeping before the eyes of men such pictures of disinterestedness, such examples of self-sacrificing love, that we may hope to see them steadily resist the encroachments of egotism, and of the too common indifference to the mysteries of our destiny?

**ART. III.**—*Voyage Scientifique dans l'Altaï Oriental et les parties adjacentes de la Frontiere de Chine.* Par PIERRE DE TCHIHATCHEFF, Gentilhomme de la Chambre de S.M.I., &c. Paris, 1 vol. 4to, with many plates, and folio Atlas.

THE great importance of Russia among European powers, has attracted at least a due share of attention to the manners of her people, and the peculiarities of her institutions and government. All are familiar with the vast extent of her European dominions, and numerous travellers have described, each in his own style, the diverse aspects of her two capitals, the picturesque features of her ancient cities, and the tiresome monotony of those immense provinces which stretch from the marshes on the Baltic and White Sea to the fertile plains that bound the Euxine and the sandy steppes on the shores of the Caspian. The researches of Sir R. Murchison and his associates have also made known the mineral structure of the country, and those wide-spread formations, each larger than a kingdom, on which its peculiar external features depend. But this ancient domain of the Slavic race now forms only the smaller moiety of the realm subjected to its sway. In Asia, a territory of nearly five and a half million square miles, consequently larger by a half than Europe, now owns the authority of the Czar. The descendants of the Tartar horsemen, who once carried terror to the gates of Moscow and levied contributions in the centre of the kingdom, now tremble at the very sound of the Emperor's name, and flock from their impregnable deserts to receive a miserable dole of food from the hands of his deputies. The Ural has long ceased to be the limit of the Russian empire; from these mountains it now extends over the whole arctic slope of Northern Asia to the Pacific ocean. This region is still very imperfectly known, and most inaccurate notions regarding its physical character and capabilities widely prevail. Many still regard Siberia as a sort of lonely prison-house, buried amid eternal snows, a land where no summer sun ever shines, no balmy breezes from the south ever dispel the icy chills of winter. Of its general features, its almost illimitable extent, the noble rivers, second to few on the globe, that drain its majestic plains, its numerous mountains full of precious ores, and girdled by golden sands—of its fertile meadows and picturesque valleys, sometimes even rivalling those of Switzerland and the Tyrol,—few have any idea. The rising importance of this new land, its capacity for improvement, its growing industry in mines and

agriculture, its numerous colonies, the towns founded in its once lonely plains, and the commerce that now floats on its streams—all these and many similar facts are concealed in the unknown records of Russian state documents, or only related in some foreign books of travels.

This circumstance confers on the work before us a high importance. It fills up many blanks both in the physical and moral picture of Siberia, and not only maps out regions previously unknown, but introduces us to tribes and races of whom but scanty record has reached Europe. Though science was the author's immediate pursuit, he has yet an eye open to the beauties of nature in every form, and describes in striking, perhaps sometimes too ambitious, language, the various scenes he visited. He collects the plants, observes the animals, notes down carefully the geological formations on his way, but, unlike many scientific travellers, does not neglect the people while studying the land in which they dwell. The indigenous tribes of these remote regions—often the remnants of nations whose deeds of war and rapine fill a dark page in the history of Southern Asia and Europe—are carefully described; and much curious information also imparted regarding the Russian colonists, whether banished for political or other offences, or voluntary emigrants to this remote land.

M. von Tchihatcheff left Saint Petersburg on the 12th of March, (new style,) 1842, when the temperature, still far below the freezing point, continued favourable to rapid travelling. At Nijni-Novogorod he reached the Volga, and followed its frozen stream, then a splendid road, for one hundred and eighty miles, without ever touching on the land. During winter the whole activity of the neighbourhood is concentrated on this highway of solid water. In one place the peasant is seen drawing the produce of the soil to market; in another, the woodcutter is preparing fuel, ready to be floated down when the spring has released the enchained river; in a third, fur-clad tradesmen are engaged in their various pursuits—the whole presenting a singular and even pleasing scene, notwithstanding the dazzling brightness of the silvery expanse which stretches far around in unbroken uniformity. Occasionally the monotony of the landscape was interrupted by some picturesque village, or he had to thread his way among a fleet of strange-looking river boats, now fixed immovable in the icy plain, till at length the ancient city of Kasan, with its curious mixed Asiatic-looking population, and its ancient cathedral, appeared towering above the undulating region. From this city M. Tchihatcheff traversed the country to Perm, which, though placed, in our common maps,



on the outskirts of the Urals, in reality lies in a low plain, and he had to proceed sixty miles further, towards Ekaterinburg, before reaching the mountainous region—very different indeed from the imposing majesty of the Alps, but still, with its rounded hills, intersected by deep valleys, and covered by dark forests of pines, forming an agreeable contrast to the districts formerly passed through. At Ekaterinburg he finally took leave of Europe, and entered on the vast domains of Asiatic Russia.

Even at the very first village in the government of Tobolsk, M. Tchihatcheff was struck by the singular spectacle of a population consisting almost entirely of exiles, belonging to the class of *Poséłéntzi*, or colonists, (*colons*.) During his residence in Western Siberia, the author had frequent opportunities of observing the interior of the houses of this class of men, and remarked the air of neatness, ease, and well-doing, which they presented. This prosperity, he states, is entirely the result of their own labours. On reaching the place of their abode, they find only the virgin forest, in which they must build their future homes, and the yet unbroken soil from which to extract their food. But courage and industry can accomplish much in a land where the woody mountain, the grassy meadow, and the fertile plain, are still free to the bold adventurer. Hence men rejected from the bosom of society as useless or criminal, and apparently incapacitated by their previous employments, seem yet destined, when transferred to the desert steppes of Siberia, to lay the foundations of new scenes of civilized life. These colonists are either exiles raised to this status by good conduct in the land of their banishment, or persons without any title or recognised profession, or serfs transported thither at the request of their masters, who can hand over to the government any of their hereditary dependants, of whom they wish to be disencumbered. These men, often cast-off valets, and other idle domestics, then become the property of the state, and are thus far free, but dependent on their own labour for support. M. von Tchihatcheff defends this custom, so repulsive to all our feelings, on the ground that it promotes the gradual emancipation of the serfs, and converts many of those unproductive consumers whom the oriental sybaritism of the Russian noblesse always collects round their dwellings, into useful members of society. He states the number of colonists sent to Siberia in 1839 at 951, but in 1841 it had increased to 1482—the whole number in three years (1839—41) being 3617. In 1840 there were in the whole of Siberia 134,630 exiled colonists, of whom 70,290 were in the western province, and 11,000 employed in washing the gold sands. As this class does not include those banished for graver offences, civil or political, the above gives no proper

idea of the number of persons doomed to exile. This system has been rendered necessary in Russia, by the abolition of capital punishments. During the first three years these exiled colonists pay no taxes, and for the next seven years half the usual amount; so that ten years elapse before they are subjected to the full imposition on the peasants of the crown, and enter on the enjoyment of equal rights.

In the government of Tobolsk the dark evergreen pines disappeared, and were succeeded by magnificent forests of white birch, among whose branches, still silvered over with snow, large flocks of black grouse and wood grouse were roosting close to the road, heedless of the passing traveller, and unscared by the tinkling bells attached to his sledge. Legions of ptarmigans, white as the snow in which they burrowed, amused themselves by running along before the carriage. As M. Tchiatcheff continued to advance, the varied characters of the Siberian steppes became more and more apparent. The contour of these regions is indeed sufficiently soft, yet they are far from retaining the undeviating horizontality that characterizes the southern regions of European Russia. The surface in many places rises in more or less distinct undulations, and though extended forests are rare, is frequently adorned by thick masses of brushwood and clumps of birch mingled with coniferæ. The small town of Birsik is situated in this undulating country, its vicinity being enlivened by beautiful groups of trees. Beyond this place the ground was already almost free from snow; but in the very next stage, on the 14th April, he had to resume his winter travelling equipage. Spring was, however, rapidly approaching, and the thermometer rose to 70° in the sun at midday, though he was still able to pass the river Tchoumich on the ice. He was not so fortunate with the Ob, for on reaching its left bank three days later, he found it in full flood, and covered with enormous masses of floating ice. Its width was then about half a mile, the right bank being high, the left, on which he was obliged to encamp for the night, low and backed by a level, marshy, or sandy plain, over which the river had evidently flowed at some former period. From this circumstance he infers that the Ob must then have contained six times its present amount of water; but the fact seems to indicate nothing more than that the river is gradually deepening its bed, and wearing away the cliff on the right side of the stream. Next day, on the 20th April, he crossed, the thermometer marking 90° in the sun, and reached Barnaoul, where he remained for three weeks, examining the vicinity, and preparing for his journey to the more southern regions of the Altai.

M. Tchiatcheff's next stage was Bisk, which, though

honoured with the name of a town, consists merely of a few wooden houses. It is chiefly remarkable for the commercial relations the inhabitants have established with Chinese Tartary. Though at present of small amount, this traffic may in future acquire much importance, especially as it presents one opening the more by which an inroad may be effected on the exclusive system of the Chinese empire. The Russians export chiefly woollen cloth, calicoes, leather, instruments for the chase, pots, and other vessels for cooking, and some rude trinkets, the whole worth about £3000 sterling, and receive in return chiefly the brick tea, used throughout the greater part of Siberia. This consists of the refuse of the leaves and stalks of the tea sent to Europe, wrought up into the form of a brick; and though coarse to our taste, is yet preferred by the natives of Central and Northern Asia to the finer kinds, and is said, in reality, to possess more highly nutritive qualities. Each brick of tea, weighing from two to three pounds, is bought by the Russian traders for one or two paper roubles, (eleven to twenty-two pence sterling,) and is sold for twice as much. They also receive in exchange small cubical pieces of silver, with a slight depression on one side, which forms the current coin of that region. On the whole, the Russian traders receive goods worth considerably more than twice those they export; but their only customers are the Mongol soldiers stationed on the frontier, who again extract a very handsome profit, by retailing the goods thus obtained to their countrymen in the interior.

M. Tchihatcheff left Bisk on the 24th May. Spring then appeared far advanced; the trees were expanding their young leaves, whilst the fields were already adorned by the rich flowers of the potentilla, anemone, iris, and some very splendid species of astragalus. After passing the small fortress of Kataune, he was at length gladdened by the snowy summits of the Altai, rising in the distance; but it was only after reaching Kamenka that his truly Altaian journey commenced. This being the last town of any importance on the route chosen, it became necessary to purchase provisions for the two months which he considered would be required in order fully to explore the wild region round the sources of the Tchouya and other tributaries of the Ob. With his luggage packed on horses, of which there were fifty-two in the caravan, he began his journey among the mountains. At first, flinty slate and grey siliceous limestone, resting on granite, prevailed; but they soon began to alternate with strangely fissured and contorted beds of talc-slate, forming mountains of a peculiar physiognomy, and far more diversified than those of the limestone. The talc-slate

also presents a richer vegetation of gramineous plants, and forests of the Siberian larch, the Scotch fir, and white beech. The low valleys, like that of Sarasi, are covered by a fertile vegetable soil, in which many beautiful plants flourish—among others, the elegant *Fritillaria meleagroides*, the superb *Primula macrocalyx*, the *Gagea lutea*, and *Polygala comosa*; whilst on the high mountains the *Rhododendron davuricum* was then (27th May) in full flower.

In ascending the valley of the Seima river, many traces of gold appeared in the sands. Near its source, amidst lofty mountains which shut in the valley on every hand, the Zaïzan, or hereditary chief of a Kalmuck tribe, then encamped in one of the neighbouring valleys, came to pay his respects to the stranger. The chief and his followers were gratified with a few trifling presents, and regaled with some glasses of brandy, for which, like most uncivilized races, they showed a strong predilection. To save the more precious liquor, some of them were treated to spirits of wine mixed with water. They not only relished this exceedingly, but entreated that the precious nectar should not be profaned with the vulgar fluid. By way of experiment, a large glass full of pure alcohol was offered to one of the more importunate, who seized it convulsively, and swallowed the fiery liquid at a single draught, to the great envy of his companions.

The chief complained of the continued encroachments made on the domain of his tribe by the Russian colonists, who built houses and cultivated the soil wherever they thought proper. As M. Tchihatcheff remarks, it seems almost impossible to reconcile the progress of civilization with the rigorous observance of justice to the original savage proprietors. They cannot be induced to regard the ground as more than a common hunting-field, or as of any other use than to furnish pasture to their numerous herds of cattle, and constantly repulse all endeavours to lead them to cultivate the soil; hence their exclusive right to large tracts of country can only be preserved by dooming these regions to perpetual barbarism and sterility. The Russian government allows most of these foreign tribes to retain their own laws and customs, administered by their own chiefs, or persons elected by themselves. They pay a certain tribute, but are not liable to military service. Their communications with the Russian authorities are conducted orally, the imperial officials being prohibited from making use of any writing in their transactions with the natives, unless at their own special request. Certain of the tribes on the borders are still only nominally under the Russian dominion, paying a small tribute, but subject to no

interference in their internal affairs. Some, like the Kalmucks 'of double tribute,' though living in the Russian territory, are almost equally subject to the Chinese, paying them also tribute, and enjoying a free commerce with both empires.

With many oriental traits in their character, the Kalmucks more resemble the Chinese than the Turks or Arabs. Most of the tribes M. Tchihatcheff encountered, exhibited, in a high degree, the indolence common to eastern nations, and an unconquerable aversion to the continual activity of the Europeans, which seems to them altogether absurd and ridiculous. The various tribes along the roads are obliged to furnish horses and guides for the emissaries of the government; these are changed at each collection of tents or yourtes, and on such occasions the true character of the people is strikingly displayed. The inhabitants, on the approach of a person invested with the insignia of office, immediately hide themselves to escape the labour, whilst their predecessors show equal eagerness and skill in hunting them out, in order to be themselves released from the imposition. In the more thinly peopled parts of the land, the traveller is thus exposed to great inconvenience, being often deserted during the night by his whole people. Much of this apparent indolence arises, we fear, from the want of any due remuneration for their labours, and the inconveniences occasioned by the people being withdrawn from duties essential to their welfare. M. Tchihatcheff endeavoured to prevent this desertion by collecting the pipes, bridles, and saddles of the people into his tent every evening, but often without success, many preferring to lose their horses and goods rather than undergo the fatigue of escorting him for weeks or months amidst unknown hills and uninhabited valleys. The Kalmucks are distinguished at once for great powers of enduring hunger and thirst, and for a voracity that must be seen to be understood. Their ordinary diet consists chiefly of tea. They prepare this beverage by boiling the brick tea, sometimes adding to it a lump of mutton fat, at other times a little roasted barley, or a handful of salt, in a caldron whose various uses do not seem calculated to increase the relish of the compound, and filling it out into wooden cups, drink it almost boiling hot. A small portion of tobacco, smoked from a copper pipe, completes the frugal repast. Their chief animal food is mutton, of which they consume immense quantities whenever they can procure it; but no kind of flesh comes amiss to them; sheep, cows, deer, horses, whether they have died a natural or a violent death, are all alike, and require but little cooking.

M. Tchihatcheff was now completely involved in the mountain

ridges of the Altaï. His road led generally along the valleys, and near the banks of the rivers, which they had to cross and recross repeatedly. This was often a matter both of difficulty and danger, for these mountain torrents are very liable to sudden inundations, which soon render even an inconsiderable stream wholly unfordable. No place can be better adapted for studying the destructive powers of running water than this mountain region, the birth-place of the great Siberian rivers. The sides of the streams everywhere present a picture of naked desolation, and their channel is impeded by huge fragments of stone, mingled with large trees torn up by the roots and arrested in their downward progress. Though now as far south as the vicinity of London, winter had hardly left these elevated regions; and on the 29th May, the banks of the Oulegome were covered with thick masses of snow still so hard as to allow horses to cross without sinking. The dazzling strata, regularly striated and polished by the water of the river, along which they extended for a great distance in horizontal lines, had a most magnificent effect, amid the savage rocks and dark pines of the wild glens. Next day, however, on descending into the narrow but well-sheltered valley of the Katoune, he found a singular contrast. At mid-day, the thermometer stood at 98° in the sun, and at 74° within his tent, but during the night descended to the freezing point. The vegetation of the valley was no less distinguished for its luxuriance. The dwarf robinia no longer justified its humble designation; the arborescent caragana and the common cotoneaster were completely covered with flowers; the small-leaved honeysuckle had already assumed its full summer splendour, and the juniper (*J. lycia*) displayed a crop of berries already arrived at full maturity. Many flowers, esteemed for their rarity in European herbaria, were scattered around in profuse luxuriance, whilst a crowd of grasses and small creeping leguminous plants sprung up among the rude blocks of sienite that lay around; above all rose the magnificent laurel-leaved poplar, dipping its shining foliage in the rapid waves of the river that, swollen by incessant rains and the wasting snow, rolled foaming below. Many large uprooted trees were continually borne down, and as he stood watching the rising waters, the carcass of a horse, saddled and bridled, was carried past, tossed about by the furious stream like a withered leaf in the autumn wind. On the morrow, he crossed in a small boat, which he had carried along with him, having forced the horses to swim over. He encamped again on the opposite shore of the river, among the immense boulders with which its banks were strewed, and there, seated on a large fragment of granite,

with the beautiful blue petals of the anemones, recalling the similar flowers that in spring flourish in the Italian valleys, and the leathery shining leaves of the cotoneaster, so like those of the evergreen trees of those sunny climes in which he had formerly wandered, M. Tchihatcheff almost fancied himself suddenly transported to the genial south, when the faded corolla of the robinia, and the flowers, nipped by the midnight frosts, with the cold breeze from the snow-clad mountains, dispelled the illusion, and drove him to his solitary tent.

'Such scenes reminded him of other days,  
Of skies more cloudless, noons of purer blaze,  
Of nights more soft and frequent, hearts that now . . .'

As he drew near the frontiers of China, the aspect and habits of the various tribes became more decidedly Mongolian, though their language was still a dialect of the Turkish. The numerous conquests and migrations of the middle ages have produced nearly as much intermixture of language and races in Northern Asia as in Europe, and it is only the recent researches of the Abbé Remusat and M. Klaproth, so ably expounded in the classic work of Ritter, that have thrown some gleams of light on this obscure subject. Three classes may still be distinguished — 1st, the Mongols, properly so called, inhabiting the northern provinces of China, and speaking a pure Mongolian language; 2nd, the Mongols, who, like the Kalmucks of Siberia, have adopted the language of the Turkish tribes among whom they are settled; and 3rd, the Turks, who have adopted the name of their ancient conquerors, with whom they are entirely incorporated, but still retain their distinct physical features, their Mahomedan religion, and purer Turkish speech. To this class belong the Kirghiz, and the Turks or Tartars of European Russia. The people he was now among are included in the second class. They were all idolaters, and showed the most profound veneration for anything affirmed to have come from the Grand Lama; especially for a small statue of wood accompanied by some very rude designs, with explanations in Mongolian. Their idolatry consists chiefly in a symbolic representation of the principle of good, or Koutai, and of that of evil, or Chaitan (Satan), to whom they sacrifice horses, cattle, or sheep, generally cutting open the breast of the animal, and compressing its heart with the hand, which destroys it in a very short time. The carcass is next exposed for a few minutes to the fire, and then devoured with such rapidity, that, as the author asserts, if the devotion of the Kalmucks was only equal to their voracity, there could be no doubt that the whole nation was a collection of saints. Their religious ceremonies

are directed by priests, who, however, enjoy no other privilege, authority, or even special respect, so that their religion has no very deep hold on their minds. Their sacrifices are regarded as a sort of bargain with the Deity, and when they fail in the wished-for effect, the Kalmuck takes vengeance on his rude household gods, whipping, beating, or trampling under foot their images. This religious indifferentism has characterized this race even from an early period, and explains the success with which several Catholic monks in the middle ages were enabled to accomplish their missions to the court of the Mongolian princes of Central Asia. These despots regarded the Christians with no fanatic feeling, but looked on them simply as objects of curiosity. When Rubruquis began to expound the dogmas of his faith to Mangou Khan, the only interruption he experienced was from the loud snoring of the monarch, whose interest in this attack on his faith could not keep him awake. Had any Mahomedan missionary made a similar experiment on a European sovereign of that age, he would soon have been taught by very different proofs how deeply his auditor's feelings were mingled with the result of the discussion.

The Kalmucks of the present day do not display either the mental or physical energies which formerly rendered their ancestors objects of terror to the surrounding nations. Flight seems their sole method of defence—the only way of escape. This natural timidity reaches its highest point in their intercourse with Europeans, whom they seem at once to recognise as beings so vastly superior to themselves, that all opposition is in vain. Nor is this opinion wholly without foundation; for the Siberian Cossacks, carrying on an incessant warfare with the elements, and gifted with strong, athletic, and handsome persons, present a singular contrast to the weak, timid, almost deformed Kalmucks. Such is the superiority assumed by the former, that in giving orders for a supply of horses for the party, the Cossack who escorted the author, instead of going himself to the villages, used to send a Kalmuck with his sabre, and this ensign of authority was found to have equal influence with its dreaded master. Either the horses were immediately furnished, or when they could not be found, the elder of the tribe came with an humble apology.

In the beginning of June, M. Tchihatcheff ascended the valley of the Saldjar, a small torrent flowing between lofty precipices of clay-slate, backed by mountains of sienite. After a toilsome ascent through a thick forest of the *pinus cembra* and the Siberian larch, they reached an irregular undulating



plateau on the summit of the ridge, commanding a magnificent view of the Altaï, with all its characteristic features. On the right hand rose an immense rampart, extending in a semicircle from east to west; its whole margin bristled over with brilliant peaks, sometimes pyramids, sometimes truncated cones, shooting far up into the sky. A broad silvery band formed the base, gradually merging in the azure background. The two peaks known as the columns of Katoune, with an elevation of 12,000 feet, were remarkable even among the group of giants for their imposing contours. On the east, the summits were more numerous, their forms more serrated and broken; these were the Alps of Arnhyte and of Tchehane Ouzoune. Never in his lengthened pilgrimages had the author seen a more noble, a more imposing scene, and the view given in the beautiful plate attached to his work fully justifies his praise.

Descending from this lofty region, his route led along the Tchouya river. At first it flowed through a beautiful, wide, and almost horizontal valley, but soon after the mountains approached the stream, which then forced its way through a deep and narrow gorge, whilst the travellers had to scramble over the rocky barrier by a slippery path, leading along the very edge of the fearful precipices that overhung the foaming torrent. Beyond this defile another horizontal valley succeeded, filled with beds of detrital matter, strewn on the surface with huge boulders of the surrounding rocks, often 200 feet above the level of the water. M. Tchihatcheff remarks that these boulders cannot have been brought into their present position by the river as it now exists, and hence infers that it must formerly have been of far greater magnitude. In this, however, he forgets, what appears clear from his whole description, that this valley has at no distant epoch formed a chain of lakes, only drained by the gradual erosion of the mountain barriers, of which he had six or seven to pass in ascending the stream. In these alluvial valleys there is always a rich display of vegetation, the banks of the river being covered with superb trees of the laurel-leaved poplar, the *pinus cembra*, and white birch rising from thickets of robinia, now studded with its bright yellow papilionaceous flowers. Amidst such a grove on the bank of a small crystal brook he encamped for the evening, the murmur of the waters recalling those Eastern fountains where the weary traveller reposes, blessing the hospitable hands which have raised up shelter for him in the wilderness. The wanderer in the Altaï meets with no such touching proofs of the kindness of his fellow men, but beneficent Nature has provided no less bountifully for his wants in the crystal fountains that

burst forth from every rock, as if, says our author, 'she would do all for him herself, and be the sole source of his hopes and enjoyments.'

In ascending the valley, the scenery became more wild and sterile, though a small patch of barley was the first trace of agriculture he had seen in the mountains. It was a most miserable crop, evidently planted by some wandering Kalmuck, who, after gathering the scanty harvest, to him only a luxury, would leave the spot without regret to the wild goats and the bears of the mountains. But with its savage desolation, the picturesque features of the valley increased. The mountains, composed of immense masses of dark brown or white dolomitic limestone, alternately advanced or retired from the river, sometimes sweeping down in gentle undulations, at other times rising into lofty peaks, whilst vast torrents of debris, like lava currents, furrowed their precipitous sides, often almost filling and blocking up the valleys. From amidst these ruins, heaped together in dense confusion, sprung clumps of flowering brushwood. The banks of the Tchouya, in this place considerably elevated, were cut out with singular neatness, almost like a gigantic canal, excavated by human labour. This apparent regularity, contrasting so remarkably with the savage wildness of the surrounding scenery, was greatly increased by the symmetry with which several rows of the beautiful Siberian larch and other trees followed the winding level bank of the stream. The background was formed by deep brown ridges of mountains, still diversified by patches of snow and lofty plateaux, whose ill-defined outline bounded the distant horizon. In other spots the ground was covered by a rich carpet of brilliant coloured flowers, among which two species of iris, a ponia, and the Siberian aquilegia were particularly distinguished. But the indications of a coming storm compelled him to hurry on without gathering the numerous flowers inviting the botanist on every hand, and prevented him from minutely examining the singular rock formations. One of these was a black limestone, surrounded by mica slate, to which it offered a striking similarity. Near the line of contact, especially, it became so schistose and foliated, that it was almost impossible to point out the limits of the two rocks. Yet in it he found numerous well-preserved remains of zoophytes, beautiful stems of encrinites, and fine specimens of the *Calamopora alveolaris* of Goldfuss, sometimes eight or ten inches in diameter, and as much high. A smaller species of the same genus, perhaps the *C. gothlandica* of Goldfuss, was also seen, with fragments of a turriculated shell, but no bivalves. The sand of the mountain

torrents contained very few traces of gold, but many grains of cinnabar.

The wintery aspect of the country continued to increase as he penetrated deeper among the mountains, though it was now the sixth of June, and the meridian sun was shining in full splendour. Even the hardy robinia, so long their companion, disappeared, and the sombre coniferæ alone remained. The rich variety of flowers, too, had vanished, and only a few scattered plants of the Daurian rhododendron, sprung up in solitary beauty in the marshes, where are the springs of the Mentou. After long research he succeeded in discovering a few interesting plants, among them the beautiful *Primula farinosa*, and the *Senecio campestris*. Still higher he reached a bare, desolate plateau, covered with enormous masses of rock, bearing witness to the activity of the destroying agencies of Nature in these lofty regions. The eye turned gladly to the unbroken barrier of snowy summits that rose on every hand in dazzling brightness, as an agreeable relief to the melancholy sterility of the immediate vicinity, where a few dried and withered pines were the only remnants of arborescent vegetation. According to an old Kalmuck hunter, intimately acquainted with the country, the snow had always melted on these mountains during the summer, till within the last five or six years, when it had remained the whole season. This circumstance, along with the withering of the fir-trees, of which he saw many examples, apparently indicates a gradual refrigeration of this district. The natives also assured him that barley formerly grew in many places where now it will not succeed; and that every spring they find in the valley of the Tchouya the carcasses of many deer, argalis, and other wild animals destroyed by the winter cold. The author is inclined to ascribe this deterioration of the climate to the imprudent destruction of the forests; but a more probable solution, supposing the fact established, would be found in a gradual elevation of the land.

This gloomy and desolate steppe of Kourai was not without its lessons to the geologist. The greater portion consisted of a metamorphic clay-slate, through which a conical mountain, seemingly of volcanic nature, sprung up. It was formed, however, of dark coloured serpentine, in some places friable, fibrous, and of uniform tint; in others, compact, solid, and marked with spots or veins. The whole mountain, covered with detached blocks, black triturated sand, like volcanic cinders or rapilli, and with other fragments, with a twisted, uneven surface, seemed a mere agglomeration of scorix, recalling the pulverulent masses forming the central cone of Vesuvius. Round the base of the

chief mountain were smaller hills closely resembling the lateral cones of eruption on Etna or Vesuvius. Some of these, though formed almost entirely of detached sandy or decomposing masses, yet retained their broken, rugged outline. The volcanic aspect of the region was in many places increased by the various tints of the serpentine, sometimes black or blue, then grey or white, and again stained red by iron oxide. This singular formation of serpentine is placed between two masses of dolomitic limestone, a mode of association common in other countries, and confirming that theory which ascribes the presence of the magnesia in the stratified rock to the action of its igneous companion.

Beyond the Tchouya river M. Tchihatcheff traversed an arid steppe, where even on the 9th June the withered stalks of grass seemed still waiting for a more genial season before they would resume their verdure. No trees were seen except a few crooked willows along the river bank, and the only sign of life in the barren wilderness, covered with boulders of black serpentine and saline efflorescences of bitter salt, (sulphate of magnesia,) were numerous flocks of the *Anas rutila*, whose elegant form and fine yellow plumage almost refuted their relationship to their ignoble waddling brothers in Europe. Soon after, he reached the Russian cabins as they are named—three or four miserable sheds, constructed by the merchants of Biisk, who come here twice a year to exchange commodities with the Chinese outposts. In these huts, without doors or windows, he took up his residence until he had made arrangements with the two *zaïzans*, or chiefs of the Kalmucks of double tribute, for continuing his journey. The authority of these *zaïzans* is almost despotic, yet in dress and mode of life they vary little from their subjects. A Chinese bonnet; a gala dress, rather more elegant and of finer materials; a *yourt*, a little cleaner, and with more ornaments, and a larger herd, constitute their whole distinction. Otherwise they are as rude and ignorant as the lowest of their subjects; their tents are only covered by felt or the skins of animals; their food is wholly flesh, and the use of bread is unknown. In these respects they fully confirm the truth of the picture drawn by the Chinese historians of the court of the Kouémni, or kings of the powerful Ouzouns, nine centuries ago; when the miserable princess, wedded for state policy to one of these fierce barbarians, sighed in vain for the wings of a bird to escape from the rude felt hut of her royal spouse, and the disgusting banquets, where flesh was her only food and milk her only drink.

His interview with these chiefs commenced, as usual, with a present of some pieces of red cloth, and a plentiful supply of

brandy. In their devotion to the latter, the chiefs soon forgot their dignity, and the proper object of the interview had to be deferred till the following day; when, reversing the order, M. Tchihatcheff began with business and left the bottle till the conclusion. The country he was about to traverse was wholly desert, and the only guide he could procure was an old hunter, whose knowledge did not extend very far beyond his own immediate neighbourhood. Whilst preparations were making for the journey, he examined the country to the south towards the Chinese boundary. It was a level plateau, with some conical hills of black clay-slate, which at a distance resembled volcanic cones. At their foot a flock of the beautiful Saïga antelope of Pallas was feeding. These animals, when pursued, have the singular habit of always running in a circle, returning to the point whence they first started, so that the Kalmucks, by placing a hunter in that spot armed with a gun, never fail of securing their prey. Though it was now the middle of June, the snow still lay hard and solid on the banks of the stream, and the thermometer at two in the afternoon only rose to 36° in the sun, and during the night sunk to 27°. On digging a pit he found the earth completely frozen at the depth of about thirty inches.

In the immediate neighbourhood were four Chinese outposts guarded by some tattered Mongols, armed with bows and arrows. A few only had muskets, of a very primitive construction—fired by a match and supported in taking aim on a rest. These are the only firearms known in the country, whether for war or the chase. One great object of the latter is the deer (*Cervus bicargus*), whose horns are much valued by the Chinese for medicinal purposes, and sell at from six to eight pounds sterling a pair. The border country of the two great empires is not calculated to excite much cupidity. It is formed of a chain of mountains, the Sailouguème, consisting of rounded detached summits of black clay-slate, covered with snow, which descends even into the valleys. The plain at its base exhibited few traces of summer, only a few hardy plants, as the *Sedum elongatum*, the *Myosotis alpestris*, the *Adonis apennina*, and the *Cardamine pratensis* were in flower. One of the greatest ornaments of this lonely region was the Altaï Gentian, whose large azure blue, or delicate rose-red, flowers were an agreeable refreshment to the eye, wearied with the dazzling brilliant bands of the still undissolved snow. A small heap of stones covered with skulls and horns of the argali (*Ægoceras argali*) or wild sheep, marked the limits between the Celestial empire and Russian Siberia.

After leaving this place, M. Tchihatcheff traversed an elevated region, the road leading through dreary marshes, strewn with blocks of decomposing granite, or along the side of lakes still covered with thick sheets of ice. For three days no trees were seen, and the *Empetrum nigrum*, the dwarf birch, and a few saxifragæ were almost the only vegetation. In one place, the snow, still falling in showers, lay six or eight feet deep, and on the 17th of June, the whole caravan, men and horses heavily laden, crossed a lake on the ice. After struggling with many difficulties, he at length reached the valley of the Tchoulitchmané, and pitched his camp in a forest of larch and pines. From this river he passed on to the Bachkaous, whose picturesque and smiling banks, with numerous yourts rising amidst the feathery pines and the large shining leaves of the birch and poplar, and the herds, recalling in size and colour the cattle of the Tyrol, almost made him fancy himself transported to the charming valleys of Switzerland.

The next remarkable station was the Tchoulitcha river and lake, which he reached, with much difficulty, through a marshy tract, which had almost compelled him to leave the heavier part of his baggage behind. The improved climate of these lower regions was conjoined with an increase in the forests bordering the river. These frequently presented lamentable traces of the ravages of fires, which are often voluntarily caused by the hunters, to remove the brushwood that impedes them in pursuit of their game. This system of destruction is practised in every quarter of Siberia, and Admiral Wrangel, when exploring its northern regions, sailed down the Lena by the light of the lofty fiery columns, which rose with loud cracklings and a mournful, moaning sound, from the centre of the primæval forests. Indifference to the preservation of wood seems common to the wandering tribes of all countries; our author saw it in the vicinity of the ancient Antioch and Orontes, and in the alpine solitudes of the Taurus; the Arabs of Algiers are no less hostile to arborescent vegetation, and the doings of the Indians of the New World are well known. Men must have attained a considerable degree of civilization before they acquire such relish for the beauties of nature as will prevent them wasting, with foolish hands, the bounties of a liberal Providence.

On the banks of the Tchoulitcha lake the thermometer, at four in the afternoon of the 3rd of July, rose to about 61° in the shade, though they were shut in on every side by snow-clad summits. From a neighbouring ridge, his old Kalmuck guide pointed out to him, in a vast depression at the northern base of a gigantic pyramid, two small lakes united by a slender thread

of water, forming the source of the Abakana river, which, after a course of 220 miles, joins the Yenesei. From this elevated position, he could trace the stream, after leaving the lakes, gradually increasing in size, and at one time rushing down some rocky gorge walled in by lofty peaks; at another, lost amid the dark pines. The contrast between these forests and the ice-clad rampart on which they stood, proved the enormous depth of the depression into which he wished to descend, but found the route perfectly impassable. The surrounding region seen from this point appeared to consist of a series of steps, or plateaux, superimposed one upon the other. Each of these terraces was situated, as it were, in a distinct climate, marked by a peculiar aspect of vegetable life. On one, thick masses of snow, filling the deep hollows shut in by frowning walls of rock, reposed in unbroken slumber, whilst the dwarf birch, creeping along on their border, had yet hardly put out its first buds. On another, lower and more exposed to the sun, the birch had grown into a small bush, clothed not only with foliage but with ripe seeds, and associated with white or red flowered gentians, with the party-coloured pedicularis, the two-flowered violet, the thick-leaved saxifrage, and the large-cupped primrose. A thick bed of mosses carpeted the rocks, and flocks of ducks were sailing round the lakes where free from ice.

Disappointed in reaching the Yenesei by the Abakana, he resolved to seek it by another route, through the wild and unknown regions on the south-east, towards the Chinese frontier. Ascending the valley, he soon passed the zone of withered larches, marking the limits of arborescent vegetation, and then traversed a plateau studded with groups, or, as the Mongols expressively name them, *stars* of lakes,\* but in other respects, the perfect image of silent desolation—a waste so bleak that even the patches of unmelted snow were a grateful ornament. From this inhospitable region a steep descent led to the valley of the Karasoulouk, a tributary of the Alach, which, from the sudden contrast, seemed a perfect paradise. In this valley they found some yourts inhabited by the Soyons, a Mongolian tribe, under the dominion of the Chinese, but speaking a barbarous Turkish dialect, which was understood without much difficulty by the Kalmucks of the Altai. One section of the Soyons are directly under the authority of the Chinese government, whilst the other is dependent on a baizane, or tributary prince. They pay an annual tribute, raised by a poll-tax of

\* *Dyldizhol*; the band of lakes forming the source of the Hoangho has a similar name—the *sea of stars*. One of the former group, with a river issuing from it, is named Karasoulouk, meaning *black-death*.

sable or other skins. Their religion consists in the worship of the Lama, but mingled with many idolatrous rites, and they did not hesitate to join his Kalmuck followers in various incantations and conjuring tricks. They were exceedingly ignorant, having never heard of any nation, except the Chinese and Russians. The Emperor of Russia is known as the Tchahane Hane, or White Prince, a designation common among the Mongolian tribes, and used even by the Chinese historians. They are generally very poor, dwelling, half naked, in miserable huts, and grievously oppressed by the subordinate officials of the government. Their chief employment is raising sheep; horses are very scarce, and they use oxen, not only for the transport of baggage but for riding and the chase, guiding them by reins fastened to a ring through their nostril. This species of *equestrianism*, if we may so call it, requires considerable practice, and a Cossack, who endeavoured to mount one of these new steeds, speedily found himself prostrate on the ground.

The valley of the Alach, which is one of the sources of the Yenesei, exhibits a most luxuriant vegetation, among which were several willows, some very fine *loniceras*, and species of *veratrum*, *carduus*, *epilobium*, *veronica*, and other well-known European genera. In the mountains, too, game, especially the argali and the saiga antelope was very abundant, and the lakes were crowded with myriads of ducks, particularly the magnificent *Anas rutila*. One of these birds was shot, and measured fifty-six inches from tip to tip of the wings, twenty-eight inches from the point of the beak to the extremity of the tail, and weighed about three pounds.

M. Tchihatcheff, having in vain tried to procure fresh horses or assistance from the distant and dilatory Chinese authorities, after resting a few days, set out, under the guidance of an old Soyon, for the Russian settlements. He followed the windings of the stream to the Kara-kol lake, and passed along its south-east side, by a narrow path overhanging the water. The shores are formed by vertical barriers of bare and polished rock, built up in cyclopean masonry, amidst whose crevices a few straggling trees take root, except at the northern extremity, where there is a small patch of level ground. In this dark abyss the lake then slumbered motionless and mysterious, well meriting its significant name of the 'Black Lake.' It appears to be very deep, and contains an immense quantity of fish, especially a variety of salmon, the *S. nelma* of Pallas, found also in all the great Siberian rivers down to the Arctic Sea.

From this lake, his path led sometimes along the valleys, sometimes over lofty plateaux, or between the rocky summits



of the numerous mountains, and consequently presented a great diversity in the character of the vegetation. Animal life seemed, however, almost banished from this lonely region, and the only trace of it was in some roots grubbed up by the wild boar, and some crushed grass, where the Kalmucks said the bears had passed. On the evening of the 15th July, they were compelled to pitch their camp suddenly in a ravine; the thick clouds, and the thunder which had for some time echoed through the mountains, at length ending in a violent tempest, which, commencing with rain, soon changed into snow. This continued to fall during the whole of the 16th, covering the ground and weighing down the pine branches, as in the north of Europe in January. At eleven in the forenoon, the thermometer stood at 29°, and, unable to continue their journey, the poor Kalmucks, crouching around the fires, smoked their pipes in silence, or slept quietly, huddled together like so many marmots. On the 17th, the snow had a thickness of sixteen inches, and it was only on the 18th that he could again get his caravan in motion. Even then, he experienced great difficulties from the snow concealing the marshes, and forming a slippery frozen surface between the rugged and fantastic masses of granite.

A few days after, he discovered another party of Soyons, who had been hunting on the border of the two empires, one of whom undertook to guide them to the Abakana. They first traversed a lofty naked ridge of schistose greywacke and clay-slate, sparingly ornamented by the splendid flowers of the rare *Rhododendron chrysanthemum*, and a few other alpine plants. In the deep valley of the Kara-Sib, they found a warmer climate and a richer vegetation, where lofty pines (*Abies pihta*) were mingled with the white birch, the common service tree, the small-leaved *lonicera*, and various currant-bushes. In the same place he observed, for the first time, the green birch and the Siberian *aspidium*, the latter remarkable as the first *fern* he had met with in his long wanderings. The great rarity of this class of plants is indeed one of the most remarkable peculiarities of the Siberian Flora: only four species, and these limited to a couple of localities, were collected by our author in the whole of the Altai regions—a fact of much interest, when contrasted with the profusion of these plants in many insular situations at present, and in certain geological formations of former times. Still lower on the stream, the vegetation became richer; magnificent larches and firs sprung up almost at regular intervals, their cylindrical yellow trunks, and the feathery branches all collected in a broad tuft at the summit, reminding the author of the date palms of the Egyptian desert. In a short time, traces of civilization began to appear, and he soon reached the post

of Abakane, whose rude houses were objects of great astonishment to his Kalmuck followers. Every object of civilized life was new to these children of the Altaian wilds, who could not distinguish between a chair and a table, or a door and window, but used the one indifferently for the other. In the evening, they withdrew to the plain, and erected their tents under the open sky, complaining that the houses were too narrow, and the air in them too close and dark.

The station of Abakane consists of about forty houses, inhabited by Cossacks and a considerable number of yourts belonging to the Sagai, a race distinct from the Kalmucks, both in origin and external features. They are about 20,000 in number, spread over a district of nine thousand square miles—a country larger than Wales, and almost equal to a third part of Ireland. The people are chiefly nomades, occupied in breeding cattle, and only a few, under the immediate influence of the Russians, have turned to agriculture. There are still above four thousand hunters by profession, though the chase can yield but a poor return, the whole produce in 1840 being estimated at about sixteen thousand head of game, among which figured forty bears, sixty wolves, eighty-two foxes, and above fourteen thousand squirrels. The working of the gold sands, too, is driving the game still farther from the inhabited regions. Their religion is a species of heathenism, fast losing its hold on their minds, from intercourse with the Russians, and more than one-half are, at least nominally, Christians. Their manners are gentle and inoffensive, and they are more inclined to theft than to acts of violence. Their language is a dialect of the Turkish, and in external character they form a kind of intermediate type between the families of the Turks and Finns. They are still under native chiefs, but pay a tribute to the Russian government, which amounts to about two and a half paper roubles, or twenty-seven pence sterling per head, requiring from the people collectively a sum equal to a fourth of the whole money obtained by the produce of their flocks and the chase.

The author was now in an inhabited region, where regular relays of horses and provisions could be procured. His route led along the Abakana river, near which he passed a small village inhabited by a Jewish colony, transported, for what reason does not appear, from the government of Saratoff to this remote locality. They are about a hundred and fifty in number, and still retain their national faith, though using only the Russian language. At the fortress of Sayansk, on the Yeneseï, he remained for some days. This post, the most considerable of those he visited, contains only a hundred and twenty Cossacks, and has the charge of several landmarks between the two great

empires. These are visited annually, usually in the winter, when the frozen rivers form an easy road through the desert mountains, by the outposts of the two nations, who meet round a blazing fire, surmounted by a large caldron, and smoking the pipe of peace, discuss the news of the two empires, and regale themselves with their national luxuries—brandy, biscuit, and sturgeon being contributed by the Russians from the north—koumiss, tea, and rice, by the Mongols of the south. According to our author, the boundary of the two empires is marked by eighty-six landmarks, or *mayaks*, as they are named, under the surveillance of sixty Cossack posts. In eastern Siberia, among the Tongouz, Buriates, and other tribes, the Cossacks are partly Europeans, partly natives; but in western Siberia, the Kal-mucks of the Altai are found wholly devoid of the capacity for military organization. But their neighbours, thinly scattered through the deserts on the south, are, if possible, still more unwarlike; and the Russian empire in this region has a better guard than bands of armed men, the lofty mountains forming an almost unbroken barrier from the Schabina-Dabahane to the sea of Ohhotsk.

From Sayansk, M. Tchihatcheff proceeded northwards to Minousinsk, through an undulating country, richly clothed with larches and white birch, and traversed by the Yenesei, already a most majestic river. Its banks were formed of horizontal beds of red sandstone and grey marls, covered in some places by immense dépôts of diluvium, in which a fine skull of the *Bos primigenius* had recently been found. Seen from some of the heights, the river appeared a perfect network of silver threads, inclosing numberless islands, forming, with its immediate banks, a green stripe in the midst of the vast monotonous plains on both sides, and reminding him of the Nile flowing in its emerald bed through the ocean of African sand. Several salt lakes occur in these plains, one of which he visited. The shore was covered with a perfect forest, higher than a man, of the *Althea officinalis*, or mallow, amidst which the elegant *Parnassia palustris*, so well known on our British mountains, was flourishing. Clouds of starlings (*Sturnus vulgaris*) were flying among the cattle feeding on the shore, or perching on their backs or horns with the most perfect indifference; and the author counted no less than sixty-five birds attached to various parts of one favourite cow. On the left bank of the river, lower down, there is another considerable salt lake, or rather bed of salt, covered by a few inches of water. The salt is sold by the government, and is so pure as to require no further preparation.

In sailing down the Yenesei, he remarked the different ele-

vation of the two banks, the right being in general much higher than the left. This seems to arise from the river, from some cause not well understood, gradually shifting its channel, and in this way effecting a vast amount of denudation, which accounts for the muddy colour of its waters. Round Krasnoyarsk, where he next halted, the gold washings had that year yielded about 500 pouds, or 22,000 lbs. troy, of pure gold. The profit on the capital employed is never below cent. per cent., and often 800 to 850 per cent., though the amount of gold in the sand averages only five zolotnik in the 100 pouds, or one in 75,000 nearly. This prosperity, and the increasing population, has greatly enhanced the price of provisions, so that a pound of sugar sells for above two shillings, a pound of coffee for 3s. 6d., and a bottle of very inferior champagne wine for 18 to 20 shillings. The rich miners indemnify themselves for their banishment from civilized life, by the enjoyment of its luxuries; and M. Tchihatcheff was often presented, on a salver of Japanese porcelain, with oranges transported from Marseilles or Messina, by way of Moscow, and partook of the wines of Malaga, the Rhine, or Bordeaux, when rolled up in furs to protect him from the cold of an August evening. The fortunes gained in these gold mines are rarely well spent, and the workmen acquire idle, dissipated habits, which often leave them poorer than when they commenced. This mineral wealth has therefore proved, on the whole, injurious to the people engaged in its research, and detrimental to the true progress of the country. Hence Russia sacrifices for the temporary revenue derived from the gold mines, the immediate welfare and future prosperity of her people, and the gain from these sources is far less than might appear, when only the quantity of the precious metals produced is taken into account. This is, indeed, increasing very rapidly, having risen from 260 lbs., in 1830, to about 50,000 lbs. at present, or an increase of 200 fold in less than twenty years. Even this increase is only limited by the number of hands, as the sands are not fully worked, and no symptoms yet appear of their immediate exhaustion. Yet it is only the lowness of wages, varying from ten to thirty shillings a month, that enables these mines to be wrought, at least, to such a profit, the whole annual expense caused by the workmen being estimated at about 300 roubles, or 14*l.* per head.\*

\* By a recent return of the British consul, the total produce of gold in Russia in 1846, was 1586*·*56 pouds, or 69,985 lbs. troy, worth £3,416,427 sterling; showing a great increase from 1837, when it was only 402*·*68 pouds, or 17,669*·*6 lbs. troy, worth £900,000. The total amount in the ten years before 1846, was 8,387*·*96 pouds, or 368,063*·*7 lbs. troy, worth £18,761,310 sterling. In Erman's *Archiv. für wissen, Kunde, Russ.*, vol. vi. p. 318, the produce in 1846 is stated on official authority at 1722*·*75 pouds, or 75,215 lbs. troy.

The author proceeded through the centre of the region of auriferous deposits in Siberia, and gives many details regarding the various washings he visited. From the Alatou to the Tome river he traversed an undulating, richly-wooded country, becoming more level as he drew near the river, and in part covered with abundant crops of rye, barley, and oats, by no means a common feature in Siberian scenery. Under the shadow of the lofty black birches, they observed an immense profusion of the *boletus asper*, one of those fungi which, despised or feared in other lands, forms in Russia, where it is dressed with butter or cream, a dish equally savoury and innocent. On some parts of the Tome near Bérézow, beds, from eighteen inches to five yards thick, of coal, belonging, probably, to the true carboniferous formation, are found, either on the surface or at no great depth. Higher up the river, the Devonian strata appear, and the country assumes a more alpine aspect. The mines of Tomsk are situated in a picturesque valley surrounded by hills clothed with fine wood. But a Siberian sky on the 6th of September is not favourable to the enjoyment of nature, and as the author crept closer and closer to the crackling fire, he could not avoid sighing for those climes where at the same season he had reposed peacefully beneath the feathery palm, with no roof but the transparent sky, no couch but the green turf. Well might he exclaim—' *Quel pénible changement !*'

The mines of Tomsk are of iron, and produce annually about 50,000 pounds of cast iron. The ore, a hydrate of iron, is found in masses, often very large, one weighing 5400, and another about 3000 lbs. English, in a bed of marly or argillaceous sand, varying from 30 to 60 or 70 feet in thickness. It is sometimes covered by a sterile bed of marl or clay; at other times this is wanting. Teeth of elephants, especially of the *E. primigenius*, and lumps of gold, are common among the iron. It is wrought by mines, chiefly in winter, when the cold prevents the flow of water into the pits, and converts the loose soil above into a solid rock. The country around consists of strata of limestone, often nearly horizontal, and containing many fossils, among others, a *Cyathophyllum* resembling the *C. heleanthoides* of Goldfuss, found in the Eifel, or the *C. Atlas*, found by M. Castelneau, on the shores of Lake Huron, showing how widely similar forms, or even identical species, have extended in ancient times. In this place these organisms are found in large, dispersed groups, divided by portions of rock, in which no fossils occur. In other parts of the rock the *Cyathophyllum* disappears, and a different class of remains is seen, as if the animals had lived apart in separate groups or families. Beyond

this district he again entered the carboniferous formation, in which coal of good quality is dug at Afonino. At Botchate he also observed a limestone rock, with many fossils, mostly ill preserved, but apparently identifying it with the Wenlock beds in England.

The author afterwards visited the silver mines of Gavrilovsk, in the Salair mountains. The ore is disseminated in invisible grains in a slaty mass of sulphate of barytes, intercalated between beds of steachiste. The silver varies much in amount, the average being from 1 in 8000 to 1 in 4000 parts of the ore. From this place he proceeded to Barnaoul, designated as a town, but merely a large village, and made a hurried visit to the celebrated silver mines of Zméef, or Schlangenberg (the Serpent's Hill), now showing little more than the ruins of their former greatness. But there was no longer time for delay, as the winter was rapidly approaching. Then the snow sometimes falls to a depth of thirteen feet, and when collected in particular places by the winds, completely covers up the houses. But more terrible to the traveller are the Bouranes, or snow-drifts of Siberia, during which the wind, raising the snow in clouds, completely fills and obscures the sky. The unfortunate persons involved in these tempests, stupified by the piercing cold, choked and blinded by the driving snow, with no prospect of shelter, no guiding landmark in the lonely steppe, rarely escape. These Bouranes collect the snow in heaps in the calmer localities, and there are some districts, as near Zirianofsk, where almost every winter an immense mass, many feet thick, falls almost without a breath of wind.

M. Tchihatcheff, however, paid a hurried visit to the Nicolas silver mines, now also wholly deserted, a single officer alone remaining as a kind of guard of honour to an extinct celebrity. The rocks observed were, the roof of a calcareo-argillaceous rock, the argentiferous vein of solid or ochreous quartz, and the wall or bed composed of a quarziferous or amygdaloidal porphyry. These three masses are intimately united by numerous complex modifications, and everywhere exhibit such palpable results of igneous agency, that, our author affirms, 'this mine may be regarded at once as a splendid testimonial raised by Nature herself to the truth of the Plutonian theory, and as a solemn sentence of death pronounced on Neptunism.'

A little farther on he passed through a region inhabited by a very interesting class of people, most of the villages belonging to the sectarians known in Russia as 'the old believers,' or Starovertzy. According to our author, this sect is not older than the sixteenth century, and he ascribes its origin to igno-

rance on the part of the followers, and interested motives on those of the leaders. His own statements show that, on the contrary, its chief cause was the intolerance of the government which, under Peter the Great, treated its adherents as criminals, and banished them to Siberia—a process which only spread wider the roots of the sect. Under some of his successors, a more tolerant spirit prevailed, and the Starovertzy were allowed to live in peace, in conformity to the letter of the Russian law, which forbids the dominant church from propagating its dogmas by force. M. Tchihatcheff says, most of these colonists are from European Russia, and are distinguished by a sincere attachment to their own faith, unmixed with sectarianism or fanaticism. They are, he continues, a fine race of men, remarkable for their gentle manners and laborious habits, and have thus exercised a highly beneficial influence on the Kirghiz of the surrounding steppe of Oulba, whose yourts had a peculiar air of neatness and prosperity unknown among their kindred on the other side of the Irtych. With no great superiority of climate, agriculture had yet made far higher progress in the regions of the Oulba; though the most lucrative employment of the people is still the raising of bees, and the author describes the honey as only equalled by the produce of the classic Hymetus.

The silver mines of Rydersk occur in a vein of quartz, interposed between clay-slate and a hornstone porphyry. The precious metal is associated with copper and lead in variable proportions, and is most abundant (one part in 500 to 220) where the quartz is ochreous, diminishing (to one in 650 to 2000 parts) in the solid quartz. Still richer is the Sokolnoi or Falcon's mine, at a little distance, recently opened in a vein of sulphate of barytes mixed with calcspar, which changes below into quartz, passing into hornstone, and containing very minute particles of gold. This metal was separated by washing, but the proportion of only one part in 200,000 did not pay the expense of the process, rendered more troublesome by a mixture of carbonate of lead of high specific gravity.

He next visited Oustkamennogorsk, situated in a vast horizontal plain, forming part of the steppe of the Kirghiz, whose yourts, grouped around the town, imparted to it something of an oriental aspect, much heightened by the appearance of the mosques and the costume of the people, especially the women, muffled up in their long white veils. He was now among a race of Mahommedans very different from the rude Mongols among whom he had so long sojourned. The influence of religion, the vast superiority of monotheism in any form to idolatry, is

strongly expressed by our author. The emotion felt on entering the domain of Islam could only, he says, be compared to that which the first sight of a Christian church had often excited in his bosom, after a long abode among the children of Ishmael. For if the crescent of Mahomet rises far above the temple of the Lama, the cross of Christ is incomparably more exalted above the ensign of the Koran.

The river Irtych in this place forms the dividing line between the two great types of the Asiatic population. The Kirghiz are classed by the Russian laws among the Nomade tribes, and left almost entirely under their ancient laws and native chiefs. Every three years a census is taken of the people, when the tribute of one per cent. on their flocks and herds is fixed for the next triennial period; the beys, sultans, and other dignitaries paying in money, the remainder in kind. When pestilence prevails among the cattle, the tribute is remitted, and when its ravages are most severe, the government even supplies provisions to the natives. Such was now the case, and the author was delayed for two hours on the banks of the Irtych, all the boats being occupied in transporting food for the Nomade Kirghiz from the magazines of Oustkamennogorsk. The scene was at once picturesque and impressive; vast caravans inundated the steppe, drawn from the central deserts of Asia to receive this pledge of generosity and Christian philanthropy from the hands of their distant rulers. The sultans, or chiefs of districts, are generally paid by the Russians, who thus endeavour to establish some authority over their turbulent and rapacious dependants. But with all this their influence is not great, and M. Tchihatcheff states, that the traveller dare not venture into the steppe without a good escort of Cossacks; and a far stronger guard is required to maintain peace along the Kirghiz border than where the inoffensive Mongols and Chinese are their neighbours. Even the advantage of European discipline does not always enable the Cossack troops to repress the insatiable desire of plunder that still animates the Kirghiz warriors. In their barantas, or marauding excursions across the frontier, if they gain a quarter of an hour's start of the Russian troops, and are once out of their sight, they generally contrive to confuse the traces on the sand with so much skill as to defy pursuit. Their agility as horsemen is equalled by their acuteness of sight and hearing, and a Kirghiz will at once recognise his companion or a stranger in the desert, where a European only remarks a black moving speck. They are also remarkable for local memory, and on one occasion an old blind warrior guided a Russian troop above 120 miles across the steppe with the most



complete confidence, enquiring occasionally of the Cossacks the form of the hills, the position of the tumuli, or lakes, and the direction of the streams they crossed—at other times collecting plants and applying them to his mouth or nose. On the chief routes through the steppe the Russians have established picquets of Cossacks, to watch over the tranquillity of the district. The soldiers generally cultivate a portion of the ground around their habitation, and M. Tchihatcheff says, that the influence of these examples of civilization is already becoming apparent on the Nomade tribes. Each station of these warrior agriculturists is surrounded by a number of yourts, and it has been frequently observed that many of the Kirghiz, after residing for some time near the Russian outposts, throw down their frail huts and erect a substantial house in their place.

After visiting the ruins of the Tartar palace of Ablai-kite, and some gold washings in the neighbouring steppe, M. Tchihatcheff proceeded along the Irtych to Semipalatinsk, one of the chief emporiums of Russian commerce with Asia. This traffic seems rapidly increasing, but is still of very humble dimensions, having amounted in 1842 only to about £32,000 (646,326 rubles banco) of exported goods, the return for which was chiefly tea and silver money. At Kiahhta, the great point of Russian intercourse with China, the exports the same year were about £1,500,000 (30,135,257 rubles banco), the return being almost entirely in tea. In the latter place the value of the exported goods was three times greater than in 1825, and in the former than in 1836. From this place he travelled at full speed to Omsk, and thence across the Ural to St. Petersburg.

In the second portion of his work M. Tchihatcheff gives many details regarding the physical features and natural history of the Altai mountains. It thus fills up one of those blanks in the picture of the mountain chains of Asia which still remained in the noble work of Humboldt. For although that greatest of physical geographers had combined in 'Asie Centrale' all the light which ancient erudition and modern science throw on that vast region which constitutes the centre nucleus of the Asiatic continent, yet his labours in many instances tended less to enlarge our knowledge than to point out the dark clouds still resting on these remote lands, and hiding them in their mysterious depths.

According to Humboldt, the central mass of the Asiatic continent is formed by an elevated plateau, whose chief axis runs from south-west to north-east. This massive table-land extends from the declivities of the Himalayah on the south, to the northern border of the great desert of Gobi, and covers a surface

of from 700,000 to 750,000 square miles, or about four times the superficies of France, whilst its mean height, so far as is known, is about 4000 feet, or twice the elevation of the table-land of Spain. This central swelling of the Asiatic continent corresponds in general direction with the mountain chains of the Hundsruok, and Westmoreland in Europe, and, according to Humboldt, marks one of the most ancient revolutions of the globe. Through this plateau four great systems of mountains rise, running nearly parallel to the equator. These chains are the Altaï, the Thian-chan, or Celestial mountains, the Kouen-lun, and the compound chain of the Hindou-Kho, including the Taurus and the Himalayah. Another system of mountains have a north and south direction, parallel to the meridians, as the Ural, the Kouznetz, the Bolor and Soliman mountains. On these various systems M. Humboldt gives many interesting details. But we cannot longer digress from the work before us, and must limit our remarks to the Altaï, or most northern of the four. As already intimated, its mean course is from east to west. It consists of a series of ridges, more nearly coinciding with the mean direction of the chain in the south than in the western portion, where they incline more to the north-west. Near the lake Teletzk the various chains seem to cross each other, and from it, as a centre, several of the subordinate groups diverge. Here also is the culminating point of the chain, the Bieloukha, or White mountain, being probably the highest summit of the group. This Mont Blanc of the Altaï rises in two inaccessible peaks, far within the region of perpetual snow, having, according to a trigonometrical measurement, a height of 3352 metres, or 11,000 feet English, and thus a little more than Etna, a little less than the Pic de Nethou in the Pyrenees.

The Altaï gives rise to many rivers, which not only surpass the largest streams of Europe or of southern Asia, but even rank among the noblest in the world. Thus the Ob, by no means the monarch of Siberian rivers, with a length of 800 miles, is only exceeded in America by the Amazon (930 miles) and the Mississippi (1050 miles), and finds no superior in southern Asia or Africa except the Hoangho (850 miles) and the Nile (900 miles). Alongside of these mighty arteries, which drain the colossal mass of the Siberian land, the chief of European rivers can be regarded only as the merest rill. Compared with the Yeniseï, 1000 miles long, how small is the Rhine, the Elbe, the Vistula, or even the classic waves of the Indus, the Ganges, or Euphratus! The Ob is, however, the chief of Altaï streams, embracing with its numerous tributaries, as in a labyrinthic net, the whole mountain land. A remarkable peculiarity, to which

we have before alluded, is the striking contrast in the level of the ground on the two sides of all these rivers, the right bank being always considerably elevated above the left. This same peculiarity continues even into northern Siberia, where it was observed by Admiral Wrangel, and has equally been remarked by Sir R. Murchison and others in European Russia. Our author does not offer any explanation of this singular phenomena, and perhaps sufficient facts to form the groundwork of a probable theory are still wanting. Although most of the rivers in the Altai coincide in direction with the mountain ridges and the strike of the rocks, yet others, and in particular the Ob, run transverse to this line, and more in the direction of the most rapid slope of the general mass of the country. From this the author concludes, that they flow in valleys formed rather by fracture (*vallées d'effraction*) than by erosion (*vallées d'érosion*)—a conclusion which, though probably true in some instances, does not necessarily follow from the facts as stated by himself.

M. Tchihatcheff considers each of the great formations constituting the mass of the Altai in succession. Into these details we cannot follow him, and shall only glean a few of the more interesting particulars bearing on some great questions of geology still under discussion in the scientific world. One of the most important igneous rocks is granite of various mineralogical characters. Its truly eruptive nature is well seen in many localities, where it forms veins in the sedimentary beds, or incloses them as fragments in its mass. The changes it has produced on the rocks in its vicinity are no less striking, the granite passing insensibly into gneiss, bounded by clay-slate or mica-slate, which are then often black and hard like basalt, or resemble a dirty-white sandstone containing crystals of felspar and greenish-brown diallage. Near the granite, the clay-slate always shows a tendency to become micaceous. This and other facts leads M. Tchihatcheff to conclude that the mica-slate is only a modification of the clay-slate, and that, properly speaking, there are no primary rocks in the Altai. Hornblende greenstones or diorites occupy less space on the surface than granite, but the author thinks that they have had nearly equal influence on the formation of the country, and conceives that they may lie concealed in large masses below the clay-slate and greywacke mountains to which they have imparted their peculiar dioritic character, sometimes impregnating these strata with certain mineral substances, at other times hardening them by intense heat. Another class of igneous rocks are the red and black (melaphyre) porphyries, often interposed, as it were, in regular beds among the strata, but not the less of undoubted

eruptive origin, and intruded at a more recent epoch than the granite or diorite. M. Tchihatcheff remarks that these igneous rocks are seldom metalliferous themselves, though the chief dépôts of mineral ores are found in their immediate vicinity—a fact observed also in Norway and in other countries.

The stratified rocks in the Altaï belong either to the most ancient or the most modern formations—either to the palæozoic or to the alluvial and similar recent deposits. A great part of the ancient rocks are of very uncertain age; they contain no determinable fossils, and are so modified by their igneous associates, even in mineral character, that their original condition can no longer be deciphered. Thus the slates are mixed up with vast ferruginous deposits. The limestones present a strange variety in composition, and rarely consist of the pure carbonate of lime, but are mixed with magnesia or with siliceous and felspathous substances. Not unfrequently they pass by many gradations into talc or chlorite slate; at other times into clay and even mica schists. In some places, as in the chain of Katoune, where the diorites are greatly developed, limestone is very rarely observed, but calcareous chlorite slates abound; probably the metamorphic representatives of the original limestones and clay-slates. On the borders of this region true calcareous strata reappear, first in the form of marble, then farther from the igneous foci, exhibiting traces of zoophytes. One of the localities where the transition of a limestone containing fossils (*Calamapora*) to mica-slate is most distinctly seen, is in the deposit, probably of Devonian age, which borders the torrent of Yarbalyk.

Among the formations whose age is in some degree determined, the author enumerates Silurian rocks, but still with some doubt, and Devonian, probably in very great extent, and forming three zones,—of Zméef, of Tomsk, and of the Yeneseï. The first, well determined by fossils, is exceedingly interesting on account of the quartzose porphyries associated with it—sometimes in masses, at other times in veins intersecting the beds, and again in beds apparently alternating with the strata, but no doubt subsequently intruded. This porphyry, sometimes itself argentiferous, seems to have formed by a metamorphic process those masses of horn-stone, in which, or in the connected veins of sulphate of barytes, the once rich mines of Zméef are situated. The second zone, named from the silver mines of Tomsk, agrees with the former in most points. The third on the Yeneseï consists of nearly horizontal beds of red marls, sandstones, conglomerates, and limestones, which M. Tchihatcheff only classes with the Devonian formations as the

more probable hypothesis, no fossils or other means of determining their precise age existing. In these formations, or in the carboniferous limestone, most of the metalliferous deposits of the Altaï are found. In the latter are the rich mines of Rydersk, as usual in the vicinity of igneous rocks, which have elevated and modified the sedimentary deposits.

The last of the palæozoic formations is situated in the basin of Kouznetz, between the chain of Alatou and the rivers Tchoumysch, Kondoma, and Oussa. It consists of greyish or yellowish sandstones, marls and marly limestones, and of a homogeneous calcareous sandstone. The last occurs particularly on the right bank of the Inia, a tributary of the Ob, and there contains stems of fossil trees; whilst the first at Afonino is very rich in vegetable impressions. These fossils have been described by M. Goeppert, who has given to one species the rather clumsy name of *Araucarites Tchihatcheffianus*, in honour of its discoverer.\* A peculiarity of these fossils is the number of dicotyledonous plants which they prove to have then existed, the proportion of these being much larger than in the formations of similar age in Europe. They seem to establish the existence of the coal formation in the Altaï, as an independent system, and not as a mere local expansion or subordinate member of the carboniferous limestone. Coal, approaching to anthracite in quality, has been shown to occur in several points, from the town of Kouznetz to the banks of the Inia, through a space of a hundred and fifty miles long by sixty of mean breadth. Should the beds prove continuous throughout the whole basin, this immense dépôt of mineral fuel may be destined to exercise an important influence on the future progress of this vast region. At present, the superabundance of wood renders it of little value.

Diluvian deposits are abundant throughout northern Siberia. The Altaï, indeed, forms a lofty promontory of the older rocks, connected on the south with central Asia, and on the north stretching out into a wide ocean of recent formations, sometimes running up its valleys in bays or gulfs. Bones of large extinct mammalia, of the elephant or mammoth, the rhinoceros, the ancient ox, the elk, have been disinterred from this diluvium, immediately above the old rocks. Thus the two types of extinct life, the most widely separated in geological time, are brought into the closest local contact. Grains of gold are disseminated through many parts of these beds, generally, M.

\* 'Ce qui, certes,' observes the author, 'n'en rendra la prononciation ni plus harmonieuse ni plus aisée, du moins pour les Français, car les Anglais et les Allemands n'ont pas le droit de s'en plaindre, au risque de se condamner eux-mêmes.'

M. Tchihatcheff asserts, in the vicinity of dioritic rocks. This association can hardly be considered accidental, having also been observed in the Ural, and in the more remote Borneo, and in Haiti, where the diorite itself contains gold. The auriferous dépôts of the Altaï, like almost the whole gold-sands of Europe, Asia, and America, usually rest immediately on the palæozoic rocks, and have evidently resulted from their decomposition. The manner in which these deposits have been formed is not well ascertained, as in many instances they lie above the present level of the rivers, even in the highest floods. At the same time, M. Tchihatcheff observed no trace of erratic blocks in the Altaï, and the fragmentary masses could always be referred to some rock existing in situ in the vicinity. This entire absence of erratic blocks from the Altaï is a very remarkable fact, now that their occurrence has been ascertained, not only in Europe and North America, but also by the admirable researches of Mr. C. Darwin and M. D'Orbigny, in the southern portion of the New World. Striated rocks likewise have never been observed in the Altaï, where glaciers are rare even in the present day. Considering the transport of boulders by marine currents and floating icebergs as the more probable theory, we would ascribe their absence in the Altaï to that region having probably formed an island in the ancient ocean, even from its very first formation, so that the currents were turned aside, and the ice-floats discharged their cargoes over other lands.

The Altaï, considered on the great scale, may be divided into two portions—the western, with a predominant north-west to south-east direction of the mountain groups and of the stratification; the eastern, with directions from north-east to south-west, or, in some cases, even more nearly parallel to the meridians. Where these lines of direction intersect, the most elevated summits of the chain, and also numerous profound lakes, girdled by frowning rocks and abrupt mural declivities, occur. In this place, also, especially in the great steppe of the Tchouya, the mountains have a decided tendency to range in semicircular or crateriform groups, enclosing a central plain. But though thus assuming the external aspect of igneous rocks, these magnificent circles are entirely composed of a uniform deposit of clayslate, sometimes more or less metamorphic. A predominant trait in the external forms of the great rock masses composing the Altaï is, that they combine a peculiar terrace-like disposition of the parts with a certain rounded contour of the whole, and thus resemble huge intumescences heaved up by some powerful plutonic agent, not revealed by its products on the surface. The igneous rocks seen in the mountains are

wholly insufficient to explain either the long series of metamorphic changes, or the occurrence of those immense domes into which the neptunian crust of the Altai has been elevated, apparently without any violent disturbance or rupture. These facts are of very great importance in reference to the theory of the metamorphic action of igneous rocks, a subject still far from being well understood. This disposition of the masses produces, in those parts of the Altai where it prevails, a very tiresome uniformity of scenery, a want of bold and picturesque features, a repetition of curved outlines, or lifeless straight lines, which recalled to the author the sadly monotonous aspect of the famous Sierra Nevada, in Spain.

Subsequent to the palæozoic epoch, the Altai seems, during an immense interval, to have been entirely withdrawn from all geological changes of which permanent records remain. Not only are the secondary and tertiary deposits unknown, but the whole series of those igneous formations, trachyte, basalt, obsidian, and lava, which characterize the latter epochs in the world's history. This is the more remarkable, as in Eastern Siberia, on the other side of the Yeneseï, all these rocks appear; and in the peninsula of Kamtschatka, recent sedimentary beds, of the cretaceous and tertiary periods, bound its western shore, and are associated with still active volcanic vents.

But although the formations of the Altai belong to the same series with the palæozoic deposits of Europe and America, yet even the slight knowledge we already possess, proves that their fauna and flora are distinguished by various peculiarities. Thus the Nautilites, Goniatites, and Posidonie, so characteristic of the carboniferous limestones of England and the Rhine, are still unknown in the analogous deposits of the Altai. The Strygocephalus, the Murchisonia, and the Gypsidia, also, which abound in the Devonian formations of the Rhur and Devonshire, have left no trace of their existence in the Altai rocks. The fishes, too, are without any representatives, or, at least, not on that magnificent scale in which they appear in other countries, as in the rich beds of Cromarty and Fife, in Central Russia, and even in North America. Count d'Archiac and M. de Verneuil have shown that the cephalopodous mollusca were less numerous in the ancient seas of America than in those of Europe, and they appear to have been still more deficient in the region of the Altai. Thus certain Goniatites which extend over an immense area—from the United States on the one hand, to Britain, Germany, and the Ural on the other, and one species, the *G. Listeri*, even to the banks of the Ganges—are unknown in these Siberian deposits. In like manner the Orthoceratites are very sparingly distributed in the Altai, compared

to their profusion in the more western portions of the ancient oceans. These comparisons, uncertain as they must be deemed, from our scanty materials, are still of very high importance. They show clearly how little foundation there is in nature for the long prevalent doctrine of universal formations. The ancient world, like the modern, was a scene of vast, yet harmonious variety. Each of its marine basins had its own type of life, wisely adapted by Creative Wisdom for its peculiar physical conditions. And these conditions, too, seem to have been not unlike those now actually prevailing; for the old fauna of the Altaï, like that of existing arctic seas, is characterised by a certain poverty of orders, genera, and species, with a comparative abundance of the individuals, and also by a great limitation in the development of certain types of animal existence, which are either wholly wanting, or represented by the most dwarfed and puny kinds.

Assuming the flora discovered in the red sandstone and carboniferous rocks of the Altaï as an average specimen of the terrestrial vegetation of those times, the above remarks receive a strong confirmation. The plants from the coal basin of Kouznetz are remarkable for the *penury* of generic and specific forms, compared to their rich profusion in the similar deposits of Europe and America, although the greater part belong to species previously unknown. The coniferæ, too, predominate, thus again showing a certain approximation to existing conditions, and a less tropical aspect of the flora than in other countries. In truth, whilst the coal formation of Europe and America contains a crowd of plants, like the *Lepidodendron*, of which there are no representatives even within the tropics, that of the Altaï is distinguished by species having a great analogy, or even perfect identity, with tribes now forming immense forests in the temperate zones. Such are the *Araucarites*, the extinct representative of the *Araucaria* pines, which not only abound in New Holland, but in Chili and Norfolk Island attain gigantic dimensions, and are by no means inferior to their prototypes in the ancient world.

In every respect, therefore, the Altaï, both as a mountain chain, and in its geological history, stands apart from our European systems, and appears in all ages to have maintained this distinct and independent character. How far it may be united in geological structure and peculiarities with Central Asia and China, must be left for future inquirers to unfold, when the light of science, following in the train of civilization, shall have dispelled the dark gloom that now involves these mysterious portions of the globe.



Perhaps even more immediately interesting is the view which M. Tchihatcheff gives in his work of the existing flora and vertebrate fauna of Western Siberia. These departments of natural history have a more apparent bearing on the great problem of the future progress, civil and social, of this portion of the Russian empire. Commerce has, indeed, by conveying the productions of one region of the globe to another, in some measure equalized the bounties of Providence, and destroyed to a great extent the natural disadvantages which otherwise might have seemed to oppose insuperable barriers to certain countries ever becoming the abode of highly civilized communities,—far more of populous and powerful nations;—but nothing can wholly eradicate the mark of sterility impressed on certain lands, and this sterility must in all circumstances, more or less, influence the people who dwell in them. Hence the importance, in any speculation on the future progress of Siberia, or of that colossal European empire with which it is connected, of a knowledge of its physical peculiarities, as manifested in its animal and vegetable productions. In respect to the latter, there is little to add to the remarks included in our notice of the journey of our author, where the reader may perceive the luxuriant vegetation of certain kinds of plants in particular spots more highly favoured in soil or climate, with the stunted, miserable herbage of other localities where these advantages do not exist. The most interesting scientific fact is the great number of European plants which still exist in its flora, almost justifying the opinion long ago announced by Gmelin, that the Yenesei is the true limit of Asia.

This great river, indeed, divides two very distinct regions—Eastern Siberia, remarkable for its mountainous character, its wintry climate, and the Asiatic or American type of its fauna, and the Western province, in whose level plains the European element still prevails. In the former, the fauna on its Eastern limit shows many features characteristic of Northern America; whilst on the South it gradually assumes those of Mongolia and Japan. In Western Siberia, with which we are more immediately concerned, European forms of animal life decidedly predominate.

Europe and Asia are, in reality, but one continuous mass of land, and the Ural mountains have not sufficient elevation to form either a good physical or zoological line of demarcation. The neighbouring portions of the continents are too similar in climate to present any great diversity of fauna. Many species are common to both, being equally abundant either over the whole

area, or wherever they find proper localities, especially in regard to food. Some species, again, abundant in the one region, are, in the other, restricted to a few points, or appear more as strangers or incidental visitors, than as native denizens. A third class are wholly peculiar, their place in the other region being filled by different species, belonging, however, to the same or related genera. In the extreme north of Siberia especially, the species are frequently identical with those of Europe, and also with the similar portion of North America, the arctic regions of the globe forming only one zoological province.

Details on the distribution of particular species or genera would be out of place here, and we shall merely mention a few of the more important conclusions. Taking the whole terrestrial mammiferæ, it appears that, of indigenous species, Siberia contains only ninety-two, of which twenty-six, or one quarter, are peculiar; whereas, in Europe, they amount to a hundred and forty-three, or about a half more. In some of the orders and genera, more immediately connected with human wants, an equal, or even a greater deficiency prevails. Thus, Siberia has nine species of ruminants, and Europe fifteen; the genus *Moschus* being peculiar to the former, that of *Bos* to the latter. The goats, of which there are five species in Europe, and the sheep, of which there are two, are in Siberia represented only by one species each. The cause of this is undoubtedly the superior adaptation of Europe to the most varied forms of life, caused by its highly diversified surface, and its mild and genial climate, so different from the level, barren steppes and saline marshes of Siberia, girt in by the ice-bound ocean on the north, and shut out by the mountain-chain of the Altai and the plateaux of central Asia from the warm breezes of the south.

The birds of the two countries present a closer affinity, for, of three hundred and twenty-three Siberian species, not more than forty-three, or about one-eighth, are peculiar, and only occur in Europe as accidental visitors. Even in the relative proportion of the orders, the two regions do not differ very widely. This equality, perhaps, arises more from the number of migratory species, which in summer resort to the Siberian wilds to breed, than from the proper natives. The diffusion of the winged tribes is, however, so easily accomplished through their powers of flight, that their more uniform distribution can excite no surprise. The great influence of this circumstance appears on comparing the relative numbers of the reptiles, so far inferior in migratory powers. In Siberia, only twenty-one species have been enumerated; whereas, in Europe, according to Buonaparte, ninety-four species are actually known. The

distinction, however, would have been less striking, had the comparison been restricted to those portions of Europe whose climate is more similar to that of Siberia.

These few facts sufficiently prove Siberia to be far inferior to Europe, in the same latitudes, in the capability of supporting animal, and consequently human life. Agriculture, unless in a few favoured districts, is almost excluded by the rigours of winter and the uncertainty of the short summer. The feeding of cattle may be prosecuted with more assurance of success, but can never support a dense population; the mines, therefore, are the only source whence Russia can hope to derive any great advantage from the possession of these immense regions. At present, the gold and silver produce of Siberia is rapidly augmenting with the discovery of newer and richer deposits; but this increase does not promise to be permanent; the mines are almost entirely in the mere superficial sands, and in a few years, like those of the Ural already, will probably be exhausted; then the chief source of Siberian revenue will be dried up, and little more remain than the nominal supremacy of a vast, unproductive, half-peopled wilderness. Perhaps, for the real progress of the country, this will be no unpropitious event; for, besides their demoralizing influence on those engaged in them, the pursuit of the mines has impeded all agricultural improvements. Estimated as contributing to the military strength of the colossus of the north, the importance of these Asiatic possessions has been much exaggerated. The feeble natives can furnish no recruits to the armies, and the thinly-scattered Cossack stations are scarcely able to maintain order in the land, and restrain the unsubdued robber-tribes that roam in the southern deserts. To aid Russia in European war, her Siberian possessions are worthless; and the wild mountain chains and deserts that now defend them from aggression on the south, effectually destroy their value as a basis for Asiatic conquest.

But there are higher questions than even their political value connected with the Russian settlements in Siberia. What, it may be asked, will be their influence on the future social progress of the land itself, and of the vast continent of which it forms a part? To this progress, we believe, the extension of the northern empire will ultimately prove highly favourable. Russian despotism and Russian semi-civilization are far better than the wild anarchy or stagnant barbarism which previously prevailed in these regions. The banished colonists carry with them the rudiments of social and religious civilization, and the elements of those arts which can alone enable mankind to subdue the rigours of the climate. Providence seems to have

entrusted to Russia the task of tutoring the barbarous tribes of Northern Asia for higher moral and religious privileges, and if the discipline is severe, the pupil is rude and stubborn. The continued progress of Russian and British influence in Asia seems the chief means employed for restoring to that continent its old station in the vanguard of civilization. In the middle ages, the Mongolian tribes, emerging from their native deserts, spread like a swarm of locusts over the fertile south, depriving the Caucasian family of nations of all power or influence in this land of their nativity. Hence Russia and Britain may be regarded less as extending their own dominion than as expelling the barbarous Mongolian robbers who have so long crushed down the indigenous tribes, and again permitting these races to assume their ancient place in the front ranks of advancing humanity. The Mongolian type of manners and government, however well adapted for the migratory herdsmen of the steppes, has only weighed like an incubus on the more fertile lands on their borders. The only hope for these regions is to see Caucasian forms of social and civil life again established; and if the natives themselves are impotent to effect this, it is well that the allied races in Europe are strong to aid them. The great migratory tide of mankind, which, commencing in Eastern Asia, swept onwards over the west of that continent and Europe, has at length been stayed in its career, and now is rolling back to its sources. The enterprise of Russia and Britain may apparently be set in motion by avarice or ambition, they may at first seek only gold sands, or the rich mines of expanding commerce, but we trust that they are guided by a higher wisdom to nobler ends, and that whilst they bring back gems and gold from the East, they leave behind the elements of purer civil and social institutions, and the more precious treasure of Christian faith.

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IV. *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb ; consisting of his Letters not before published, with Sketches of some of his Companions.* By T. N. TALFOURD. 2 vols. 1848.

OUR readers will perhaps remember that, in the May number of this Journal, we laid before them a view of the character and writings of Charles Lamb. In that paper we ventured to disclose, for the first time, the fearful tragedy which threw its dark shadow upon his life, and which his biographer and friend, Tal-

fourd, had, from various prudential reasons, omitted to disclose. It was a delicate point; for, as Wordsworth admirably says, '*Silence is a privilege of the grave, a right of the departed.* Truth 'is not, in biography, as in the sciences and natural philosophy, 'to be sought without scruple, and promulgated for its own 'sake, upon the mere chance of its being serviceable. Assuredly 'there is no cause why the lives of authors should be pryed 'into with diligent curiosity, and laid open with the same disregard of reserve, which may sometimes be expedient in composing the history of men who have borne an active part in the 'world.' 'It is only for moral or intellectual purposes,' Wordsworth adds, 'that such disclosures are justifiable.' We believe now, as we believed then, that the death of all parties concerned in that tragedy removed the necessity for silence; while as to the moral and intellectual purposes, we think the new light it threw upon Lamb's character, the new glimpse it gave us into that strange book, the human heart, quite sufficient to justify us. Sergeant Talfourd, in his preface to the new volumes says,

'That although Mary Lamb's death had removed the objection to a reference to her intermittent suffering, it still left a momentous question whether, even then, when no relative remained to be affected by the disclosure, it would be right to unveil the dreadful calamity which marked one of his earliest visitations, and which, though known to most of those who were intimate with the surviving sufferers, had never been publicly associated with their history. When, however, I reflect that the truth, while in nowise affecting the gentle excellence of one of them, casts new and solemn light on the excellencies of the other; that while his frailties have received a fair share of that indulgence which he extended to all human weaknesses, their chief exciting cause has been hidden; that his moral strength and the extent of his self-sacrifice have been hitherto unknown to the world; I felt, that to develop all which is essential to the just appreciation of his rare excellence, was due both to him and the public. While I still hesitated as to the extent of disclosure needful for this purpose, my lingering doubts were removed by the appearance of a full statement of the melancholy event, with all the details capable of being collected from the newspapers of the time, in the '*British Quarterly Review*,' and the diffusion of the passage extracted thence through several other journals. After this publication no doubt could remain as to the propriety of publishing the Letters of Lamb on this event.'

And accordingly here we have them published.

We are satisfied with this result of our labours. The public is indebted to us for a precious gift. The history of man is enriched by a new and curious contribution to psychological experience. The story, as we told it, receives some modifications from what appears in these volumes. It was not the land-

lord who came up to snatch the knife out of her grasp, but poor Charles himself; and the doubt we expressed, as to what became of Mary, is removed. It appears she was first sent to a madhouse, and then removed to an hospital. The recurrence of the attacks was also much more frequent than we had imagined; and she experienced and well understood the premonitory symptoms of each attack, in restlessness, low fever, and inability to sleep. Is there not something horrible in her gently preparing her brother for the duty he must soon perform? Sometimes, when he could not stave off the terrible separation until the Sunday, he was obliged to ask leave of absence from the office, as if for a *day's pleasure*—that day's pleasure was taking her to the asylum! On one occasion, Charles Loyd met them slowly pacing together a little foot-path in Hoxton fields, both weeping bitterly. On joining them he found they were taking their solemn way to the accustomed asylum. What a picture!

These letters of Lamb, written immediately after the fearful event, are of intense interest. Here is an extract from one to Coleridge:—

‘God has preserved to me my senses—I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Mr. Norris, of the Blue-coat School, has been very, very kind to us, and we have no other friend; but, thank God, I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me ‘the former things are passed away,’ and I have something more to do than to feel.

‘God Almighty have us well in His keeping.

‘C. LAMB.’

‘Mention nothing of poetry, I have destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind. Do as you please; but if you publish, publish mine (I give free leave) without name or initial, and never send me a book, I charge you.

‘Your own judgment will convince you not to take any notice of this yet to your dear wife. You look after your family,—I have my reason and strength left to take care of mine. I charge you, don't think of coming to see me—write. I will not see you if you come. God almighty love you and all of us.’ . . . .

‘I have seen her. I found her, this morning, calm and serene; far, very far from an indecent forgetful serenity; she has a most affectionate and tender concern for what has happened. Indeed, from the beginning, frightful and hopeless as her disorder seemed, I had confidence enough in her strength of mind and religious principle, to look forward to a time when even *she* might recover tranquillity. God

be praised, Coleridge, wonderful as it is to tell, I have never once been otherwise than collected and calm; even on the dreadful day, and in the midst of the terrible scene, I preserved a tranquillity which bystanders may have construed into indifference — a tranquillity not of despair. Is it folly or sin in me to say that it was a religious principle that most supported me? I allow much to other favourable circumstances. *I felt that I had something else to do than to regret.* On that first evening, my aunt was lying insensible, to all appearance, like one dying,—my father, with his poor forehead plaistered over, from a wound he had received from a daughter dearly loved by him, and who loved him no less dearly,—my mother, a dead and murdered corpse in the next room—yet was I wonderfully supported. I closed not my eyes in sleep that night, but lay without terrors and without despair. I have lost no sleep since. I had been long used not to rest in things of sense—had endeavoured after a comprehension of mind, unsatisfied with the ‘ignorant present time,’ and *this* kept me up. I had the whole weight of the family thrown on me; for my brother, little disposed (I speak not without tenderness for him) at any time to take care of old age and infirmities, had now, with his bad leg, an exemption from such duties, and I was now left alone. One little incident may serve to make you understand my way of managing my mind. Within a day or two after the fatal one, we dressed for dinner a tongue which we had had salted for some weeks in the house. As I sat down, a feeling like remorse struck me;—this tongue poor Mary got for me, and I can partake of it now, when she is far away! A thought occurred and relieved me,—if I give in to this way of feeling, there is not a chair, a room, an object in our rooms, that will not awaken the keenest griefs; I must rise above such weaknesses. I hope this was not want of true feeling. I did not let this carry me, though, too far. On the very second day (I date from the day of horrors), as is usual in such cases, there were a matter of twenty people, I do think, supping in our room; they prevailed with me to eat *with them* (for to eat I never refused). They were all making merry in the room! Some had come from friendship, some from busy curiosity, and some from interest; I was going to partake with them, when my recollection came that my poor dead mother was lying in the next room—the very next room;—a mother who, through life, wished nothing but her children’s welfare. Indignation, the rage of grief, something like remorse, rushed upon my mind. In an agony of emotion I found my way mechanically to the adjoining room, and fell on my knees by the side of her coffin, asking forgiveness of Heaven, and sometimes of her, for forgetting her so soon. Tranquillity returned, and it was the only violent emotion that mastered me, and I think it did me good.’

Is there not something infinitely stern and tragic in this silence—‘grief too deep for tears,’—too sad for moanings,—too terrible for indulgence, which forces this sensitive, gentle creature to nerve himself to his task? It is more pathetic than any

tears. He had 'that within which passeth show.' On another occasion he writes :—

'You see from the above awkward playfulness of fancy, that my spirits are not quite depressed. I should ill deserve God's blessings, which, since the late terrible event, have come down in mercy upon us, if I indulged regret or querulousness. Mary continues serene and cheerful. I have not by me a little letter she wrote to me; for, though I see her almost every day, yet we delight to write to one another, for we can scarce see each other but in company with some of the people of the house. I have not the letter by me, but will quote from memory what she wrote in it :—'I have no bad terrifying dreams. At midnight, when I happen to awake, the nurse sleeping by the side of me, with the noise of the poor mad people around me, I have no fear. The spirit of my mother seems to descend and smile upon me, and bid me live to enjoy the life and reason which the Almighty has given me. I shall see her again in heaven; she will then understand me better, and will then say no more, as she used to do, 'Polly, what are those poor, crazy, moythered brains of yours thinking of always?' Poor Mary! my mother, indeed, *never understood* her right.'

We were not before aware that insanity was in the family, and that Charles himself had once suffered from an attack. He writes in his playful way to Coleridge :—'My life has been 'somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks which finished 'last year and began this, your very humble servant 'spent *very agreeably in a madhouse at Hoxton*. I am got somewhat rational 'now, and *don't bite any one*; but mad I was, and many a vagary 'my innagination played with me—enough to make a volume if 'all were told.' Later on he says, referring to the same attack :—'At some future time I will amuse you with an 'account, as full as my memory will permit, of the strange 'turns my phrenzy took. I look back upon it with a gloomy 'kind of envy, for while it lasted I had many, many hours of 'pure happiness. Dream not, Coleridge, of having tasted all 'the grandeur and wildness of fancy, till you have gone mad!'

It becomes an interesting subject of inquiry, how Charles, with his strangely sensitive nature, in the midst of such calamities, should have escaped further attacks of insanity. How was it that he, living with madness, and having the seeds of madness in his blood, never suffered a relapse? Was it that the stern demand made upon his intellect kept him strong; that he *did not* go mad, because he *would not*: his iron will chaining down the demon within him? Or was it that, from his greater sensibility and excitability, he worked off the superabundant excitement in quips and cranks, in puns and eccentricities, in flights of fancy, and the wayward wanderings of capricious humour? We believe that very excitable people



seldom go mad; it is your dull, phlegmatic, thick-blooded people, who cannot stand the shock of unusual excitement, and whose brains become affected by that which would leave an excitable nature untouched; in the same way as a glass of ardent spirits will intoxicate one unaccustomed to them, whereas, to one in the habit of taking spirits, ten times the amount would be required. We throw this out more as a suggestion than as a statement of fact, and we wish psychologists to look into it; not applying it to individual cases, because insanity depends upon so many causes that excitable people may be frequently insane, and yet that not affect our argument. All that we are inclined to stand up for, is the probability of an excitable nature better escaping from the effects of any great calamity than a person of less excitable nature. In this very case of the Lambs our position is illustrated. Insanity was in the family. Charles, who was extremely excitable, had only one slight attack of it, in spite of the awful life he led. Mary, who was not at all excitable, but who, as we formerly said, was one of the calmest and most rational of women, was constantly suffering from its attacks.

These volumes contain some touching illustrations of Charles's affectionate devotion to his sister. On the death of his father, he was passionately desirous of obtaining her liberty, and having her to come and live with him. The surviving members of the family, especially her brother John, opposed her discharge; and painful doubts were suggested by the authorities of the parish where the occurrence had happened, whether they were not bound to institute proceedings which must have placed her for life at the disposal of the crown, especially as no medical assurance could be given against the probable recurrence of dangerous phrenzy. But Charles came to her deliverance. He satisfied all the parties who had power to oppose her release, by solemn engagement that he would take her under his care for life. And he kept his word! We before mentioned how he abandoned all thoughts of love and marriage, to devote himself to her; and now it appears, that with an income of scarcely more than a hundred a year, derived from his clerkship, he set out on the journey of life, at two-and-twenty years of age, with his beloved companion, endeared to him the more by her strange calamity, and the constant apprehension of a recurrence of the malady which had caused it:—‘Have faith in me,’ he writes to Miss Fryer; ‘it is nothing new for me to be left to my sister. When she is not violent, her rambling chat is better to me than the sense and sanity of this world. *Her heart is obscured, not buried.* It breaks out occasionally, and one can

‘discern a strong mind struggling with the billows that have gone over it. I could be nowhere happier than under the same roof with her. Her memory is unnaturally strong; and from ages past, if we may so call the earliest records of our poor life, she fetches thousands of names and things, that never would have dawned upon me again, and thousands from the ten years she lived before me. For twelve hours incessantly, she will pour out without intermission all her past life, forgetting nothing, pouring out name after name, as a dream, sense and nonsense, truths and errors, huddled together, a medley between inspiration and possession. What things we are!’

Very curious and interesting, too, is the picture of Lamb, with his beloved sister locked up far away from him, nobody at home but his old and almost imbecile father, whose memory had so flitted away, that he was playing cards while the coroner’s inquest was sitting over the way, as if nothing had happened! Charles left the dreary drudgery of the desk to come home, wearied, almost faint, to play cards with his father, who would not let him enjoy a meal in peace. ‘I am got home at last,’ he writes, ‘and, after repeated games of cribbage, have got my father’s leave to write awhile. With difficulty got it; for when I expostulated about playing any more, he aptly replied, ‘If you wont play with me, you might as well not come home at all.’ The argument was unanswerable, and I set to afresh.’

These letters are, for the most part, very inferior in point of interest, to those formerly published, with the exception, of course, of those which refer to Mary, and which contain the history we have been speaking of. Yet Lamb’s worst letters are more interesting than the best of almost any one else. There is a grace, a charm, a naïveté, an individuality, about them, which we seek in vain elsewhere, and our thanks are due to Mr. Talfourd for the exquisite pleasure he has given us. Extracts from these letters have already been given in the papers and weekly periodicals; we shall, therefore, be excessively sparing of them. Here is a glimpse of schoolboy nature, which is almost terrible, and reminds us of that passage in ‘Vanity Fair,’ where Amelia so gently breaks to little Georgy the fact of their approaching separation, and looks to see him very much affected by the intelligence; but ‘he was rather elated than otherwise, and the poor woman turned sadly away. He bragged about the news that day to the boys at school.’ See how the artist had anticipated reality, as shown in this passage from Lamb:—

'My poor old aunt, whom you have seen, the kindest, goodest creature to me when I was at school, who used to toddle there to bring me good things, when *I, schoolboy-like, only despised her for it, and used to be ashamed to see her come and seat herself down on the old coal-hole steps*, as you went into the old Grammar-school, and open her apron, and bring out her basin with some nice thing she had caused to be saved for me—the good old creature is now lying on her death-bed; I cannot bear to think upon her deplorable state.'

In our former article we spoke of the exquisite delicacy and subtlety of Lamb's criticisms. Here is a very remarkable instance: he is writing to Wordsworth about the 'Cumberland beggar':—

'I will mention one more: the delicate and curious feeling in the wish of the Cumberland beggar, that he may have about him the melody of birds, although he hear them not. *Here the mind knowingly passes a fiction upon herself, first substituting her own feelings for the beggar's, and in the same breath detecting the fallacy, will not part with the wish.*'

The letters are not so humorous as those formerly published, but we must give one specimen:—

'We travelled with one of those troublesome fellow-passengers in a stage-coach that is called a well-informed man. For twenty miles we discoursed about the properties of steam, probabilities of carriages by ditto, till all my science, and more than all, was exhausted, and I was thinking of escaping my torment by getting up on the outside, when, getting into Bishop's Stortford, my gentleman, spying some farming land, put an unlucky question to me, 'What sort of a crop of turnips I thought we should have this year?' Emma's eyes turned to me, to know what in the world I could have to say; and she burst out into a violent fit of laughter, maugre her pale, serious cheeks, when, with the greatest gravity, I replied, that 'it depended, I believed, upon boiled legs of mutton.'

It may be remembered, that in that article to which we have before referred, there was a sketch of Lamb's 'Wednesday evenings,' and the strange company one met there. Mr. Talfourd has expanded that sketch into half a volume, introducing a comparison with the 'Nights at Holland House,' and giving some interesting particulars respecting some of Lamb's acquaintance. For the sake of completing our own picture, we will 'scumble' in a portrait or two from Mr. Talfourd's 'studies.' The first person we introduce to the reader is a young man of about thirty, with an undress military air, who, it is said, has been an officer in the Dragoons, and has spent more than one fortune. He is smart, lively, clever, heartless, voluptuous, and a coxcomb. He condescends to take part in periodical

literature, with the careless grace of an amateur, who feels himself above it; sketches with considerable vigour; creates a sensation in the sedate circle of Lamb's friends, by his braided surtouts, jewelled fingers, and various neckerchiefs; and as half rake, half critic, is called by Lamb, 'The light and warm-as-light hearted Janus of the *London Magazine*.' This gentleman is Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, interesting as the hero of one of those romances of real life, which startle us with a painful sense of the extravagance of reality, and the comparative tameness of fiction. He is also interesting as having been the model who sat for Bulwer's 'Lucretia.' The history of this man's crimes is unknown; but enough is known to make him remarkable as a criminal. He insured people's lives, and then murdered them for the sake of the insurance money; and all this in the most gentlemanly, dashing, coxcombical manner. One of his victims was his own sister-in-law, Helen Abercrombie, a lovely creature of twenty-one, upon whom he effected insurances for many thousand pounds. He then took her to the theatre, brought her home through the wet, advised her to take some brandy and water to prevent cold, and in that brandy and water he put poison. One of the ghastly episodes in this history, Mr. Talfourd has omitted. On the day on which he gave his sister the final dose, he took his portfolio, and went to sketch views on the Thames, knowing perfectly well, that while he was there calmly sketching, his sister was dying by his hand! It is said, that when asked what could induce him to select his sister-in-law as a victim, he replied, 'She had such d—d thick ankles!' Suspicion of foul play was excited, and the insurance offices refused payment of the sums, amounting to 18,000*l.*, which had become payable to Mr. Wainwright as her executor.

'After delays, occasioned chiefly by proceedings in equity, the question of the validity of the policies was tried, before Lord Abinger, on the 29th of June, 1835, in an action by Mr. Wainwright, as executor of Miss Abercrombie, on the Imperial's policy. Extraordinary as were the circumstances under which the defence was made, it rested on a narrow basis—on the allegation that the insurance was not, as it professed to be, that of Miss Abercrombie, for her own benefit, but the insurance of Mr. Wainwright, effected at his cost, for some purpose of his own, and on the falsehood of representations she had been induced to make in reply to inquiries as to insurances in other offices. The cause of her death, if the insurance was really hers, was immaterial; and though surely not immaterial in the consideration of the question, whether the insurance was hers or Mr. Wainwright's, was thrown out of the case by Lord Abinger. That accomplished judge, who had been the most consummate advocate of his time, disposed always to pleasurable

associations, shrunk, in a civil court, from inquiries which, if they had been directly presented on a criminal charge, would have compelled his serious attention, stated that there was no evidence of other crime than fraud, and intimated that the defence had been injured by a darker suggestion. The jury, partaking of the judge's disinclination to attribute the most dreadful guilt to a plaintiff, on a *Nisi Prius* record, and, perhaps, scarcely perceiving how they could discover for this imputed fraud an intelligible motive without it, were unable to agree, and were discharged without giving a verdict. The cause was tried again before the same judge, on the 3rd December following, when the counsel for the defence, following the obvious inclination of the bench, avoided the most fearful charge, and obtained a verdict for the office, without hesitation, sanctioned by Lord Abinger's proffered approval to the jury.

'In the meantime, Mr. Wainwright, leaving his wife and child in London, had acquired the confidence, and enjoyed the hospitality of the family of an English officer residing at Boulogne. While he was thus associated, a proposal was made to the Pelican Office to insure the life of his host for 5000*l.*, which, as the medical inquiries were satisfactorily answered, was accepted. The office, however, received only one premium; for the life survived the completion of the insurance only a few months, falling after a very short illness. Under what circumstances Mr. Wainwright left Boulogne after this event is unknown; he became a wanderer in France; and being brought under the notice of the Correctional Police, as passing under a feigned name, was arrested. In his possession was found the vegetable poison called strychnine, which leaves little trace of its passage in the frame of its victim, and which, though unconnected with any specific charge, increased his liability to temporary restraint, and led to a six months' incarceration at Paris. After his release, he ventured to re-visit London, where, in June, 1837, soon after his arrival, he was met in the street by Forester, the police-officer, who had identified him in France, and was committed for trial on a charge of forgery.'

Wainwright is quite a character. He presents a new aspect of the genus murderer. He is the coxcomb-assassin, the artistic-poisoner. In one of his communications from Newgate, in his last hours of hope, he claimed for himself a 'soul whose nutriment is love, and its offspring, art, music, divine song, and 'still holier philosophy.' A friend of ours, who saw him in Newgate, held a most singular conversation with him. 'I do not,' said our friend, 'intend to preach to you—that would be idle; but I ask you, Mr. Wainwright, as a man of sense, whether you do not think your courses have been, to say the least, very absurd?' 'No,' replied the exquisite—'no. I played for a fortune, and I lost. They pay me great respect here, I assure you. They think I am here for 10,000*l.*, and 'that always creates respect.' 'Well, but,' said the other, 'if

‘you look back upon your life, and see to what it has brought you, does it not demonstrate to you the folly of your proceeding?’ ‘Not a bit,’ replied he; ‘I have always been a gentleman, always lived like a gentleman, and I am a gentleman still. Yes, sir, even herein Newgate, I am a gentleman! The prison regulations are, that we should each in turn sweep the yard. There are a baker and a sweep here, besides myself. *They sweep the yard; but, sir, they have never offered me the broom!*’ That was his consolation even in Newgate—they did not offer him the broom! The baker and the sweep looked upon him as a gentleman, and, in his last extremity, he could see consolation in that.

Connected with this history of Wainwright, there is also another romantic story, which Sergeant Talfourd has not told. It is this: When Helen Abercrombie went with her sister to effect an insurance on her life, one of the clerks, very much struck with her beauty and general appearance, and seeing something suspicious, in the very fact of so young a girl insuring her life upon no sufficient motive, took her aside, questioned her, and advised her not to proceed with the insurance, not to give any one an interest in her death. She, however, was so convinced of her brother’s and sister’s love, that the possibility, which was only vaguely hinted at to her, could not make her swerve from her purpose. We read of love at first sight, in novels, and think it is the rhapsody of the novelist. It, however, occurs oftener in real life than we are apt to think. This clerk conceived a violent passion for Helen Abercrombie. On hearing of her death so soon after the insurance was effected, all his vague suspicions became changed into certainties; and he resolved to devote himself to one object, and that was to bring Wainwright to trial. It is said that he even followed him to Boulogne, and back again to England, where, as soon as he arrived, his pursuer set Forester, the police-officer, upon him. Not long ago, Bulwer dropped in one evening at Lady Blessington’s, and there his accomplished hostess showed him some very clever sketches and portraits, which had just come from our penal settlements, where they had been painted by one of the criminals. They excited considerable interest and surprise, from the delicacy of taste which they exhibited, seeming to imply a mind so remote from the turpitudes of crime. These sketches were by Wainwright.

In striking contrast to this accomplished blackguard, stands George Dyer, Lamb’s favourite fool, and dearly-loved pedant—

‘Methinks I see his gaunt awkward form, set off by trousers too short, like those outgrown by a gawky lad, and a rusty coat, as much

too large for the wearer, hanging about him like those garments which the aristocratic Milesian peasantry prefer to the most comfortable rustic dress; his long head silvered over with short yet straggling hair, and his dark grey eyes glistening with faith and wonder, as Lamb satisfies the curiosity which has gently disturbed his studies as to the authorship of the Waverley novels, by telling him, in the strictest confidence, that they are the works of Lord Castlereagh, just returned from the Congress of sovereigns at Vienna! Off he runs, with animated stride and shambling enthusiasm, nor stops till he reaches Maida Hill, and breathes his news into the startled ear of Leigh Hunt, who, 'as a public writer,' ought to be possessed of the great fact with which George is laden! Or shall I endeavour to revive the bewildered look with which, just after he had been announced as one of Lord Stanhope's executors and residuary legatees, he received Lamb's grave inquiry, 'Whether it was true, as commonly reported, that he was to be made a lord?' 'O dear no! Mr. Lamb,' responded he, with earnest seriousness, but not without a moment's quivering vanity, 'I could not think of such a thing; it is not true, I assure you.' 'I thought not,' said Lamb, 'and I contradict it wherever I go; but the government will not ask your consent; they may raise you to the peerage without your even knowing it.' 'I hope not, Mr. Lamb; indeed, I hope not; it would not suit me at all,' responded Dyer, and went his way, musing on the possibility of a strange honour descending on his reluctant brow. Or, shall I recal the visible presentment of his bland unconsciousness of evil when his sportive friend taxed it to the utmost, by suddenly asking what he thought of the murderer Williams, who, after destroying two families in Ratcliffe Highway, had broken prison by suicide, and whose body had just been conveyed, in shocking procession, to its cross-road grave! The desperate attempt to compel the gentle optimist to speak ill of a mortal creature produced no happier success than the answer, 'Why, I should think, Mr. Lamb, he must have been rather an eccentric character.' This simplicity of a nature not only unspotted by the world, but almost abstracted from it, will seem the more remarkable, when it is known that it was subjected, at the entrance of life, to a hard battle with fortune. Dyer was the son of very poor parents, residing in an eastern suburb of London, Stepney or Bethnal-greenward, where he attracted the attention of two elderly ladies as a serious child, with an extraordinary love for books. They obtained for him a presentation to Christ's Hospital, which he entered at seven years of age; fought his way through its sturdy ranks to its head; and, at nineteen, quitted it for Cambridge, with only an exhibition and his scholarly accomplishments to help him. On he went, however, placid, if not rejoicing, through the difficulties of a life illustrated only by scholarship, encountering tremendous labour, unresting yet serene; until, at eighty-five, he breathed out the most blameless of lives, which began in a struggle to end in a learned dream.

Godwin we mentioned before. Sergeant Talfourd has quoted a very characteristic anecdote of him—

‘He asked his friends for aid without scruple, considering that their means were justly the due of one who toiled in thought for their inward life and had little time to provide for his own outward existence; and took their excuses, when offered, without doubt or offence. The very next day after I had been honoured and delighted by an introduction to him at Lamb’s chambers, I was made still more proud and happy by his appearance at my own on such an errand, which my poverty, not my will, rendered abortive. After some pleasant chat on indifferent matters, he carelessly observed that he had a little bill for 150*l.* falling due on the morrow, which he had forgotten till that morning, and desired the loan of the necessary amount for a few weeks. At first, in eager hope of being able thus to oblige one whom I regarded with admiration akin to awe, I began to consider whether it was possible for me to raise such a sum; but, alas! a moment’s reflection sufficed to convince me that the hope was vain; and I was obliged, with much confusion, to assure my distinguished visitor, how glad I should have been to serve him, but that I was only just starting as a special pleader, was obliged to write for magazines to help me on, and had not such a sum in the world. ‘Oh dear,’ said the philosopher, ‘I thought you were a young gentleman of fortune—don’t mention it—don’t mention it; I shall do very well elsewhere;’ and then, in the most gracious manner, reverted to our former topics, and sat in my small room for half an hour, as if to convince me that my want of fortune made no difference in his esteem.’

A friend of ours tells an anecdote of Godwin which is equally *naïve*, but perhaps not quite so amiable. He had lent Godwin some money—a thing which Godwin’s friends were frequently called upon to do—and had several times, in vain, applied for its return. One day he went into his shop, as Godwin was standing behind the counter, and said to him, ‘Now, really, Godwin, I *must* have that money! I positively am in want of it.’ Godwin went to the till, took out half the sum, handed it across the counter, and said, ‘There, there, sir, that’s enough; I shall not pay you more at present. If I give you all you will be sure to spend it.’ A loud laugh was the only possible answer, and the half-amused, half-exasperated dun, departed. Godwin had a knack, also, of saying little, spiteful truths, which rendered his acquaintance not quite agreeable. He had no sort of pity or tenderness for any failing in others. Leigh Hunt once met him in the street, and passed him before he was aware that it was Godwin. Then suddenly bethinking himself that Godwin would be sure to feel offended at the neglect, he turned back and apologised, saying, ‘I really am so short-sighted that I can scarcely see anybody in the street, and I didn’t know you at



first.' 'Ah!' said Godwin, in his sharp, shrill voice, and sharp, thin manner, 'Ah! *I* wear spectacles!' 'So ought I to wear 'them,' rejoined Leigh Hunt, adding, with his usual candour, 'but coxcombry wont hear of it.' 'Ah!' retorted Godwin, 'what 'a coxcomb you must be.'

We cannot conclude our brief notice of these volumes better than by the following extract, which shows Lamb under a new and amiable aspect. This truly may be called generosity, for it was joined with prudence—

'None of those temptations in which misery is the most potent, to hazard a lavish expenditure for an enjoyment to be secured against fate and fortune, ever tempted him to exceed his income, when scantiest, by a shilling. He had always a reserve for poor Mary's periods of seclusion, and something in hand besides for a friend in need; and, on his retirement from the India House, he had amassed, by annual savings, a sufficient sum (invested, after the prudent and classical taste of Lord Stowell, in 'the elegant simplicity of the Three per Cents.')

to secure comfort to Miss Lamb when his pension should cease with him, even if the India Company, his great employers, had not acted nobly by the memory of their inspired clerk—as they did—and gave her the annuity to which a wife would have been entitled, but of which he could not feel assured. Living among literary men, some less distinguished and less discreet than those whom we have mentioned, he was constantly importuned to relieve distresses which an improvident speculation in literature produces, and which the recklessness attendant on the empty vanity of self-exaggerated talent renders desperate and merciless; and to the importunities of such hopeless petitioners he gave too largely—though he used sometimes to express a painful sense that he was diminishing his own store without conferring any real benefit. 'Heaven,' he used to say, 'does not owe me sixpence for all I have given, or lent (as they call it) to such importunity; I only gave it because I could not bear to refuse it; and I have done good by my weakness.'

On the other hand, he used to seek out occasions of devoting a part of his surplus to those of his friends whom he believed it would really serve, and almost forced loans, or gifts in the disguise of loans, upon them. If he thought one in such a position would be the happier for 50*l.* or 100*l.*, he would carefully procure a note for the sum, and, perhaps, for days before he might meet the object of his friendly purpose, keep the note in his waistcoat pocket, burning in it to be produced, and, when the occasion arrived, 'in the sweat of the night,' he would crumple it up in his hand and stammer out his difficulty of disposing of a little money—"I don't know what to do with it—pray, take it—pray, use it—you will do me a kindness if you will"—he would say; and it was hard to disoblige him! Let any one who has been induced to regard Lamb as a poor, slight, excitable, and excited being, consider that such acts as these were not unfrequent—that he exercised hospitality of a substantial kind, without stint, all

his life—that he spared no expense for the comfort of his sister, *there* only lavish—and that he died leaving sufficient to accomplish all his wishes for survivors—and think what the sturdy quality of his goodness must have been amidst all the heart-achs and head-achs of his life—and ask the virtue which has been supported by strong nerves, whether it has often produced any good to match it!"—Vol. ii. pp. 214, 5, 6.

ART. V.—*Benedicti de Spinoza Opera quæ supersunt omnia. Ex editionibus principibus denuo edidit et præfatus est CAROLUS HERMANNUS BRUDER, Philos. Doct., A.A., L.L.M. S.S., Theol. Licent. 3 vols. 12mo. Editio stereotypa. Lipsiæ. 1843.*

WE place this edition of the works of Spinoza at the head of the present article, as the one to which our references will be made, and for the more important reasons that it is cheap, neat, and correct, as well as enriched with various prolegomena, notes, and references, which contribute much to illustrate his views. It contains also a catalogue of all the principal works that relate to the theological and metaphysical doctrines of these volumes. Few of our readers, perhaps, are addicted to speculative philosophy; and unless such happens to be their taste, we by no means advise them to take up the present author. To all of them who have an inclination that way, and from rather liberal reading, and patient thinking, are equal to an independent judgment on matters of this abstruse nature, we commend him as an excellent mental disciplinarian. If, moreover, they are right-minded, as good manners would lead us to believe, there will be a healthful antagonism aroused in studying him, that will bring out their own consciousness more distinctly, and throw them back upon a higher teaching than either he or it can give for a solution of the great problems of life. But, in their case, we suggest a thorough grappling with the actual author; and that from the man himself, as the fruit and definite result of repeated examination and prolonged thought, they should make their own summary of his principles. If they remain content with Brucker, or Hallam, or Saisset, they will rob themselves of the chief advantage they can gain in knowing anything about Spinoza. These are great aids; and for a quick view of kindred passages, as well as for detailing results, nothing can be more convenient. An introduction, likewise, may be very useful for a *ready* understanding of an author's plan, doctrines, and terminology; but we think it

far better for the parties we now have in view, that *they* should make the survey, and map out the ground for themselves. They should not allow others to anticipate their meditations. Let them first see the form which their own thoughts assume on the subject, and they will afterwards feel double pleasure in discovering an unknown coincidence of opinion with another, or a difference, if resting upon more accurate proof, and a more searching investigation. The partial and even incorrect views which they may take at first, the darkness and perplexity through which they will have to work their way, will, *if they work*, and thus free themselves from both, make the light clearer when it comes, and be the means of placing them in a better position for judging of all similar questions hereafter.

Subjects of this sort are, however, in the general sufficiently unpalatable to render journalists chary of dealing in them often without some show of necessity. We do not pretend to this in the present case, inasmuch as the philosophical doctrines of Spinoza have recently been brought before the English public in a popular form; and therefore it is not our intention to dwell upon them at any length, or to undertake their analysis and refutation. There are some other points in these writings, not so well known, which it may be worth while to examine pretty fully, after we have given a brief sketch of the extraordinary man from whom they emanated.

Spinoza was a Jew; and to the Jewish nation, beyond all others, mankind owe immense good, whatever may be said of the evil. His ancestors were driven from Portugal, towards the latter part of the fifteenth century, and found an asylum, near the old synagogue, in the bustling city of Amsterdam. Here he was born, November the 24th, 1632. He had two sisters, Rebecca and Miriam, with whom he no doubt gambolled on the Burgwal, as, whether we know it or not, we make it a rule to give childhood a genial introduction to existence—all sky-blue and sunshine. We are not so liberal as to intellect; but Baruch, which was the name his parents gave him, was from the first a boy of mark and likelihood. We have not, however, in this case, as in that of Gassendi, Pascal, and many more, well-authenticated anecdotes of his precocity. One is recorded which shows close observation of character, and much keenness in money matters, which will be thought rather an instinct than an indication of genius. Having been sent, before he was ten years old, to receive a bill of an elderly widow in Amsterdam, he found her at prayer, and was told to wait till her devotions were over. She then counted out the money, and expressed the pious wish that Baruch might grow up as good a man as

his father; adding, 'He never transgressed the law of Moses, and Providence will bless you only as you follow his example.' She herself appears to have been rather lax on one point, or not to have fully understood the eighth commandment. At any rate, on taking up the money to put it into the bag, she let some half-dollars slip through a ready-made hole into a drawer. But the lad was too sharp for her, and, in spite of her wonder and protestations, turned out the contents, and made the devout old dame set the matter straight. There is nothing in this to lead us to infer that Philosophy rocked his cradle, or that 'recoursing to things forepaste, and divining of things to come,' he would be likely to distinguish himself either in poetry or speculation. His father, however, from this circumstance, looked upon his son as a first-rate merchant in embryo; and it was most probably others who animated him to aspire to the holier functions of the synagogue.

The course of education for Jewish youth consists of six classes. In the sixth, over which the first rabbin presides, Maimonides and other leading doctors of the law are read. Through these classes Spinoza went with great credit, and marvellously little satisfaction. We suppose he was taught to believe that this world is the second which God made, because Moses begins the Bible with a *Beth*—the second letter of the Hebrew alphabet—otherwise he would have begun with an *Aleph*! At any rate, he felt at a very early age that there was nothing in rabbinical culture to meet the demands of mind. The most distinguished rabbin connected with the synagogue at Amsterdam was Moses Morteira. He had, it seems, a special school, in which Spinoza was a pupil, and upon whom he looked with unfeigned admiration. But here it was usual to discuss serious questions; and a youth at fifteen, with an intellect all life and logic, equally prying and acute, is not to be put off with sophistry. An inherent right to think, asserting itself in as easy and natural a fashion as the lungs play, pierces the flimsy veil, and sees, at a glance, the nakedness beneath. Morteira could not escape it; and suspicious queries, at the age above named, began to thicken upon him and his associates, until they suspected Baruch of impiety. He, therefore, deemed it best to be silent; and, continuing all religious observances, became master of the Hebrew scriptures, the oral law, and the comments attached to it. He set down all his teachers for incapables. Truth he sought, and they told him, it may be, that 'the Bible is like water, the Mishna like wine, and the Gemara like balmy spice.' At least, what they told him only excited in him a feeling of disgust; and therefore he resolved, if pos-

sible, to smite with his own hand the rock that covers the great abyss of thought, to see if streams to quench his thirst would not gush up from the fountain of all being.

But silence is significant, especially respecting objects about which there has previously been intense curiosity. It falls little short of auricular confession. Such must have been the impression of Spinoza's acquaintance. Two young men, who professed some attachment to him, begged him to tell them his real sentiments, alleging that their sole object was to remove the difficulties which they felt. He told them that they had Moses and the prophets, who had decided everything, and that if they were true Israelites, they would listen to their voice. They, however, wished distinctly to know whether he thought the Deity corporeal, and believed in the existence of angels, and in the immortality of the soul? His answer is shallow enough, if rightly reported. He saw, he said, no difficulty in believing the corporeity of God, because the scriptures call him '*great*,' and greatness is inconceivable without extension. *Angels* meant appearances; and the *soul*, life. They were treacherous, and ultimately accused him of blasphemy.

He was not to be intimidated, not even by Morteira. He stood before him with iron firmness, and listened to his threats with ineffable scorn. At length he was excommunicated. Boullainvilliers (p. 27) has given the form; and Mr. Lewes has rendered it admirably, and with additional power.\* He appealed, it seems, to the authorities against this proceeding, but the appeal is lost. Driven, therefore, from relations and home, at about twenty years of age, he took refuge at the house of one Van den Ende, who was an atheist in religion, a physician by profession, and a teacher of the classics by necessity.† Spinoza had before this learnt Latin of him and of his daughter together. She was an accomplished girl, and could even converse in this language with ease. When, therefore, her father had patients to attend to, she took his place with the pupils. She is not described as a beauty, but, at the same time, had a vivacity of nature that inspired our author with affection. He had, however, a rival, named Kerkering; who, having more money and practical knowledge in these matters, outwitted the young philosopher, and throwing over her head a necklace of pearls of considerable value, led her away captive to his home. We

\* Biog. Hist. of Philosophy, vol. iii. p. 117.

† He closed his career rather ignominiously. Passing into France, he engaged in the plot of the Chevalier de Rohan. They were on the scaffold together, but after the decapitation of the chevalier, and two others of noble blood, the executioner would not stain his hands with Van den Ende, but, with a proud air, said to his attendants, '*Vous autres pendez cela.*'—*Lettres Choisies de M. Bayle*, tom. i. let. 13,

know not what effect the event produced upon his character. He appears, however, to have spent some years in enlarging his knowledge, and in the study of physical and mathematical science. He had refused, it is said, before his excommunication, a considerable pension that was offered by his brethren, if he would continue nominally with them; and with a like spirit of independence, he now supported himself by the art of polishing lenses for telescopes and other optical instruments. Thus did he pursue his way, having left Amsterdam, and residing at a short distance from it. His reasons for leaving have been variously stated. On one occasion, the date of which is uncertain, an attempt was made to assassinate him. The rabbins likewise were not at ease while he was near them; health and study impelled him to seek retirement. This, however, was not always his lot. Amidst a celebrity that increased every year, he lived, from 1664, successively at Rhynsburg, Woorburg, and the Hague; making philosophy the beginning and the end of his existence; until, on the 21st February, 1677, he received his summons from the great Author of Life, to appear where the sole question concerns the use that has been made of it.

As we intend to make a few observations on the character of Spinoza at the close, we shall pass at once to the tangible results of his literary history,—noticing, first, the only two works that were published by himself, and of those treating more fully of that which is described by Mr. Morell (vol. i. p. 182) as designed ‘*to clear up the difficult ground that lies between religion and politics.*’

The earliest philosophical production of Spinoza is not an exposition of his own principles. Some animadverters on his doctrines have spoken of his *Cogitata Metaphysica* as containing a creed which he held in 1663, when he published his account of the method and philosophy of Des Cartes. This is a mistake. He is known to have entertained other views at an earlier date, and to have written the second and this fragment of a third part of the *Principia Philosophiæ more Geometrico Demonstrata* for a youthful student whom he did not think ripe for initiation into the more sublime mystery of the absolute—‘*Quem meas opiniones aperte docere nolebam.*’ The first part was written afterwards, in compliance with the wishes of his friends at Amsterdam, who also asked his permission to publish the whole. This he acceded to, on the express condition that one of them should write ‘a short preface to apprise readers that, far from adopting all the views which it contained, there were many points of philosophy on which his were altogether the reverse.’ ‘*Non pauca quorum contrarium prorsus amplector.*’—Vol. ii. Epist. ix.

His friend, Louis Meyer, undertook to do so, and the work

usually carries with it this introductory caution. Though, however, according to him, it was a matter of conscience with Spinoza to shape his definitions and statements after the exact model of Cartesianism, yet his scruples did not restrain him from conveying an occasional intimation of some further analysis. 'Whether,' says he, 'mind and body be not one and the same substance will be matter of future inquiry.'—Part i. Def. vii.—note.

As, by his own confession, he was a party to this preface, there can be little doubt that it was intended, to prepare the public mind for something of his own. No competent judge could fail to notice the clear and full apprehension which he brought to his task. Yet he completed the first part, which contains the method of Des Cartes and its application to theology, in a fortnight. Those who judge by bulk will think little of it—considering the time. Had his abilities been less, its length would have been greater. What is worthy of notice to those who judge by a higher principle, is the lucid and concise manner in which he states and proves the several propositions; the geometrical form which his exposition assumes—a form apparently as easy to him as versification was to Pope; and the specimen it furnishes of that complete *thinking out* of the work in hand, which places the pupil in the best possible position for apprehending and appreciating the thoughts of his teacher.

We are not, however, by Spinoza's own disclaimer, entitled to look here for his philosophical creed.

He resided at this time at Rhynsburg, not far from Leyden, where he fixed his abode in 1661, in order that he might have leisure to give a positive form to his meditations. Their general drift was well known to his acquaintance; and it was here that Henry Oldenburgh, soon after one of the secretaries of the Royal Society, first met him, and held a conversation with him on the great questions then occupying his attention. With him and with several friends, Spinoza subsequently carried on a correspondence, which is of considerable service in elucidating his views. Many of the letters have reference to experiments in natural philosophy, but their main burden is infinite thought and extension, the union of the soul and body, the authority of reason and Scripture, &c.,—topics before which the outward phenomena of nature sink into insignificance. Others besides Oldenburgh were willing to hear him discourse, and were more than half his disciples. Still he saw that in the then state of things his opinions could make little progress unless some extraordinary effort were put forth to give them currency, and to

overcome what he deemed the inveterate prejudices of the age. He knew that in the judgment of most men Revelation held him at bay, and was looked upon as a fortress flanked on both sides by sunlit rocks, and capable of effectually checking his march over the high and holy ground that had been trodden by prophets and apostles. He, however, regarded their stronghold with contempt, and, hurling defiance at those who defended it, essayed to raze its foundations, and to lay open the territory, esteemed thus sacred, as a common which any one might profane at pleasure. He had long been making ready for the enterprise. Ill treatment sweetened the anticipation of a triumph. It was the one thing needful for mankind, and its accomplishment essential to the dawn of the golden age and the reign of philosophy over the whole earth. All his studies before the renunciation of Judaism were therefore put in requisition. Years had amplified his materials, and, as he had meanwhile become acquainted with the philosophy of Des Cartes, he now worked them up into a whole under the guidance of his method. As applied to theology and metaphysics, it could not be without extensive results.

At length, in 1670, one instalment of what he purposed for the enlightenment of mankind was put into their hands. Powers there were above ground, and possibly powers below,\* that held holiday on the occasion. A record of the thoughts of men respecting it would be strange and varied enough. Malicious satisfaction; unutterable horror; a drifting of human spirits still farther on the sea of doubt; many carried into the Tartarean gulf of infidelity; stern systematic theology, with high notions of *the power of the keys*, and other power too, meditating some *outward* application in order to insure a clearer view of truth when the author should resume his pen; while not a few, we hope, would be found to have beheld calmly this volcanic movement from below, as permitted to throw dark billows over the ark for a time, only that it might emerge more conspicuously, and be regarded henceforth as a sure refuge for the weary, and of sufficient strength to outlive every storm.

With such variety of thought and feeling, may we suppose men to have mused or brooded over the *Tractatus Theologico-politicus*—each according to his bent.

This compound epithet, explanatory of the subject and object of the treatise, is only a hint: it conveys no adequate notion of either. The same may be said of the exposition which the writer himself has appended to it. According to him, the work consists of *sundry dissertations, in which it is shown that liberty of philosophizing may be granted, not only with safety to religion and*



*the state, but that it cannot be refused without endangering the security of both.*

In what way he accomplishes this, and brings out the real object of the book, will be seen in the sequel. The motto which he employs will surprise some, and be received, it may be, with simplicity by others. It is a quotation from the Apostle John: '*By this we know that we dwell in God, and that God dwelleth in us, because he hath given us of his spirit.*' As yet, therefore, we may suppose that the pious end which he has in view is the promotion of universal charity. It is a matter of course, that he who teaches this should know something of it, and should speak as possessed of Christian assurance. Thus does Spinoza, and labours, as some may think, in good faith, by the most astounding means, to make men love one another. In a word, he proposes, as a complete panacea for all the envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness of the church, to cancel the entire *authority* of the Bible. The supposition that it has any above other books being only a wretched prejudice, the sooner it is removed the better. Only abolish the supremacy of the Old and New Testament as a revelation from God, and men, no longer Christian in *dogma*, will become eminently so in *spirit*.

The *Tractatus* was printed at Amsterdam, by Christopher Conrad, though it bore Hamburg on the title-page, and the name of Kuenrath as printer. It was almost immediately suppressed by public authority, the Jewish and Christian priesthood being, it is said, the real instigators of this proceeding. Three years after, it re-appeared under cover of a pious fraud—*Danielis Heinsii operum historicorum collectio prima*. Editio secunda priori editione multo emendatior et auctior. Accedunt quædam hactenus inedita. Lugduni Batav. apud Isaacum Herculis, 1673.

On the abstract *right* of literary smothering by governments, opinions are divided; on the expediency of *exercising* it in ordinary circumstances, there can hardly be two opinions, since the publication of Milton's *Areopagitica*. In the present case, as in many others, it turned out to be a mere farce. Deceptive and ludicrous titles disguised the *ogre*. The following are specimens: *Francisci de la Boe Silvii totius medicinæ idea nova*; or—still more to the point for a theologico-political treatise—*Francisci Henriquez de Villacorta, doctoris medici, a cubiculo regali Philippi IV. et Caroli II. archiatri, opera chirurgica omnia, sub auspiciis potentissimi Hispaniarum regis Caroli II. Amstelodami per Jacobum Pauli, 1673*. These, and other titles, were invented to outwit certain argus-eyed authorities, and to secure an introduction for the work into neighbouring countries.

Spinoza once thought of studying medicine as a profession; whether of ever being first physician to any crowned head, we know not. He was, however, full of the notion of operating upon royal patients in his own way, and thus, some will think, of doing more damage to mankind than if, in regular practice, he had been as successful as Doctor Sangrado himself in furnishing passports for the other world.

In order, perhaps, to avoid inconvenience, and possibly to whet public curiosity, the *Tractatus* was sent forth anonymously, except so far as *Villacorta* and other learned members of the faculty lent it the sanction of a name.

The work contains twenty chapters. The first seven are taken up with inquiries into the nature of prophecy and the prophetic office; the divine law and the ceremonies of religion; miracles, and the principles of interpretation.

The canon of Scripture, embracing the Old Testament and the Epistles, and an explanation of the Apostolic office, occupy five more.

Several are employed in investigating the scope of divine teaching; the characteristics of believers; the fundamental articles of faith; and in showing that philosophy and theology have nothing in common. From the sixteenth to the end, he lays down the principles of natural and civil law; limits the surrender of personal liberty; invests the supreme power with the entire control of public worship; and concludes by maintaining that in a free state every man has the right to think as he pleases, and to speak what he thinks.

This last thought will strike in with English feeling; and if it should be otherwise in the wide range which Spinoza takes, and the reader should find him a bad guide, and very likely think him an emissary from below, yet—even admitting this odd theory of his existence and doings—as he must be, according to all accounts of this cast, ‘*un diable d’importance*,’ we advise that the ‘*Get thee behind me*’ be accompanied with consideration. To some exalted minds he has appeared a saint; to others—not, we think, so exalted—a demon, or an atheist, with ‘son of perdition’ written in his forehead, carrying all the marks of a nativity and destiny the most malignant. Both parties are wrong; the former, as suggesting, and indeed proceeding, upon a false view of the elements of his moral character; the latter, as passing over, in far too rapid and sweeping a manner, from subjective views of impious theories to the actual impiety of their authors. On this subject, however, we shall touch hereafter.

What we propose at present is to give a somewhat compre-

hensive view of the leading principles of the *Tractatus*, as having originated and directed the speculations and views of modern Rationalism, distilling and infusing a deadly venom into the theology of our day, and making Revelation itself, to many misguided men, no longer an object of reverence, but of scorn.

One thing we must premise. It is common for sceptics to argue as if they were believers; the use of Scripture language, *in their own sense*, is a fallacy of equivocation, incessantly recurring. The *argumentum ad hominem* is a favourite weapon with them, and its employment on various occasions, as if they were conscious of nothing of the sort, gives an imposing air to their warfare. The following sentence will, in part, and only in part, exemplify what we mean — ‘In all cases, the gospel of Christ is one continued lesson of the strictest morality, of justice, of benevolence, and of universal charity. *He could have called for fire down from heaven, or for an army of destroying angels to terrify those who did not believe, or to exterminate such as fell from the faith.* But he breathed quite another spirit,’ &c.

This would do credit to Fenelon; it is, however, from *Bolingbroke*, vol. v. p. 187, quarto edition; and we know that, had any one asserted in his hearing that our Lord possessed the power here ascribed to him, the pompous infidel would have smiled contempt, and given a *credat Judæus* for reply. In his real belief, the pretension of calling ‘spirits from the vasty deep’ was quite as well founded as that of Christ’s control over the lightnings and angelic hosts. The one could *call* as well as the other; in each case, likewise, the doubt remaining the same, whether the unearthly powers would *come*. Standing on our guard, therefore, against these tricks of sophistry and bad faith — bad, we call it, since a sincere unbeliever should never mask himself as a believer — we shall, once for all, disallow everything in the way of sentiment or fact thus employed by Spinoza and by some reckoned to his account; without, at the same time, wishing to rob him of his due, or to charge upon him other consequences than those which plainly follow from his acknowledged principles.

He sets out, in the preface, by a detail of the causes and evils of superstition, and denounces it as the most efficacious means of holding nations in bondage. It is the offspring of fear and ignorance, and the secret of absolute power, but a thing wholly repugnant to the genius of a free state like that in which it was his privilege to live.

Having paid this compliment to the institutions of his country, he glances at the religious differences which disturbed the age. To these, indeed, we owe the *Tractatus*, as he had been forcibly

struck with the fact that it was only by knowing a man's dress, place of worship, opinions, or the irrefragable doctor by whose logic he would swear, that one could at all tell whether he were a Jew, a Christian, or a Turk. The state was shaken to the centre by theological controversy; charity almost or quite unknown. The worst aggravation of the case was, that the law treated certain opinions as crimes, and immolated its victims to religious prejudice, not to the public weal.

All this, Spinoza proposed to remedy by a fundamental investigation that was to render every future Gomar and Arminius as quiet and harmless as the famous Gog and Magog of Guildhall. Only a few years before this pacific method appeared, those noted controversialists had occupied a large share of public attention, and—

‘reasoning high  
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,’

had convinced their respective parties of their respective tenets—the one, that all things are certain; the other, that the main things are contingent: the one, that the perseverance of the saints is decreed absolutely; the other, that it is so conditionally; and hereupon they are no longer brethren, but implacable foes. The confusion spreads with time, and imprisonment, exile, exclusion from offices, pains and penalties of all sorts, pursue the *remonstrants*, and furnish, it must be admitted, a melancholy spectacle of bigotry and intolerance. But a lifetime, or thereabouts, is a short schooling for men in these matters. Sixteen hundred and eighteen, the year of the synod of Dort, is too near fifteen hundred and forty-five, the opening of the council of Trent, to allow of great progress. It was to be expected that Protestantism would be inconsequent for a season. She saw not at first that a part of her mission is to put an end to legislation for religious opinions, and to assert the right of every man to form his own from the divine word, and to avow them without suffering anything in person or property, unless they are inconsistent with the ends and existence of society. The amplest room for inquiry, discussion, and charity, is left where parties acknowledge the Bible as their common standard, and show by their spirit that their sole object is to interpret it aright. Such as reject this authority, must give an account of themselves to God.

Spinoza has long passed to this solemn tribunal, with as much darkness, it is true, but with far less guilt than some imagine. Early taught to hold the follies of the Talmud as the essence of religious truth; then casting them off and bidding defiance to Morteira and the terrors of excommunication; received with

open arms by Van den Ende—a reputed atheist—after the abandonment of Judaism; having under immediate review the ecclesiastical troubles and transactions to which we have referred; and imbued with the spirit of Des Cartes' writings—we can see much in the training and circumstances of Spinoza to make truth and error a bewildering maze to him, even had he been possessed of a less systematic intellect, and been free from the bias arising from the one great principle which is the Alpha and Omega of his system, and which he looked upon as affording a more philosophical and satisfactory explanation than the theologians could produce of all the phenomena of existence.

His rejection of revelation was attributable to this cause. Meanwhile, he commends neither his book nor his theories to the mass of mankind. Their readiness to hoodwink reason disqualifies them for investigation. Such, however, he thinks, as are willing to clear their vision, and to examine whether or not reason should be enslaved to theology, will find his thoughts helpful in a very high degree. The land of liberty is before them, and, by the use of his instrument, it may be rendered distinctly visible to those who are afar off as well as to those who are nigh. The reader shall judge for himself whether it does not peer upon him as a mental elysium. His sentiments on prophecy, miracles, the divine law, the interpretation of scripture, &c., are worthy of our attention—

‘Prophecy or revelation is a *certain* knowledge of anything revealed by God to man. A prophet is he who interprets the things revealed to those who can have no *certain* knowledge of them, and who therefore must embrace them by faith alone.

‘If we examine the sacred volume, we shall see that all revelation was made either by voices or by images, or by both together.

‘God revealed to Joseph his future greatness by images that were not real but wholly dependent on his imagination. Both methods were employed with Joshua, who saw an angel with a drawn sword as the leader of the army, and to whom likewise a verbal revelation was made that God would fight for Israel.

‘These being the only means noticed in Scripture, no others are to be admitted, and we assert, therefore, that besides Christ no man ever received revelations of God but by the aid of the imaginative power, and consequently that in order to prophesy there was no need of a superior mind but only of a *more vivid imagination*.’—Chap. i. *De Prophetia*.

Spinoza then inquires into the meaning of the terms, Spirit, Spirit of God, &c., and concludes that these phrases ‘signify nothing more than that the prophets were men of extraordinary excellence and persevering piety, and that they knew the mind “and will of God.”

‘No other eminence would ever have been assigned them had it not been that men—especially the Hebrews—ignorant of the grounds of prophetic knowledge, referred it, as they did everything else of an extraordinary character, to the Divine Being.’—*Ibid.*, §§ 40, 42.

The reader who would estimate the extent of Spinoza’s unbelief or his powers of sophistry, will not fail to observe that the seeming concessions of one chapter are reserved to be cut up and cast aside in the next. There is also a sly but stern irony running through his pages, offering a mock homage to the transcendental character of divine knowledge.

‘Since the prophets were aided by the *imagination* in discovering the revealed will of God, they unquestionably saw many things far beyond the limits of the understanding. For a much greater number of ideas may be formed out of *words and images* than out of those principles and notions which lie at the base of our entire knowledge of nature.

‘Nor shall we any longer wonder that the Scriptures and the prophets speak so improperly and obscurely of the spirit or mind of God as in Numbers xi. 17; that Michaiah represents him as seated, Daniel *ut senem vestibus albis indutum*, and Ezekiel as fire; that the Holy Spirit thus becomes a descending dove or tongues of fire; and that Paul prior to his conversion saw a great light. For these things are all in perfect harmony with the vulgar fancies respecting God and spirits.’—*Ibid.*, §§ 45, 46.

It will strike every one, we think, as well as Spinoza, that imagination is too volatile a faculty to be entrusted with matters pertaining to man’s highest destiny, unless there be some guarantee as to those special, and only occasional paroxysms, which are prophetic and divine. This, therefore, is treated of separately, and the logical legerdemain goes on with deepening interest.

‘Since imagination is roving and capricious, and on this account prophecy remained but a short time with the prophets—they, moreover, being only very few in number, and its recurrence very rare—we are impelled to ask whence and how the prophets themselves knew the certainty of those things which they perceived only by the imagination, and not by means of any fixed principles of the mind?’—*Ibid.*, §§ 47, 48.

The answer to this is, that some *sign* usually, if not always, accompanied the divine communication. This *sounds* satisfactory so far. The whole chapter is, however, a miserable attempt to keep out of view the true grounds of prophecy, and to sink both signs and prophets into absolute contempt. The un-

happy spirit with which he approached the subject will be clear from the following extract:—

‘Solomon surpassed others in wisdom, but not in the gift of prophecy. Heman, Darda, and Kalchol, though very wise, were not prophets. On the contrary, mere peasants, destitute of all culture, and *even women*—as Hagar, Abraham’s slave—had this endowment. And this agrees with experience and reason. For persons of *strong imagination* are less suited to subjects purely intellectual; while, on the other hand, persons of strong and cultivated intellect hold the imaginative power in check, and, as it were, keep a rein upon it to prevent mental confusion.’—Cap. ii. *De Prophetis*.

We cannot but pity the arrogance and insensibility that would thus set down the prophets for imbecile visionaries. Yet this he does not hesitate to affirm. It is indeed the whole scope of his reasoning. Thus in place of the *certainty* which the sign was to attest, he proposes to establish at length the *uncertainty* of all signs, prophecy, and revelation itself.

‘Inasmuch as the certainty which the prophets derived from signs was not mathematical—that is, which the perception necessitates,—but only moral, and meant for their private persuasion, hence it follows that signs were given according to the opinions and capacity of the prophet. Consequently what was a convincing sign to one was by no means so to another. They varied in each case.

‘Moreover, revelation itself varied according to the prophet’s temperament, imagination, and the opinions he had previously embraced. If he were *cheerful*, he foresaw victories, peace, and things that delight mankind; if *gloomy*, war, death, and calamities of all sorts. In the same way as he happened to be tender-hearted, mild, irritable or stern, one revelation was more congenial to him than another.’—*Ibid.*, §§ 12, 13.

Partial truth is often equivalent to error—especially when put so as to suggest false inferences. Few will deny that one instrumentality is better adapted for a certain end than another. It follows from the doctrine of final causes which Spinoza elsewhere ridicules, and is by no means inconsistent with a preternatural direction under the government of God. The object, however, of the above representation is to suggest purely subjective reasons, physical and moral, for the distinctive character of the prophetic writings. The whole resolves itself into the simple fact that then, as now, some were always looking at the bright, and others at the dark side of things. Hence prophecy—by a short and easy process.

One of the main purposes of this chapter is to degrade and lower the value of all Scripture teaching and prophetic communication. Some of the sacred writers believed, it appears, the

doctrine of free will ; that man acted from his own power and choice ; hence, he says, God ‘ was *revealed* to them as indifferent, and as ignorant of the future actions of mankind,’ (§ 15)—that is, if we turn him into blunt and honest English, they were simpletons enough to believe so.

Neither Noah, Abraham, nor Moses had correct notions of the Deity. They knew not his omniscience and omnipresence. The views of the Bible are set down as ridiculous because God is represented as seeing, hearing, reasoning, repenting and not repenting, as gracious, merciful, long-suffering, as dwelling in the heavens and descending upon earth ; by all which descriptions the so-called *inspired* record subjects the Divine nature to human conditions, and makes him such an one as ourselves. Hereupon the conclusion is reached without difficulty, that however prophets and apostles may be consulted for directions as to the practice of virtue, they are good for nothing else.

The men with whom these censures stand for anything must be weak indeed. No inference was ever more unwarrantably drawn. The most anthropomorphic representations of the Divine Being in Scripture never lead astray. The purely relative, and those which are based on the analogies of human conduct, cannot be exchanged for anything better. The supposition that we can apprehend the *Infinite* through any other medium is absurd. Even the term we here employ and score has reference to the removal of limits, and therefore belongs to the vocabulary of body and space. We shall, however, treat this matter elsewhere, and at present only remark that the Bible explains itself, and rectifies its own descriptions, as far as is necessary and expedient. If God comes down to *see* what men are doing, and if his everlasting *arms* are beneath his people, all this is fit and well, and plain too ; no man assigns him eyes and arms in reality, or is, in this way, led to misinterpret the Divine attributes, or the doctrine of providence.

As Spinoza had no reason to love his old brethren of the Portuguese synagogue at Amsterdam, but rather the contrary, he appears to have gone on the maxim of *ab uno disce omnes*, and to have extended his antipathy to the whole house of Israel. He ridicules the ordinary idea of their election, and is determined to strip off the traditional glory attaching to his race. Nothing shall deter him from this undertaking, however superstition (*ogganiat*) may yelp and bark at his heels.

The special calling of Abraham, the visible interference of Jehovah for the deliverance of his posterity, the miraculous presence that went with them through the wilderness, the laws that were given amidst the pomp of angels and the grandest



commotions of nature, 'the goodly company of the prophets' heralding Messiah's way, and the expectation of his advent as the central and highest point of interest in the part they were to act upon the stage of time—all these glories, though hallowed by the sanction of Jesus Christ and his apostles, as well as by the faith of ages, have only to be tried in his critical furnace to disappear from the page of realities, and henceforth to float merely as illuminated bubbles upon the bosom of the past.

'The direction of God,' says Spinoza, 'is the immutable order of nature; its laws are his decrees, which involve eternal truth and necessity; and inasmuch as no man does anything except from this pre-determined order, that is, from God's direction and decree, it follows that no man chooses his own lot, but is elected to this or that mode of life and action by the special calling of God.'—Cap. iii. §§ 7—10.

Election, therefore, is particular and universal; it belongs to all and every of mankind; and we ought, in order to be correct, to drop the theological sense of this term, and to regard Ishmael and Isaac as equally elected; that is, according to this passage, their outward and inward being was a proper *destiny*, as was also that of Jacob and Esau and every other man ever since the foundation of the world. Thus the assertion—'In *Ishmael* shall thy seed be called,' might have been made by God with the same propriety as that it should be called in Isaac. The event would have justified the one as well as the other, only that Sarah's son—the child of promise—was the progenitor of Israelites, and Hagar's the progenitor of Arabs. Apart from everything special on the other side, we are drawn towards Ishmael, and can see nothing in the external or internal history of the Jews to make their lot preferable, unless they in reality enjoyed the promises of God, and were the chosen seed, through whom, in the fulness of time, and in the person of the Messiah, all the families of the earth were to be blessed. If their religious knowledge, institutions, deliverances, and hopes were not in a peculiar sense divine, their chief distinction has been to lead others astray, and, being themselves nothing but the victims of a splendid illusion, to beguile the most cultivated nations to see with *their* eyes, and to believe this illusion, from Abraham down to Jesus Christ, who himself shared it, the grand reality of all God's doings upon earth.

The light in which the author of the *Tractatus* views even the political existence of his ancestors may be given in few words—

'All things worthy of pursuit may be ranged under the three heads of *philosophy*, *virtue*, and *security*. The means of the first and second

are common\*to mankind. They are found in the laws of human nature itself. The third, however, is dependent on outward things, and one great safeguard against injury is the institution of society. This will be more or less secure and enduring according as there are wise and vigilant statesmen to watch over it.

‘On the other hand, a rude nation is for the most part dependent upon fortune. There is little chance of its stability. Such was the condition of the Hebrews. They had neither intellect, virtue, nor prophets beyond other nations. *Fortune* favoured them, which he calls ‘God’s’ direction of human affairs by *external* and unexpected causes.’

Yet here the phraseology may deceive us, and we must bear in mind that ‘*per Dei directionem*’ he means ‘*fixum et immutabilem naturæ ordinem sive rerum naturalium concatenationem.*’—cap. iii. § 7. His real aim, therefore, is contemptuous. Other commonwealths were sustained by internal energy and wisdom, theirs belonged to God’s chapter of accidents.

Attention to Spinoza’s terminology is above all things necessary to a thorough understanding of his works. They ought, in fact, to be accompanied with a glossary. The coolest contempt is often couched under a holy phrase. And when he gives an explanation, a Christian is apt, from the force of association, to rest upon the old sense, and to trace no lurking impiety.

Thus he tells us very quietly that he does not know whether or not God gave peculiar laws to other nations, and revealed himself to their legislators *prophetically*, that is, by imagination; and then proceeds to show that the Scriptures testify that other nations were quite as well off without such assistance. Indeed, he clearly leads us to think that this deficiency was a wonderful advantage. We should adopt his conclusions, could we receive his premises, but we are obliged to reject both, and especially the criticism by which he would prove that amidst the corruption of the Jews, God bears witness to the piety of all the rest of mankind.

‘Malachi thus upbraids the Jews:—‘Who is there among you to close the doors—namely, of the temple—that fire may not be laid upon my altar in vain? I have no pleasure in you, &c. For from the rising of the sun even to its going down my name is great among the Gentiles, so that everywhere incense is offered unto me and a pure offering; for my name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts;’ in which words we have the amplest evidence that at that time the Jews were not more beloved of God than other nations; yea, that he was more known to the latter by miracles than to the former . . . and farther, that they practised rites and ceremonies by which they were acceptable to God.’—Cap. iii. § 25.

As is frequently the case, the substantive verb is not found in the original. Spinoza supplies the present tense, and maintains that any other will do violence to the passage. This is incorrect. The Hebrew participle does not determine time. The future, however, is required—not by the construction, it is true, for in this respect the one will do as well as the other—but by the whole scope of revelation. From Genesis to Malachi there is nothing like the mention of any *nation* that had a pure worship except the Israelites, and the crime they are most frequently charged with is that of corrupting it by the introduction of heathen rites. Idolatry was made a capital offence by the law of Moses; idols were called abominations, vanities, nothings, lies; and the complete denunciation of heathenism, as a whole, would make a plain man say to Spinoza—‘Ere you could interpret that passage as the assertion of an existing fact, you must have shut your eyes on all the rest of the Bible.’

Yet in this he has had imitators, and, whatever else may be given up, this one passage stands unimpugned as a special God-send in behalf of natural religion. The Bible is made to cancel itself by its own confession.

The Israelites, therefore, were peculiar only in obtaining by *chance*—that is, the order of nature coming out in an unexpected way—those temporal possessions which they held. And when Paul says that they only were intrusted with ‘the oracles of God,’ we may understand this as meaning that the Jews had them in writing, other nations by internal revelation and conception alone; or, if this will not do, we may suppose that, as he professed to become all things to all men, he merely addressed himself to *their* apprehensions, and humoured the prejudices of the age. Cap. iii. § 46.

Oracles inspired by God they had not, but they thought so, and therefore Paul kept up the delusion. A more palpable abuse of the apostle’s honest avowal we do not know. What he did to gain the Jew, the weak, and those who were without law, is sufficiently obvious. Free from obligation to any man, he yet made himself the servant of all. He felt himself at liberty to observe or to omit the rites of Moses, and no age can show a brighter example of practical wisdom or of Christian magnanimity. The insinuation that he spoke ‘*ex captu et secundum opiniones Judæorum tum temporis receptas*,’ is worse than to charge both him and them with a common superstition, since it rests on the notion, known to be historically false, that Paul did not receive the Old Testament in its doctrines, promises, predictions, and laws, as a special and extraordinary revelation from God. That he did so, his whole life and teaching bore testimony.

All the calling of the Hebrews, therefore, consisted in what they were called to—a theory that has the merit of embracing everything, and is as true of insects as of philosophers—not in being chosen, as they supposed, out of all nations to be ‘a holy people unto the Lord, a special people unto himself, above all people upon the face of the earth,’ (Deut. vii. 6,) and to be the peculiar channel of transmitting his *revealed* will to mankind—than which nothing more extravagant can be found in the pages of fiction. Were we inclined to phrenologize upon the subject, we should be puzzled whether to assign it to *ideality* or *wonder*; and, on the whole, as there is in it both the splendid and the supernatural, we think that it must be a union of the two in an organ of prodigious development, to which, after Spinoza, we may give the name *prophetic imagination*.

The main object which he has in view in these earlier chapters is, to divest the Bible of all *authority* save in those moral precepts which reflect the light of nature. We have therefore a dissertation on the divine law, which, he says, regards solely the supreme good—that is, the true knowledge and love of God.

‘The understanding is the best part of man, and his happiness consists in its perfection. And since we can conceive of nothing without God, but everything in nature does in its essence involve the conception of the Deity, it follows, that the more we know of nature the more we know of the essence of God himself. As our chief good consists in this, the means leading to it may be called the commands of God, because they are, as it were, prescribed to us by God himself as far as he exists in the human mind.’—*Cap. iv. §§ 10–13.*

Consequently *the* divine law is not to be looked for in the five books of Moses. It is only in an inferior sense his laws can be called divine. We must look for it in the understanding.

‘The idea of God tells us that to know and love him should be the ultimate end of all our actions. Since every conception involves this idea and its attendant suggestion, it follows, first, that the divine law is universal and common to mankind, since it is thus deduced from human nature itself. And then, in the second place, we may dispense with all historical records, for, in society and in solitude, wherever man is, there is the divine law. Indeed, the surest history can impart to us no knowledge of God, and therefore can inspire no love to him. For the love of God arises from knowing him, and a knowledge of him must be derived from universal ideas which are certain and evident of themselves.’—*Cap. iv. §§ 18, 19.*

Here, then, we have the germ of what, in our own day, assumes the proud title of *absolute religion*. All the archives of old times may be sold for waste paper, or stored away in chests, without much loss. What do we want with the prophets and apostles

of another age—have we not those of the present? Is not the soul always ‘equal to herself,’ and shall she be taught to supply her wants from dry, musty, antiquated volumes, when she has within her the living fountain of thought? Such are the questions put to us at the present time, and we must confess that they excite our astonishment.

Is the history of philosophy, then, so full of satisfactory results? Have we as yet from that quarter any solution of the great problems of existence? Have men thought for so many ages without knowing the main thing in their thoughts? And if every mental state expresses the idea of God, why is this secret open to only a few abstract heads, and not matter of common consciousness? If it be said *the only philosophy* is recent, and that in the last analysis it shows this *idea* to be logically necessary and involved in every conception,—we reply that this does not show its *sufficiency*.

That the idea of the Deity arises out of the two-fold element of sentiment and reason, and lies at the basis of man’s religious life, we believe. We shall see what our author maintains upon this point elsewhere; and, in the meantime, only observe that as the question is a practical one—for *man*, and between this metaphysical creed and the Bible—not necessarily, but as now put—we abide by the latter. The Spinozist may muse over *the absolute religion*, and do his best with it; we shall still read our Bibles and worship the God of love.

The ideas which we have of the Supreme Being as a ruler and lawgiver, as just and yet merciful, are of the greatest importance to mankind. They are sanctioned by the whole voice of revelation. Spinoza, however, traces them to a false distinction between the understanding and the will of God. ‘The nature of a triangle, *e.g.*, is contained in the divine nature as an eternal truth, but when we reflect that its essence and necessity wholly depend on the divine nature and intellect, we name *that* will and decree which we previously named understanding.’—Cap. iv. § 24.

Hence, also, had God said that it was his *will* that Adam should not eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, to eat of it would have been impossible, for every assertion which God makes involves eternal necessity and truth. His theory is, therefore, that Adam knew only the *evil* that would follow such an act, but not that it would follow *necessarily*, and therefore both he, and the Israelites afterwards, when the decalogue was given, owing to a defective knowledge of the law of necessary connexion, conceived God as a lawgiver. If he had revealed himself to them immediately, that is, by common notions, and

without any corporeal medium, the conception of law and legislator could not have arisen, but only that of eternal truth.—*Ibid.*, §§ 26, 28.

Moses was under a like error, for although he saw what would unite the Hebrews into a solid commonwealth, yet he did not see that that mode was the best, and that the end he was aiming at would *necessarily* follow from their obedience.

As a natural result of this ignorance, he looked at the means he employed as legal enactments, and enjoined them as the laws of God. This was productive of fatal misconceptions with respect to the Deity. *Imagination* represented him as the governor of the world, as just, pitiful, &c.—which, being attributes of humanity alone, ought never to be associated with the divine nature.\*

This, it is evident, will at once sweep a great deal out of the halls of theology. Neither will, nor justice, nor mercy, can be predicated of God; what *can* will come to light in due time.

Jesus Christ, it is true, is exempted from the imputation of being in the dark. He saw things in their causes and consequences, and spake as the mouth of God. Yet even he adopts the legislative style *propter populi ignorantiam*. Paul likewise only shows his condescension to human infirmity when he calls God just and gracious, &c. All such descriptions, however, are *ex captu vulgi*, since the Deity acts from the mere necessity of his own nature, and, if we speak of his decrees and volitions, these are no other than the eternal truths of the divine mind.—*Ibid.*, §§ 32, 37.

Let every philosopher, therefore, lay aside the Bible, or else abandon his pretensions. As a standard of truth, nothing can be more vulgar. It only darkens counsel with words without knowledge. Natural light is pure and universal. Solomon and Paul were aware of this, and speak of it, in their best moments, in raptures. The former, if we believe the author of the ‘*Tractatus*,’ says that by it a man may understand ‘righteousness and judgment and equity, yea, every good path;’ and the latter, that by it we may know the ‘eternal power and Godhead.’ If we have read the Proverbs aright, they teach that ‘*the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom*,’ and if we understand Paul, he teaches that men are condemned by the light of nature, and need redemption by the cross. Natural light exists, and has its religious office; but, because it can do something, it by no means follows that it is adequate to our perfection or salvation. A telescope may be serviceable enough if we con-

\* ‘*A natura divina prorsus removenda.*’—Cap. iv. § 30.

sider its range, but perfectly useless if we apply it to more distant objects, which require a greater magnifying power. The path of virtue is good, the path of Christian piety far better. The latter involves a higher element, of which men without the Bible have only the remote condition. It lies buried in their nature; a possible thing for them, in the Christian form and essence, only as they become practically the subjects of the Christian representation.

Nevertheless, we acknowledge that he who worships the dimmer luminary will apparently save himself some trouble. He needs neither ritual nor temple. The Philistines may take and keep both the ark and the testimony. Spinoza enters into these questions with such satisfaction to himself, that he thinks it plain that the Levitical ceremonies were only intended for national unity; and that baptism and the Lord's supper, if instituted by Christ—which he doubts—had merely the same end in view ecclesiastically,—the observance, in both cases, being purely political, and without religious signification. The Israelites having been enfeebled by slavery, it became necessary for one person to take upon himself the supreme power, and to study the best means of securing absolute submission. The great qualities of Moses naturally raised him to this elevation. He gave them laws and institutions suited to their state and capacity. Instead of consulting the enlightened and those who had a clear perception of things, although in some respects he was rather blear-eyed himself, he wisely sought to manage the multitude. Moreover, we may make an extension of this principle to the whole of the sacred volume. If, therefore, we take a sound view of the matter, while we shall not hesitate to admit that the Scripture histories are highly necessary for *the mass of the people*, we shall yet maintain that they excel other historical narratives only so far as they contain and inculcate salutary opinions.—Cap. v. §§ 40—46.

‘As far as speculative truth is concerned, the chief points taught in the sacred volume are, that there is a God or being who is the maker of all things, and upholds and governs them with supreme wisdom; that he watches over those who take a pious and virtuous course, and that he punishes others with manifold evils, and separates them from the good. All this Scripture confirms by experience alone—*namely, by the histories which it relates*. There is no definition of anything, but the whole, in both style and argument, is made to fit in with the vulgar apprehension. And although experience can give no clear knowledge of what God is, or in what way he rules and sustains the universe and cares for mankind, yet it may teach and enlighten them as far as is requisite *for obedience and devotion*.’—Cap. v. §§ 38—40.

The whole drift of this is still contemptuous. The main doctrines of scripture go a little beyond the existence and providence of God, into the method of his government, and the special *way* in which he blesses men. This, however, is 'foolishness' to the philosopher. He may dispense with a volume which is only suited for ignorant slaves, and, listening to the voice of nature, learn from another book the existence of the Deity, and the true rule of life. Only let him conform to this, and his lot will be far more happy and enviable than that of the pious student of scripture, inasmuch as his views will be just, and, moreover, attended with the clear apprehension of their truth. Celestial things are, therefore, no longer revealed unto babes; and the time is past when men were to become like unto little children in order to enter into the kingdom of heaven.

We have already more than hinted that the object of Spinoza is once for all to disfranchise theology as educed from the sacred oracles. On no questions which relate to God or man is their voice worth hearing. They pander to the grossest apprehensions of the untutored intellect of man. We must reject them in order to know God as we should know him, and consequently, in order to our happiness and perfection.

Whoever holds views of this kind must, in the nature of the case, attribute the belief in *miracles* to sheer ignorance. Such is its true origin, according to the *Tractatus*. Men wonder at everything which they do not understand. They make a distinction between the power of nature and the power of God, and suppose that the existence of the latter is evinced by some break in the chain of events more clearly than by their eternal and necessary concatenation. Hence the vulgar crowd call all unusual phenomena *miracles*; and out of piety, and dislike to those who cultivate physical research, pride themselves in their ignorance, and are only pleased when they hear those things which excite their stupid astonishment.—Cap. vi. §§ 1—4.

As one may easily imagine, the prophets come in for their share of this abuse, while philosophers are angels of light. Strange they never visited Palestine! Elsewhere, indeed, they seem to have been wanting, if we accept Spinoza's account of the easy mode in which faith in miracles gained a footing among men. The early Hebrews, somehow or other, had imbibed the notion that the way to honour God most, was to do away with natural causes, and to subject all nature to his government and power.

'In order, therefore, that they might convince the heathen, who worshipped the sun and the moon, the earth, the air, and the sea, &c.,



that these gods were weak and capricious, they related the *miracles* that had been wrought for them; and thus endeavoured to prove that all nature was under the dominion of the Deity whom *they* adored, and was directed by him for *their* special advantage. Men were delighted with this notion, (as too good, we suppose, for Israelites alone,) and, in consequence, down to the present day, have not ceased to invent miracles, and to believe themselves more beloved by God than others, and the final cause for which he created and still governs the world.—Cap. vi. § 4.

This will satisfy only those who, having prejudged the question, are satisfied with nothing. These Hebrew missionaries of the olden time were not so successful. They could infuse their arrogance and superstition, but not their theology. The heathen possibly may have thought—‘our Gods will do very well, if we only affirm the same thing of them *as to ourselves* ;’—and therefore, with keen insight, they appropriate the predicate to Baal or Moloch, and outwit their teachers by making their own gods co-ordinate with the great I AM. We must mould the theory into this form if it is to be admitted at all, for it is well known that no *nation* adopted the worship of Jehovah, owing to the doctrines either of the patriarchs or of Moses. But the whole is mere fiction. Till the time of Christ the Jews do not appear to have been deeply concerned at the idolatry of the heathen. Their efforts to ‘convince’ and convert were very few; and when commerce or the captivity threw them among other nations, their creed came out rather by the force of circumstances than by any zeal that was as a burning fire in their bones.

Against miracles altogether, he proposes to establish four positions. I. That ‘nothing happens contrary to the course of nature, which from everlasting is fixed and immutable.’ This begs the whole question. Special interruptions may be a part of the universal plan, and he who holds the contrary ought to know much more than falls to the lot of mankind. Who is *he* to declare that God cannot now create another world? Yet this bold assertion he must make, to be consistent, as every such phenomenon would extend and, it may be, vary the order of nature. *Spinoza* ventures this assertion. It is, in fact, essential to his system. He identifies the power of nature and the power of God, and makes them the measure of each other. Creation, therefore, absolutely considered, and miracles, are alike impossible. A pure theism, on the contrary, conditions the universe by the Divine will, and can incorporate single events—the incarnation and resurrection of Christ—as instances of immediate agency with more general laws, which, after all, may be carried

on by an agency quite as immediate, only operating in cycles of endless duration.

II. His second counter-position is that 'we can know neither the essence, nor existence, nor providence of God from miracles, but that all these are better learned from the 'fixed course of nature'.' And this he says, meaning by a miracle only 'something that surpasses or is believed to surpass the human understanding;' for 'as far as it is supposed to destroy, or interrupt that order, or to be contrary to its laws, a miracle not only can impart no knowledge of God, but must take away what we have by nature, and make us doubt of God and all things besides.'—Cap. vi. § 26.

Neither of the three points supposed above come within the design of miracles *apart* from the established methods of Divine operation. They were not intended to unsettle nature, but to be proof of Divine communications from its Author. Men with a genuine faith in the supreme lawgiver will not be laughed out of that faith by the ridicule that is poured on the notion of law as they hold it—as dependent, not as necessary and eternal. Nor will any of this class be found sinking into Atheism out of surprise at discovering that they hold that the Being who laid the foundations of the earth is the only being competent to shake them.

In his third position, Spinoza asserts that Scripture itself teaches that the decrees and purposes of God are nothing but the order of nature; and, in the fourth, gives some special directions for the interpretation of miracles.

Whatever, he says, is truly recorded in the sacred volume, was perfectly natural, only that the narrators have mixed up with the facts their superstitious notions. Faith never cured the blind and other things of this sort which are there detailed. The whole account of the matter is that, overlooking immediate causes, they 'narrate things in that order and with those phrases which are best fitted to excite the devotion of the populace.'—*Ibid.*, § 49.

He thinks it necessary, however, to apprise his readers, that in treating of prophecy he argued solely from *Scriptural* data, but that in the question of miracles he built upon another foundation. (§ 65.) Whoever has properly weighed what he says, will acknowledge that in the one case he perverted his evidence, in the other arrogated Omniscience. In Mrs. Duncan's Memoirs will be found an anecdote of a mathematician who solved an important problem in his sleep, and the next morning did not know that he had done it. Had this occurred to him again and again, or to twenty other persons, it would be

rather singular to hear it asserted that mathematics required only an ardent imagination. Here, however, the *solution* would be taken into account, and the fact traced to a process of association. Why should not the sublime views, truths, and predictions of Scripture be honestly considered, and if purely natural or psychological reasons can explain *them* and an existing Christianity, in contrast with Egypt, Greece, and Rome, be it so; but to overlook the subject-matter of Divine truth, to risk the mendacious assertion that it inculcates only vulgar opinions of the Deity, and to indulge in scornful allusions to dreams, visions, and voices, are dishonest attempts to sink the character of revelation.

Spinoza's theory respecting the dispersion of the Jews is, that by the adoption of exclusive religious rites they made themselves odious to all other nations, especially by the rite of circumcision, and that this alone is enough to keep them a distinct people. Does any one say to him—'Well: but what do you make of the prophecies?'—he replies very coolly—'Oh, I conjecture that the Pentateuch was written by Ezra.'—(Cap. iii. § 53. Cap. viii. § 48.) We are, however, anticipating the final stroke by which he dispatches his victim, before we have indicated all the slow preliminary tortures inflicted on the way to the execution. From the citations we have already made, it will, perhaps, be easy to guess his principles of interpretation. We must have a thorough knowledge of Hebrew; compare passage with passage, and, from those that are alike, form general heads of doctrine; obtain exact information of the literary history and fortunes of the prophetic writings, and of each book in particular; ascertain the lives, characters, and pursuits of their authors, &c., embracing the entire circle of biblical criticism. With this apparatus—to be obtained *nobody knows where*—we are to gird ourselves to the task, and as in nature we begin with the most general facts of rest and motion, so in Scripture we are to notice that the basis of all its teaching is, that 'there is one Almighty God, who alone 'is to be adored, who watches over all, and loves above all 'those who worship him and love their neighbour as themselves.'—Cap. vii. § 27.

Having proceeded thus far with seeming comfort, difficulties rise in the path. *Natural light* is on the side of Moses when he prescribes '*an eye for an eye*,' &c., yet Christ teaches his disciples if they are smitten on the one cheek to turn the other. Still, as he came to fulfil the law of Moses, it is clear that this precept, as to the endurance of injury, is applicable only where

justice is neglected, and persons are suffering under oppression, not in any well-regulated commonwealth.—Ibid. § 33.

Moreover, to evince the necessity of resting on the light of nature everywhere, we are informed that it is almost impossible to acquire the Hebrew language thoroughly, from the similarity of its consonants, the want of vowels, confusion of tenses, &c.,—all of which bring in endless ambiguities. Indeed, looking at these and all other perplexities attending the interpretation of Scripture, we need trouble ourselves only about the moral precepts. All the rest is '*plus curiositatis quam utilitatis*.'—Cap. vii. § 69.

One may read wonderful stories in Ovid and Perseus and Orlando Furioso, and something of the same sort in Judges and Kings, respecting the havoc that Samson made with the jaw-bone of an ass, and Elijah's flight to heaven in a chariot of fire. These are chimeras of the brain fit only for old wives and children.

Since, therefore, scarcely any man can satisfy himself upon the greater part of the sacred volume, but *can* satisfy himself of the duty of loving God and man, he may pause here.

And although it will not do to allow private persons to interpret the laws of a state, yet in religion it is far otherwise. Here every one is his own master. He is to think, judge, and interpret for himself. Nor is there any difficulty in the Bible, *thus viewed*, to give him the least concern. The things that are common to all are seen by the light that is equally general, and the protestant principle that consecrates the right of private judgment, guarantees the sufficiency of the light of reason for the office.—Ibid. §§ 90—94.

Such then, according to the *Tractatus*, is our ultimate standard of religion. A revelation is an impossibility. The one which Jews and Christians hold is covered with hieroglyphical absurdities.

The next thing, therefore, in order to finish the work, is to inquire into the history of the Canon. The result of this investigation is equally satisfactory. Having examined the Pentateuch and the historical books as far as Kings, he concludes that they were 'all composed by one and the same historian, 'who intended to write the antiquities of the Jews, from their 'origin to the first destruction of the city; that Ezra was most 'probably the author of them all; that the book of Deuteronomy 'was the first he wrote, and the one which he read and explained 'to the people, after which he entered upon a complete history 'of the Hebrew nation; that he called the first five books by the

‘ name of Moses, because they contain an account of his life, and ‘ so of Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, and the Kings.’—Cap. viii. §§ 48—57.

We need not pursue this tissue of assumptions, nor the conclusions at which he arrives with respect to the other books of Scripture by the adoption of similar means. *Isaiah* he dismisses in ten lines; and assures us that the prophetic books in general are merely fragments collected from all quarters.—Cap. x. §§ 6, 7.

Passing to Christianity, he attributes the disorders of the church to the fundamental differences observable in Apostolic teaching. The proof of this is rather amusing. Paul says that he ‘ so strived to preach the Gospel not where Christ was named, lest he should *build upon another man’s foundation* :’ which, says Spinoza, he could never have said, ‘ if all of them ‘ had the same method of teaching, and built the Christian ‘ religion upon the same foundation, since, in that case, *his own* ‘ and *another’s* would have been the *same*.’—Cap. xi. § 20.

In order, then, to remedy the evils of theological controversy, it is necessary to reduce religion to the few simple dogmas which Christ taught his disciples. (Cap. xi. § 23.) They ultimately all come to this—*the love of God and our neighbour*, which is the true word of God, the true catholic and universal religion, which neither time nor place can change.

The scope of the whole work now beams upon us. Theology or faith and philosophy have no fellowship, no common points of relation. *Philosophy* aims at nothing but truth; *faith* at nothing but obedience and piety. The former rests upon ideas that are universal, drawn exclusively from nature; the latter upon language, history, Scripture and revelation.—Cap. xv. §§ 37, 38.

These, as we have seen, he has one after another set aside; and though he makes use of the terms, as if they stood for something, both before and after the process of wholly annulling their authority, yet we are made fully aware that, with his single weapon of ethereal temper, he has made all theologians bite the ground, and covered their territory with the trophies of his logical extermination.

The latter chapters of the work are deeply and extensively imbued with the spirit of Hobbes. That he had read the *De Cive* is evident, both from the coincidence of his political doctrines and from intimations in the notes and in the correspondence of some difference in a part of his theory. The fact that he is a republican does not affect the substance of his system. He holds that, in a state of nature, sin and wrong are impossible;

that men, when they enter into society, yield up their right to everything which they can command—*power* and *right* being strictly correlative—on condition of some greater good; that in this case the whole right goes over to the sovereign head, be it democratic or monarchical; that, without a manifest revelation, no one can afterwards oppose the supreme authority on any ground of natural or divine law; that, therefore, the institution of whatever belongs to religion is the office of the state; that either men are not to be the subjects of a heathen prince, or if they become so, ‘*quandoquidem eo ipso se jure, se religionemque defendendi, privaverunt,*’ (c. xvi. § 64,) they must adopt the established religion; and that all theologians and religious teachers—inasmuch as ever since the times of the Jewish monarchs they have been the foci of public happiness—are to be placed under the control of the chief magistrate, and hold their entire commission from his hands. Other power they are not to know. Over God’s heritage on earth ‘*the powers that be*’ are supreme.

We have always thought it singular that any writers on the law of nature should maintain that by it we are not bound even *to be kind*, that appetite and force may reign; and indeed the whole drift of the detestable theory that ‘*might is right,*’ excites at once our wonder and indignation. Yet here we have this scheme, buttressed up with enthymemes, and piles of historical precedents, while griffons and ferocious monsters of all shapes, are ready to rush in upon us pell-mell, if we only suppose that society merely furnishes us with new applications of the law of nature and the law of God; that both of these coincide to a certain extent, and can never cease to be binding; and that the state has nothing to do with Christian teachers, while they teach what is Christian, according as God ‘deals to every man the measure of faith.’ Such notions as these portend ruin—witness the *Tractatus*—and afford surer grounds for ominous calculations on the fall of states than it was ever Lilly’s fortune to lay hold of, or than any other brother of the horoscope ever found while dependent on the planets for his fame. Like good subjects, therefore, anxious for the well-being of the community, we shall view ourselves *in the whole*, and instead of perilling its existence by any religious pretensions, shout an *Allah* or an *Ave*, as *Leviathan* may bid.

But this sort of claim, we are told, Christians have ever contested, though it was never so among the Hebrews, and he essays to explain this singular fact. With him it wears a most serious aspect, and unless he can assign a sure reason for it, he is content to be reckoned a mere theorist. What then will explain this phenomenon? Why, that ‘*kings* were not the

‘ first to teach Christianity, but private men, who, in opposition to their governors, were long in the habit of addressing assemblies and administering the offices of religion, without any consideration of the supreme authority.’\*

Was the world, then, to wait for the gospel till royalty preached it? Did that celebrated Jew, after whom it is named, forget his duty as a subject? Did he teach rebellion when he said, ‘ He that heareth you heareth me,’ &c.?

All this seems to be hinted, and something more. We had thought that Spinoza’s references to Jesus Christ were, at least in one sense, sincere, and it is with regret that we change our opinion, and believe that he thought much more of himself than he did of the Author of Christianity. He has accounted for two sorts of disputes—those which exist in the church, and those which the church carries on with the state—with ludicrous originality; the one, as we saw, by the private ‘ foundation’ of each apostle’s teaching; the other by the fact that *kings* did not take the field before the fishermen of Galilee! Had they done so, their right to institute, authorize, and regulate religion and its ministers, would never have been called in question! That would depend, in our opinion, upon the quantity of vital Christianity that could find breath.

If our readers suppose we are forgetting that the declared object of the *Tractatus* is freedom of speech, we can assure them that hitherto we have not aggravated its slavish maxims. At the same time, no one will think that Spinoza wished them to be carried out against any of his own school. We shall see that he has a loop-hole through which he escapes from them with all the ease with which a practised equestrian, springing aloft whilst his horse is at full speed, clears the suspended circle, and falls again into his seat amidst no small admiration.

Government is to take charge of the kingdom of God—that is, to establish and enforce justice and charity. Although its power is, by the social contract, absolute, yet much of this in practice is found purely theoretical. Men cannot renounce their all; power can never reach the soul. If, therefore, measures are unrighteous, subjects will brood over them, and the elements of political convulsion will burst beneath thrones. Particularly will this be the case if patriots cannot speak. Falsehood, flattery, hollowness, fear, and all kinds of evil, will infect society, if honour be not done to reason and truth. It becomes, therefore, the interest of rulers to regard *liberty* as the end of government. The arts and sciences cannot flourish

\* ‘ Christianam namque religionem non *reges* primi docuerunt, sed *virī privati*, qui invitīs iis . . . quorum subditi erant, &c.’—Cap. xix. § 52.

without it, and these demand the fullest freedom of thought and discussion.

Not only, however, are men to walk erect in the temple of the Muses, they are to do so everywhere, and to be free to scrutinize 'the holy of holies,' if they do not violate public decorum, and insult the majesty of law, by refusing to conform to the established religion. Nonconformity, as was the case with Hobbes, is Spinoza's abhorrence. Nor is it the least curious agreement between two such men, that as, at their time, the day for professing to submit any rather free thesis to the judgment of the *church* was going by, they retain the practice in another form, and rest their good citizenship on the fact of humbly submitting to the judgment of the *state*. Usually, however, free-thinking may appeal pretty safely to this quarter. Orthodoxy is not its weak side, and unless theologians bestirred themselves, statesmen would seldom trouble their heads with religious opinions. Yet of course they *should* do so on the establishment principle. Either theology has nothing to do with religion, or they have to do with theology. The former is scepticism; the latter brings in persecution. When, however, the Bible has been rejected, and all the moral attributes of the Deity given up, the question comes to one of mere expediency. Spinoza makes easy work of it. Religion, as an external act, derives all its authority from human prescription. God's sovereignty over men is no other than that which is exercised through their rulers, who are the sole interpreters of his law. They are to declare his will; and since the good of the state is the highest law, all things, human and divine, must be subordinate to it. The supreme powers are only to consider public peace and utility in the institutions of religion. These all private persons are bound to respect and uphold, as the *only* means they have of knowing what is for the public good is from the edicts of those whose sole prerogative it is to manage the affairs of the commonwealth.\*

'Does any one, then, ask,' says Spinoza, 'by what authority the disciples of Christ, who certainly were *men of private station*, publicly taught religion? I answer, that they did it *in virtue of that power which they received from Christ against unclean spirits*.'†

This is what we alluded to in our previous remarks. Who would suspect the good faith of this reply at the first glance? Yet it is only the kiss of Judas. It is twenty paragraphs *before* the other quotation which we made, and strikingly illustrates his manner of giving a friendly salute by the way to parties

\* Cap. xix. § 27.

† Ibid. § 31.



whom he intends to visit afterwards for a very different end. When he notices these *virī privati* the second time—necessarily, according to his principles, including ‘the carpenter’s son’—it is to let the student of political science know, that both the master and his servants should have had Cæsar’s mandate ere they set out on their mission.

With these ample concessions to ‘all that are in authority’ he concludes his book and makes his claim. The hypocrisy of silence is his dread; the hypocrisy of speech a cardinal point of legislation. If the voice of philosophy be stilled, men will be insincere, and treachery, working in the dark, will bring on the throes of political dissolution. If, on the contrary, the voice of religion be lifted up in *any* prescribed form—believing it or not—society will be sound at the heart; and righteousness and peace, the blessings of the kingdom of God, will visibly increase upon earth. Holding out these bright hopes, and no doubt intending to do something towards them, Spinoza demands, as a man and a peaceable citizen, to be allowed to philosophize at his pleasure, and to enlighten mankind with the results.

We have now arrived at the point where it will be necessary to give the reader some little farther insight to these meditations on universal being. Before, however, we do so, or attempt to do it, the *method* which he pursued requires some passing notice. It will be found in the fragment *De Intellectu Emendatione et de via qua optime in veram rerum cognitionem dirigitur*.

The object of this treatise was in fact moral, that is, moral in his way, the apprehension of the whole, the infinite; and thus the attainment of the sovereign good—intellectual perfection. The introduction informs us of the conflict which he had with himself in meditating the surrender of what most men value—fame, wealth, &c., in his earlier inquiries after supreme satisfaction.

Nothing can help us to this good until we have found out some way of correcting the understanding, so that it may see truth by its own light. The various perceptions which we have are not all equally serviceable for true knowledge. He therefore rejects *hearsay*, which may tell us when we were born; *vague experience*, which gives us facts, such as that the dog barks—not determinations of the intellect; *reasoning*, as not giving adequate ideas; while he depends solely on the fourth, by which a thing is seen in its own essence, or else through the knowledge which we have of its immediate cause. Necessarily, therefore, his method is *deductive*.

It is important here to bear in mind that he uses the term *idea* and *objective essence* as synonymous. (§ 36.) Closely connected with this is the principle which he subsequently lays

down, (§ 99) that 'to arrange and link together our perceptions we ought to inquire as soon as possible, and reason demands *whether there is any being who is the cause of all things*, so that *his objective essence (idea)* is likewise the cause of all our ideas. Thus our mind will be a reflection of nature, for it will contain *objectively* its essence, order, and connexion.'

According to our usual phraseology, *subjective* and *subjectively* would be the more appropriate words. But he employs the others advisedly. He is treating of things we know, and that *we know that we know*. If, now, we look farther, we shall see that Spinoza assigns the supremacy to one power—the understanding. This is the faculty of the *certain*, the *absolute*, the *infinite*. It frames positive ideas before negative, and sees things, as it were, under the form of eternity and infinity.

Especially are we to observe, that when things are perceived as definite in number, duration, and quantity, this is the work of *imagination*. All whom it concerns will at once see that this precludes—we do not say legitimately—some celebrated reasoning by which it is shown that great and small may be greater and smaller, and consequently that the idea of the *Infinite* is only a negation of the finite. Connected with the same faculty we shall find, that clear ideas seem to result from the necessity of our nature, in such a manner as solely to depend upon our own power; while we regard them as more perfect in proportion as they imply greater perfection in the object. De In. Em., §§ 108, 109.

We have brought these points together, although they do not all stand so in the work itself, in order to show the precise ground on which Spinoza posts himself, as affording a solid basis for his thoughts. Certainly he surveys his consciousness, and casts aside a great deal of it as worthless for his purpose. Yet it is no inductive philosophy of the mind that he thinks about. Certain signs, of one sort or another, there are of doubtful, fictitious, and false ideas, but truth is immediate, which the mind reflects, by its own virtue, as the mirror of nature. Only remember, therefore, that we are to ask, *first*, if there be not a cause of all things, and add to this, that the most perfect method (§ 38) is that which shows how to direct the mind according to the law of the idea of *the most perfect being*; and we shall see that instead of moving, by slow steps, towards the Infinite, Spinoza starts from it as an *assumed* true and positive idea; man's surest thought and causal thought of all others being the *idea*—objective essence—of the All-perfect.

We shall not detain the reader any longer from the work, in which he will find a complete application of the above method. It is entitled, 'Ethica,' and is the most extraordinary treatise

in these volumes. Unless a thinking man pause at the beginning, he must go to the end. At the early stage of the journey he may, perhaps, jump out; but afterwards, there is no such hope. It consists of five parts; and, instead of going through morals, and at length coming to theology, the latter is made the basis of the whole, with—as we must regard it—a meaning awfully significant. If miracles are nothing but *mirabilia*, Spinoza can work them—logically—to perfection. They astonish us here, as we follow his reasonings through the five-fold division of the work—*God; the mind; the passions; moral slavery*, or our subjection to them; *the force of the understanding*, or our emancipation.

The limits of this article will not allow us to do more than to direct attention to the foundation on which the whole superstructure rests. It is, in fact, the main thing to attend to here, as often elsewhere; for though the treatise consists of five parts, including manifold axioms and propositions, it may be summed up in almost five words—*God the Only and the All*.

The juxta-position of the following principles will do for a beginning. We shall select those which bear upon the same point:—

1. 'By Cause of itself, I understand that whose essence involves existence, or that whose nature cannot be conceived but as existing.'—Def. i.

2. 'By Substance I understand, that which is in itself, and is conceived by itself; that is, whose conception does not need the conception of anything else by which it is formed.'—Def. iii.

3. 'By God I understand, a Being absolutely infinite; that is, a Substance consisting of infinite attributes, each of which expresses an infinite and eternal essence.'—Def. vi.

4. 'That which cannot be conceived by another (vide 2) must be conceived by itself.'—Ax. ii.

5. 'Two substances of different attributes, have nothing in common.'—Prop. ii.

Here we stop. He can have no business whatever to suppose *two* substances in being. In each of the definitions of Cause, Substance, and God, *self-existence* is involved.

If it be said that his precise object is to reduce them all to one, we are fully aware of it, but there is no 'all' in the case. Our impression is, that he cannot go one step farther with this definition without covertly transferring the notion of the *self-existing* substance to the ordinary, popular notion of substance, which involves nothing of the kind. Thus, if we take his seventh proposition—'*It belongs to the nature of substance to exist*,' or, as he says in a letter (Ep. xxix.) to his friend Meyer—'Existence pertains to its essence,' and then go back to the sixth—'One

substance cannot be *created* by another substance,'—we have an impossibility solely arising out of an arbitrary definition. Hence the matter appears to us reducible to the following contradiction in terms:—one self-existent being cannot create another self-existent being. And this is equivalent to the expression—One Jehovah—the Eternal and Everlasting—cannot create another Jehovah. It follows (Pt. i. prop. 14) that 'no substance (self-existence) can exist except God.' But it does not follow (prop. 15) that 'whatever is, is in God,' and that 'nothing can be or be conceived without God;' for to exist and to be self-existent are not the same. Yet this is the gist of the entire question; a *petitio* that is fatal lurks in his definition, and belongs to his application of the principal term of the reasoning. Let the reader, whenever he comes to the word *substance*, change it for *self-existence*, and he will have a very different impression of the whole argument. With Spinoza, all that is cogitable by the *understanding*—in his sense—is either substance, attribute, or mode. God—'causa sui,' 'substantia'—consists of infinite attributes, of which we know only two—thought and extension. *Modes* follow from attributes. All phenomena, therefore, are *ultimately* modes of the Divine essence. Thus it follows, also, that we are '*pars alicujus entis cogitantis, cujus quedam cogitationes ex toto, quedam ex parte tantum, nostram mentem constituunt.*'—De Intel. Emend. § 73. Yes; in this scheme we are portions of the Deity. Our adequate ideas (*ex toto*) and our inadequate (*ex parte*), teach us that amid conscious limitation there is a substratum of infinity.

Now, against this doctrine rises up our whole personality. But Spinoza invokes the understanding, and precludes the objection now stated by assuring us that when we look at individuals or definite quantities, it is in the light of imagination. Who will grant him this? If there be any idea indestructible in man, it is that of his identity and personality. If the assurances of any power within us are to be trusted and taken as absolute—a position he holds in common with Des Cartes—who will allow him, from among those of one and the same character, to make his own arbitrary election? There is an end to knowledge if we reject any of the primitive affirmations of the mind.

As in this identity of God and all nature we lose our own personality, so likewise do we lose the personality of God. This is well represented by Coleridge:—

## SPINOZA'S SCHEME.

W — G = O; i.e., the World without  
God, is an impossible idea.  
G — W = O; i.e., God without the  
World, is so likewise.

## HEBREW, OR CHRISTIAN SCHEME.

W — G = O; i.e., the same as Spinoza's  
premiss: but  
G — W = G; i.e., God without the  
World, is *God the Self-subsistent*.—  
*Table Talk*, I. p. 57.

We know that the whole subject of creation is incomprehensible. But it is not rendered easier by telling us either that God is a necessary cause, or that nature and God are one. We do not think either that the whole question is reduced to the *immanence* of the Deity. The notion of the permanent and all-sustaining and even immediate action of the Divine Being through the entire universe is perfectly consistent with his independent existence. And appealing to Spinoza's own favourite power—the understanding—we may ask—Whether it receives, *with the same absolute and immediate conviction*, the two propositions—God is *res cogitans*: God is *res extensa*? He asserts that God is both; but if the one be metaphysically true for the understanding, and the other not so—at any rate not so readily so—then he cannot invoke this power on its behalf. It is not a perfectly absolute affirmation.

And that the act of consciousness is as we have represented it, we may appeal to all mankind. Nay, we may go farther, and say that the second proposition carries with it something like absurdity, for we cannot easily divest ourselves of the notion that extension is divisible. We must, however, pause; we have exceeded our limits, and encroached on the space which we intended to allot to a few remarks on the genius and character of this philosopher. Were we insensible to his great qualities, we should be sorry for it. The ill names that have been heaped upon him we repudiate. He did not deny an infinite fountain of intelligence. Mr. Colebrooke tells us, that ‘the real doctrine of the Indian Scripture is the *unity* of the Deity, *in whom the universe is comprehended*.’ *Asiat. Res.*, vol. viii. p. 474.

The Cabalists held the same, ‘that there is only one *substance*, namely, God—of whom all beings are modifications.’ Beausobre, *Hist. de Manichée*, liv. v. c. 1. Here Spinoza learned it. Spencer has a dash of it in the loves and endless transformations of nature—

‘All be he subject to mortalitie,  
Yet is *etern*e in mutabilitie.’—Book III. Canto vi. § 47.

Our author appeals to Paul's words, ‘In him we live and move,’ in vain, for the expression teaches simply the Scripture doctrine that from first to last we owe to God our existence. All this, however, shows that the infinity and omnipresence and universal agency of God lead to phrases, and sentiments too, bordering on Pantheism. How then does this grow into an evil? Mainly by reducing the poetry of existence to a logical formula. Spinoza was not content to read the Bible, to be ignorant, to love and to adore. He deludes himself, therefore, with the idea of possessing a power that *pierces the essence* of things, and can

wax-work them into definitions! He holds with the Cabalists (*ubi supra*) that there is no evil in the world, and proves that all men love God—by definitions. He was eminently a logician—with bad premises. *Spinozism* therefore is, and ever will be, obnoxious to the judgment of Joh. Alphon. Turretin—‘*Demonstratio Spinozæ pro una tantum substantia, miseris equivocationibus nititur.*’—Op. vol. i. p. 4.

With respect, however, to the *character* of its author, there is a pretty unanimous opinion among unprejudiced men. The eulogiums of Schleiermacher and Novalis are well known. These distinguished writers, however, view him with false and extravagant admiration. Many of the German divines wish us to judge of men without at all looking through a theological medium. It would make some of *them* look sorry enough. A Neologian, whose principles are sheer naturalism, is called a pious man! We do not deny that he is so *in his way*, but we know no Christian piety without loving Jesus Christ, and trusting in his name. A man may be a *God-intoxicated man*, and *the universe* may be *his only and eternal love*, without having the spirit of Christ. To us, therefore, he is ‘none of his.’

Under proper restrictions, we are ready to allow Spinoza great praise. Independent, generous, honest, and unflinching; simple, guileless, and frugal; he appears to us to have united, in a very high degree, manliness with philosophic virtue. Delicate from a child, acute, contemplative, stoical, his love of solitude was intense, and abstract thought his supreme gratification. Extremes often meet. Many of his sentiments remind us of the *porch*, and much of his practice, but in reality he was one of the most refined intellectual Epicureans the world ever saw. He refused the chair of philosophy at Heidelberg, in 1673, when offered to him by the Elector Palatine, as much from this cause as from the fear of intellectual bondage. Not that he was ever free in any respect. ‘I maintain,’ says he, ‘the fatal necessity of all things and actions.’ Epist. xxiii. Something *immanent*, we think, must have kept him from seeing and more fully realizing the practical consequences of his theory. Like a man absorbed in the construction of an infernal machine, as an exercise of skill, not considering into whose hands it may fall; so did he aim to perfect his plan, professedly contemning experience, and apparently blind to the probable effects of his scheme when allowed to mould the more ordinary elements of human nature. In this he was a signal example of philosophical fanaticism.

The most serious charge we can bring against him is, that he dealt *insincerely* with Christianity. It is a conviction that grows the more we read him, that here he acted the part of a *conscious*

sophist. An instance is before us. He explains the resurrection of Christ as *spiritual*, though he believes his death real; and taking the verse—'Let the *dead* bury their dead,' reduces all other cases to this evidently moral signification. 'Nor 'would it be difficult,' he adds, 'to explain the whole doctrine 'of the gospel according to this hypothesis.'—Epist. xxiii. Could he think that this would be the question with any honest critic? Did he not know that, as to the resurrection, the veracity of Christ was involved in its reality?

Thus, however, does he deal with sacred things all through; and therefore, with this deduction from his truthfulness and simplicity, do we take leave of his memory; regretting that, in this respect, a double portion of his spirit has fallen upon many, who, while presiding over schools of theology, receive the law at his mouth, and teach the art of explaining revelation by nature, and of promoting religion and piety by showing that the whole Bible is a tale.

ART. VI. *Eastern Life, Present and Past.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU. In three volumes. London, 1848.

THE tastes, and predilections of the civilized world, like many other things that belong to it, seem to be subject to certain widespread laws of extension and mutation. They have their periodic ebb and flow, and set now in one direction, now in another. For some time past, the East and everything oriental has had a considerable *run*. Books the most diverse in kind and merit, treating of Eastern places, manners, and men, have made their appearance. Grave, scholarly performances, demanding almost as much care and investigation for the proper reading, as for the writing of them; careful registers of incidents, and descriptions of scenes and characters; and dashing, brilliant, harum-scarum books, containing withal a solid substratum of good sense and valuable information. Pious divines have explored and studied the scenes and history of those lands which were the cradle of their holiest beliefs and the home of the Heaven-taught prophets and apostles of their religion; and political dreamers have looked for the demonstration of their reveries to the solution of 'the great Asiatic mystery.' Still much remains to be known and to be said. The work to which we have now to call the attention of our readers is in many respects unlike its predecessors, differing from them in its aim, and dissimilar in its execution, with merits peculiarly its own, and faults of which we hope it will be left in unrivalled possession.

In justice both to Miss Martineau and to ourselves, it is necessary to premise that we have a somewhat special design in our remarks upon the work before us. We do not wish it to be supposed that the amount of praise and censure to be found in our pages is, even in our own estimation, in exact proportion to the merits and defects of the book. We have neither space nor time for dilating upon both with the same degree of minuteness; and as, from the peculiar nature of the subject, we deem it far more important to correct what appear to us the errors, than to point out the beauties of the work, our notice of it might wear the aspect of uniform and indiscriminate censure, if we did not at once make the reader aware of the point of view which we propose to occupy.

When it was known that Miss Martineau had gone to visit Egypt and the East, of course everybody expected that a book of some sort or other would make its appearance in due time. The fair authoress could not have helped writing one. But the work which on this occasion comes forth as the production of her pen, appears to us to be in many respects a great mistake. She may perhaps have found it difficult to strike out a new path, yet we think she might have selected one much better suited to her than that which she has taken, and in which it is manifest to us that she has missed her way. Had she contented herself with telling us what she saw, and a little of what she felt, she would have done as much as any reasonable person could have expected from her, and quite as much as her oriental experience would have justified her in undertaking. So much of the present work as has this for its object is both valuable and interesting. As for the rest, she has attempted to grapple with a subject which is too large for her resources. Eastern life, present and past, is not a theme for the discussion of which the materials can be collected in the course of a few months' tour through Egypt and Syria, or digested in the brief space of time which it has taken Miss Martineau to write her book; and while we are quite ready to acknowledge and admire her great abilities and large acquirements, we beg most respectfully to tell her that she is very far from possessing enough of ancient and modern, and Eastern and Western lore, to justify her in attempting the solution of the great questions with which she has ventured to deal. She has totally failed to appreciate what she is pleased to term the 'responsibilities' of Eastern travel, in supposing that they demanded the enunciation of the very crude, very rash, and very ill-founded speculations which she has chosen to incorporate with her narrative, and to dignify with the somewhat pretending title which she has prefixed to the whole. Not only is the work a



mistake, but the title is a misnomer. It is not justified by the contents, and is itself an exponent of the exaggerated conceptions on which the whole is based.

The principle on which Miss Martineau has proceeded is, unfortunately, one rather common in these days, and we are getting a little tired of the fruits of it. There are some important conditions to be attended to, before 'the humblest thinker, or the most diffident inquirer, bringing together and testing with his best care, what he knows,' is called upon or entitled to 'say what he thinks and all that he thinks, on the topics of which his mind is full.' (Vol. iii. p. 334.) It needs no small discretion to decide whether 'what he knows,' even when 'tested with his best care,' bears such a proportion to the amount of what is to be known and ought to be known on the subject in question, as to entitle him to volunteer his services as the teacher or corrector of others; and we meet with but too many evidences of the rarity of this discretion. Most of all, however, is it needed when the conclusions arrived at are at variance with the carefully deduced and long cherished belief of those who have devoted to the investigation of the subject a large amount of patient toil and thought. When a man arrives at new and startling opinions on any subject, he is bound to satisfy himself that he knows that subject more thoroughly and accurately than those with whose opinions his own are at variance, before he ventures to utter to the world what he thinks. He may haply commit sacrilege, while he imagines himself only an iconoclast. It is very well to say that 'if he is mistaken, his errors will be all the less pernicious for being laid open to correction.' Till he has complied with the condition we have stated, he has no business to give those who know better the trouble of correcting him. It is quite enough to have to deal with the mistakes from which even those who should be competent to form a judgment are not exempt. If we are to adopt Miss Martineau's maxims, 'it is no concern of his whether what he thinks is new, nor, in this relation, whether it is abstractedly and absolutely true. Probably no one can say what is abstractedly and absolutely true. When all thinkers say freely what is to them true, we shall know more of abstract and absolute truth than we have ever known yet.' (Vol. iii. p. 334.) If this is anything more than the unmeaning truism, that fallible minds cannot on all subjects infallibly realize truth, it seems to us little better than a revival of the mischievous old sophistic doctrine, that there is nothing absolutely true, but that each man's mind is the measure and standard of truth to himself. We cannot recognise the possibility of anything being *true* to any

man, if it is not absolutely true, true for every one, as well as for him. There is such a thing as absolute truth with regard to every subject, though we cannot always be certain that we have found it; and it does very much concern every one who would guide others, to see that he has realized that amount of knowledge respecting the subject on which he advances his opinions, which will render it most probable that he has arrived at the abstract and absolute truth of that subject, or at least, at a portion of that truth. The great mistake that Miss Martineau has made is, that she has thrown out a quantity of very hasty speculations on a subject with which she is not so well acquainted as she ought to be to justify her in so doing; and far less acquainted than many of those whose most sacred convictions she would overthrow. Nor are those speculations so new and original as to claim excuse and toleration on the score of their being ingenious guesses which might guide or incite the investigations of others. Miss Martineau has added nothing to our *knowledge* of Eastern life in the past. She has not discovered a single fact bearing on the subject. With regard to Egypt, to which our attention will be mainly confined, she has not deciphered a single inscription that had not been read before, nor elicited from any ancient writer a single illustration which had not been quoted by others. Her knowledge on these subjects is quite second hand, and far from profound. We are at a loss to perceive how her brief sojourn in the East qualified or required her to pass sentence with so much confidence on matters, for acquaintance with which she has been indebted to books whose contents have long been familiar to those who have studied these matters.

Miss Martineau has divided her work into four parts: Egypt and its faith; Sinai and its faith; Palestine and its faith; and Syria and its faith. As might be supposed, therefore, the main interest of the work consists in the startling speculations respecting the nature and connexion of the venerable religions of Egypt and the East, which she has propounded with a degree of confidence—we had almost said recklessness—out of all proportion to the amount or stability of the data on which they are made to rest; the prominent idea of the whole being that enunciated at the end of the first volume, that ‘out of the valley of the Nile sprang Judaism, and out of Judaism issued in due time Christianity.’ Our remarks upon Miss Martineau’s own proper narrative must be much briefer than we could have desired, as it is by far the best part of her work. She has an exceedingly happy way of narrating and describing, arising from her great skill and taste in seizing upon the characteristic

features of an incident or scene. Close and attentive observation is far from being enough to enable the traveller to convey to others a distinct and vivid conception of what he has seen. It requires as much artistic power and discrimination to describe well as to paint well. Miss Martineau possesses in an eminent degree the requisites for re-creating in the minds of others the pictures which have been impressed upon her own. She has keen powers of observation, united to great taste and judgment, and both have been well exercised in her large experience as a traveller. Though we have read many books about Egypt, we never received from any or all of them so vivid a conception of the characteristic features of the country as from her pages. In narrating her travels, she has shown great good sense in not obtruding upon the reader a variety of uninteresting little particulars, such as one often has to wade through in books of travels, answering no other end than to exhibit the writer's egotism. She does not detain us with tedious accounts of the embarkation and voyage, or petty anecdotes of the passengers; things that do very well to chat about with one's friends, over a cup of tea, or to enliven the small talk of a party, but are scarcely ever worth putting into print, unless it be with the view of finding work for unemployed compositors in hard times.

Miss Martineau evidently started with a considerable amount of enthusiasm, but it is quite amusing to notice the intensity to which it attained before she reached the limit of her travels in this direction. Of course, the Pyramids produced a profound impression:—

‘So far from being disappointed, I was filled with surprise and awe; and so far was I from having anticipated what I saw, that I felt as if I had never before looked upon anything so new as those clear and vivid masses, with their sharp blue shadows, standing firm and alone on their expanse of sand. In a few minutes they appeared to grow wonderfully larger; and they looked lustrous and most imposing in the evening light. This impression of the Pyramids was never fully renewed.’—p. 25.

It was not long, however, before something much more insignificant than one of those wonderful old Pyramids was enough to produce sensations of astonishing awe. Thus, on approaching Manfaloot, some ancient catacombs were seen in the rocks. ‘So strong a reflected light shone into one of these caves, that we could see something of its interior. We called it a perfect ‘smugglers’ cave, with packages of goods within, and a dog on guard at the entrance. When we looked at it with the glass, however, we were grave in a moment. *We saw that the back and roof were sculptured.*’ Thebes proved almost the death of our traveller. Soon after coming in sight of the spot, ‘the Rama-

'seum was revealed, and I could distinguish its colossal statues. 'And next appeared—and *my heart stood still at the sight*—the 'Pair'. (The two seated figures on the plain.) (p. 83.) Near Aswan, the party had a bit of a ride in the desert. The impression it produced was of the intensest kind:

'I believed before that I had imagined the desert: but now I felt that nobody could. No one could conceive the confusion of piled and scattered rocks, which, even in a ride of three miles, deprives a stranger of all sense of direction, except by the heavens. These narrow passes among black rocks, all suffocation and glare, without shade or relief, are the very home of despair. The oppression of the sense of sight disturbs the brain, so that the will of the unhappy wanderer cannot keep his nerves in order. I thought of poor Hagar here, and seemed to feel her story for the first time. I thought of Scotch shepherds lost in the snow, and of their mild case (!) in comparison with that of Arab goatherds lost in the desert.'—p. 102.

As to the temples and statues, Miss Martineau appears to have been well nigh betrayed into deadly sin.

'I was never tired of gazing at the Osirides, everywhere, and trying to imprint ineffaceably on my memory the characteristics of the old Egyptian face;—the handsome arched nose, with its delicate nostril; the well-opened, though long eye; the placid, innocent mouth, and the smooth-rounded, amiable chin. Innocence is the prevailing expression; and sternness is absent. Thus the stiffest figures, and the most monotonous gesture, convey still only (?) an impression of dispassionateness and benevolence. The dignity of the gods and goddesses is beyond all description, from this union of fixity and benevolence. The difficulty to us now is, not to account for their having been once worshipped, *but to help worshipping them still.*'—p. 200.

Miss Martineau has detected, with a good deal of ingenuity, the reason of the imperfection that is to be found in the descriptions that previous travellers have frequently given of the scenery of the Nile. It is the peculiarity of the Nile valley that, owing to the yearly depositions of alluvium, which of course settles in the greatest quantity nearest to the bed of the river, the land of the valley slopes *upwards* from the base of the hills on either side to the river. The consequence is, that, unless it be quite high water, it is scarcely possible to see from the boat anything except the banks of the river and the mountains beyond. The following may be taken as a specimen of Miss Martineau's descriptions of the scenery:—

'Our donkeys took us up a very steep path, nearly to the first range of caves. When we turned to overlook the landscape, what a scene was there! Mr. E., who has travelled much, said he had never seen so rich an expanse of country. I felt that I had seen something like it; but I could not, at the moment, remember where. It was certainly

not in England; nor was it like the plains of Lombardy; nor yet the unfenced expanse of cultivation that one sees in Germany. At last, it struck me that the resemblance was to an Illinois prairie. The rich green, spreading on either hand to the horizon, was prairie-like: but I never was, in Illinois, on a height which commanded one hundred miles of unbroken fertility, such as I now saw. And even in Illinois, in the finest season, there is never such an atmosphere as here gave positive brilliancy to every feature of the scenery. A perfect level of the most vivid green extended north and south, till it was lost, not in haze, but from the mere inability of the eye to take in more: and through this wound away, from end to end, the full blue river. To the east, facing us, was the varied line of the Arabian hills, of a soft lilac tint. Seventeen villages, overshadowed by dark palms, were set down beside the river, or some little way into the land; and the plain was dotted with Arab husbandmen and their camels, here and there, as far as the eye could reach. Below us lay the town, with its brown, flat-roofed houses, relieved by the palms of its gardens, and two or three white cupolas, and fourteen minarets, of various heights and forms. Between it and us lay the causeway, enlivened by groups of Arabs, with their asses and camels, appearing and disappearing among the thickets of acacia which bordered it. Behind all lay the brilliant Djebel—with its glowing yellow lights and soft blue shadows. The whole scene looked to my eyes as gay as the rainbow, and as soft as the dawn.'—p. 55.

A chapter of about fifty pages is devoted to a brief sketch of Egyptian history. We cannot but regard it as an extremely unsatisfactory performance. It is not ample enough to convey to persons unacquainted with its subject more than the most meagre outline of what is known, while on the other hand it contains a great deal more than is necessary for the study of the monuments. It is not the result of original investigation. All the facts that it embodies are derived from very accessible sources; and what is certain and well ascertained is mixed up, with a strange want of discrimination, with what is problematical and improbable. The plain, uncorrected statements of Herodotus stand side by side, in a most perplexing manner, with the results at which modern investigators believe they have arrived. Thus, after speaking of Menes, the first king of Egypt, Miss Martineau mentions that the priests read to Herodotus a list of 330 sovereigns who succeeded Menes, ending with Moeris. Does she believe in these 330 kings? If not, why does she introduce any allusion to them without remarking that the number exceeds all possibility. Even Manetho only makes out 130 in his 17 dynasties which occupy that period. Bunsen, the latest and most successful investigator of Egyptian history, reckons only 37 kings from Menes to the Shepherd dynasty. *Ägyptens Stelle in der Weltgeschichte*. Drittes Buch., p. 122.

Miss Martineau seems indeed to be but imperfectly acquainted with Bunsen's results, though she refers both to him and to Lepsius. If she has seen the works of these authors, she cannot have bestowed upon them more than a cursory glance. She sets down 889 years as the duration of the first period of Egyptian history, as ascertained from astronomical calculation and critical research. We are not aware of any astronomical calculations that can fix the *duration* of the period: as to the critical research, Bunsen assigns to it 1076 years. Miss Martineau makes the middle monarchy extend from B.C. 2754 to B.C. 1825; Bunsen, from B.C. 2567 to B.C. 1639. We do not contend for the accuracy of Bunsen's results: but Miss Martineau appeals to him as an authority. She evidently assents to the idea of contemporaneous sovereignties in Egypt to account for the number of dynasties given by Manetho. We commend to her attention an able article on the Chevalier's work which appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review,' between two and three years ago, and which appears to us to be conclusive against the hypothesis in question. Considering the yet extremely uncertain character of so much of the Egyptian chronology, it is amusing to find Miss Martineau speaking of it as though it were a kind of standard by which others could be securely tested.

It is not in her case alone, however, that a singular readiness is apparent to regard as infallible the chronological data of all records, except those of the Hebrew nation, if they do but appear to be in contrariety to the latter. And yet, apart from any question about inspiration, the chronology of the Hebrew nation bears upon the face of it a claim to attention greater than that of any other ancient people in the total absence of exaggeration with regard to national antiquity. Miss Martineau evidently has an idea that the commencement of Egyptian civilization should be carried back long before the establishment of the kingdom of Menes. Thus, when mentioning the story about the priests of Thebes showing to Hecataeus of Miletus a series of 345 colossal wooden statues of the high priests, each of whom was the son of his predecessor, and repeating their accounts of the enormous number of years that had elapsed since the reign of the gods upon earth, she remarks: 'We can gather from this legendary history thus much,—that the priests then looked back upon a long reach of time, and believed the art of registering to be of an old date,' (p. 151.) We do not think that anything more can be gathered from it than that they looked upon a long row of great wooden statues, and that they did not exhibit much more sense than the wooden blocks themselves, if they believed each to have been set up by the high

priest whom it represented, and that too at Thebes, though, as Miss Martineau herself, with a slight degree of affectation, repeatedly tells us, the plain of Thebes lay bare until towards the close of the first period of Egyptian history. Men have not historical eyes in the backs of their heads by which they can look over the expanse of the past. Their *vision* is confined to the *present*. With respect to what is bygone, they may believe, they may guess, and it is as well to bear in mind that they can *invent*, but they cannot *see*.

Miss Martineau appears, also, to be under a considerable misapprehension as to the amount of chronological knowledge to be derived from the Egyptian monuments and inscriptions. She speaks of their inestimable use in identifying personages and declaring their dates. Now these inscriptions do not give dates B.C., and the Egyptians had no era, whose date can be ascertained, from which they reckoned. The utmost that inscriptions can do in this way is to specify that such and such a work was constructed, or that an event took place in such or such a year of the reign of some king. As to the whole question of Egyptian chronology, and its coincidence or disagreement with that of the scriptures, we are under no particular anxiety. Modern research by no means tends to exalt the antiquity of the Egyptian kingdom. Bunsen does not carry it beyond B.C. 3643. It is quite as likely as not that future investigations will strike off some 500 or 600 years of this space,—perhaps more; for there is the utmost uncertainty as to the whole theory upon which Bunsen founds many of his calculations, and several extensive periods are involved in what is, at present, all but hopeless obscurity.\* On the other hand, we ought not to forget that it has by no means been settled yet what the chronology of the scriptures is. All the three versions of it that exist—the Hebrew, Samaritan, and Septuagint—cannot be correct. The Septuagint

\* Mr. Grote (*History of Greece*, vol. iii. p. 410) remarks: 'To compare these lists, (of Egyptian kings, which have come down to us,) and to reconcile them, as far as they admit of being reconciled, is interesting, as enabling us to understand the Egyptian mind, but conducs to no trustworthy chronological results.' We cannot help it if Miss Martineau should be scandalized by the following opinion of the same able historian: 'What the proportion of historical items may be, included in this aggregate, we have no means of testing, nor are the monuments in Egyptian temples in themselves a proof of the reality of the persons or events which they are placed to commemorate, any more than the Centauremachia or Amazonomachia on the frieze of a Grecian temple proves that there really existed Centaurs or Amazons. But it is interesting to penetrate, so far as we are enabled, into the scheme upon which the Egyptians themselves conceived and constructed their own past history, of which the gods form quite as essential an element as the human kings; for we depart from the Egyptian point of view, when we treat the gods as belonging to Egyptian religion and the human kings to Egyptian history—both are parts of the same series.'—*Ibid.* p. 448.

chronology makes the period from Adam to Abraham longer by 1400 years than the Hebrew does; and opinion is setting strongly in favour of the Septuagint chronology. The reader who is inclined to investigate the subject will derive much valuable assistance from Professor Wallace's *Dissertation on the True Age of the World*. (London, 1844.) At present we wait with considerable interest for the completion of Bunsen's work, involving his comparison of the Egyptian and Hebrew chronology.

During their ascent of the Nile, the travellers had wisely abstained from stopping at the various points of interest, that they might not lose the advantage of the full stream. But on their return, they explored and grubbed about among the ancient sand-buried temples and tombs, with a diligence and enthusiasm almost unprecedented. Miss Martineau seems to have been perfectly voracious in her appetite for this sort of thing. No worshipper of art ever gloated over a newly-found Titian or Guido, with more rapture than Miss Martineau half-worshipped before the old paintings of the Nubian and Egyptian temples. She actually set to work to scrub down one of these ancient temple chambers:

'We sent down to the boat—about half a mile—for water, tow, soap, and one or two of the crew; and while the rest of my party went to explore the great modern temple, I tucked up my sleeves, and began to scrub the walls, to show the boy Hasan what I wanted him to do. I would let no one touch the wall, however, till I had convinced myself that no colour would come off. The colours were quite fast. We might rub with all our strength without injuring them in the least. It was singularly pleasant work, bringing forth to view these elaborate old paintings.'—p. 233.

We cannot help thinking, that it is a most fortunate thing for us that Herodotus was not Miss Martineau. How she would have devoured the legends and stories of those old priests! What wonders we should have had told us of the ancient kings, and their wars and magnificence! For though Miss Martineau is disposed to give the priests credit for wonderful honesty of purpose, we think it pretty evident, from the stories handed down through the Greek and Latin writers, that the meaning of the word *humbug* was not totally unknown in Egypt. And it is one out of many proofs of the deep respect with which the character of Herodotus must have impressed his contemporaries, that comparatively so little imposition seems to have been attempted in his case. His account of Egypt exhibits marvellous caution and discrimination, as well as an intelligent and large-hearted appreciation of the wonders of that truly wonderful country.



When, however, we speak of Egypt being a wonderful country, we must guard our readers against supposing that we at all sympathize with Miss Martineau's views of the genius and acquirements of the ancient Egyptians. According to her, the entire civilized world owes ultimately to them its civilization, its art, its philosophy, and its religion. As to their mechanical skill, 'it would hardly surprise her more to see a company of ants 'carrying a life-size statue, than it did to measure the building 'stones and colossi of the East,' (i. p. 197.) Their edifices were erected by 'art inconceivable to us,' (p. 292.) We have already seen what Miss Martineau thought of the artistic genius of the Egyptians in its larger manifestations—their temples and colossi. But this astonishing people excelled equally in the minute. Not only is our traveller 'impressed by the majesty of the apparel of worship,' but 'bewitched by the beauty of the details of the adornments.' As to philosophy, 'it really appears as if the great men of Greece and 'other countries had little to say on the highest and deepest 'subjects of human inquiry, till they had studied at Memphis, 'or Sais, or Thebes, or Heliopolis,' (p. 170.) 'Plato sat where 'Moses had sat, at the feet of the priests, gaining, as Moses 'had gained, an immortal wisdom from their lips,' (p. 172.) We are assured that we have 'every possible evidence of their *unsurpassed devoutness*,' (p. 207.) Hear that, ye Davids and Isaiahs, ye Johns and Pauls, and blush for your degeneracy. As to their religious belief, in Miss Martineau's version of it, it is positively as good as the Apostles' Creed in the Prayer-book; only put Osiris for Jesus Christ, and Kneph for the Holy Ghost. Indeed, Miss Martineau is somewhat apt to enunciate what she believes to be their religious doctrines in language which, we must confess, it gives us a painful sensation to read, accustomed as we are to use it only with reference to the one living and true God, and his only Son, our Saviour.

Now from all this estimate we entirely dissent. Miss Martineau, and some others before her, have most enormously overrated those old Egyptians. We believe them to have been a race in intellectual capacity very far below the Greeks, the Romans, and the civilized European races of the present time; and we hold that (as would be the natural result) in religion, in philosophy, in science, in art, aye, and in mechanics, they were mere children compared to the men of these days. And as the matter is of no small importance in relation to the theories set forth by Miss Martineau about the origin and connexion of the religions of the East, we shall proceed to give a few reasons for our opinion. We can assure our readers that

our views have not been formed in violation of the maxim which Miss Martineau quotes from Lord Bacon, and of which she has herself made a most curious use. We, too, are 'not apt to affirm that they knew little, because what they knew is little known to us.' But we would venture, with all deference, to suggest that a cautious and discriminating avoidance of sweeping negations is very different from the wholesale affirmation of that of which we have no evidence. And it must not be forgotten that there are circumstances in which the absence of evidence for the existence of anything is a valid reason, not merely for doubting, but for denying, its existence. That is very much the case in the present instance. We know, as yet, comparatively little of ancient Egypt in some respects, and yet a great deal in others, quite enough, indeed, to warrant an induction as to the probability of a great deal more, with regard to which we have no positive affirmations.

As to the average intellectual capacity of the Egyptians, we think our estimate amply confirmed by the monuments and marks of such as they had, which they themselves have left, and which we shall proceed presently to consider more in detail. We do not, therefore, deem it necessary for our argument to appeal to the physiological evidence furnished by their bodily and cerebral conformation, though this tends decidedly to show that their intellectual capacity was not large. Without wishing to express or advocate a belief in the specialities of phrenology, we see no reason for setting aside the opinion which is supported by so many able physiologists, that, so far as regards the general features of conformation, there is as marked a peculiarity belonging to the different races of men, as there unquestionably is in their average capacity, and the general features of their character; and as this conformation goes along with, it is also a mark of, certain features of character and intellect. Now it is well known that the ancient Egyptians exhibited in their physical peculiarities many features in common with the negro races, combined with some which characterize the higher type of humanity which is found in what have been termed the Caucasian races. Whatever degree of weight, however, may be laid upon considerations of this kind, it seems to us very evident that the Egyptians, though they certainly made large advances in many respects, exhibited a singular incapacity for reaching that lofty intellectual standard which we find, for instance, in the ancient Greeks. Look at their art. Of this we have remains quite extensive enough to enable us to form a judgment. Miss Martineau tells us, indeed, that we know nothing about it in England.

'I know,' she says, 'that it is useless to repeat it here; for I meet everywhere at home people who think, as I did before I went, that between books, plates, and the stiff and peculiar character of the Egyptian architecture and sculpture, Egyptian art may be almost as well known and conceived of in England as on the spot. I can only testify, without hope of being believed, that it is not so; that instead of ugliness I found beauty; instead of the grotesque I found the solemn; and when I looked for rudeness from the primitive character of art, I found the sense of the soul more effectually reached than by works which are the result of centuries of experience and experiment.' —p. 85.

We do not for an instant doubt that such was Miss Martineau's experience, but we hope she will forgive us for entertaining the belief that this effect was the result, to a very large extent, of the fervid state of her own imagination. We really can come to no other conclusion, when we find her declaring that 'she can never believe that anything else so majestic as the Pair (of colossi at Thebes) has ever been conceived of by the imagination of art,' and that 'nothing, even in nature, ever affected her so unspeakably; no thunder-storm in her childhood, nor any aspect of Niagara, or the great lakes of America, or the Alps, or the Desert, in later years.' (p. 84.) 'Ah,' said a lady, not long since, to a friend of ours, who was expatiating on the pleasure of being able to delineate, not merely busts and designs, but the glorious and exquisite scenes and objects which Nature presents, 'Ah, Nature is all very well, but those beautiful statues!' She almost rivalled Miss Martineau. Would the latter have felt as much enthusiasm if the statues had been perfect, and not ten years old? We are strengthened in our belief as to the state of the case, by finding that 'no impression exceeded the first, and none was like it.' We do not believe that this is ever the case with any really great work of art, when gazed at by those capable of appreciating it, if it is left to produce its own proper impression. Certainly our own experience is the very reverse of Miss Martineau's. But her imagination seems to be so subtle, as well as suggestive, that she is not always conscious of the mode in which she is influenced by it. Thus we find her saying, with reference to the grotesque forms of the limestone ranges, 'In a few days I saw, *without looking for them*, so many colossal figures of men and animals springing from the natural rock, so many sphinxes and strange birds, that I was quite prepared for anything I afterwards met with in the temples.' (p. 68.) As to these same colossi, they must have been grievously slandered in all the representations that we have seen, if Miss Martineau's impression

was just. They appear to us to have nothing but their great size to render them notable as works of art. The Egyptians must have had very awkwardly shaped bodies, and have sat in most ungainly, stiff positions, if they ever looked like those sitting colossi. Miss Martineau tells us their heads were serene. (p. 88.) Perhaps they were once; but we should fancy it must require some imagination to discover it now, for their faces, unfortunately, have got terribly knocked to pieces, and the predominant sentiment of the backs of their heads, with the cumbersome Egyptian coiffure, seems to us to be that of clumsiness. No doubt the sight of such huge figures is impressive; but hugeness is not the same thing as art. They are certainly wonderful, but we should demur to calling them 'sublime.'

Then, again, as to architecture,—there is a good deal of justice in what Miss Martineau says of the *appropriateness* of the Egyptian structures to the characteristic features of the surrounding scenery, and we can readily conceive that it requires a visit to Egypt to realize this properly. But still, granting all that Miss Martineau could desire on this point, we hold to the opinion that what the Egyptians accomplished in their own peculiar style was not so good as it might have been, and that they showed themselves incapable of reaching excellence even in what most fell in with their tastes and conceptions. For instance, they showed an almost total inability to appreciate the effect of symmetry. Surely every one must admit, that, in an artistic point of view, this is a gross deficiency, and not a characteristic required by the idea of *appropriateness*. Thus, in the remains at Philae, 'the propyla do not agree with each other, nor with the colonnade in the avenue, nor with those in the area. No two chambers are of the same size. The doorways do not answer to each other, any more than the columns. There is a total want of coherence of parts.' (p. 241.) In one part ten columns are intended to correspond to seven. Ten other columns are in pairs as to their designs, but not as to their position. We insist, therefore, that the Egyptian conceptions of architectural art are not to be named in the same breath with those of the Greeks, or with those of the nations whom the Greeks have taught.

When we come down to the smaller works of art,—paintings and sculptures on walls, for instance,—the same result is arrived at. With reference to these, we can judge quite as well in England as on the banks of the Nile, just as we can judge of the Elgin marbles without going to Athens; and we have little doubt that any one who will go to the British Museum, or inspect the very numerous plates that we have in descriptive

works on Egypt, will agree with us that the Egyptian conceptions of art were utterly barbaric. We have seen, however, that Miss Martineau was actually *bewitched* by the Egyptian paintings. If the reader will turn to the volume of illustrations to Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians*, he will find a drawing of what our authoress calls 'the glorious Egyptian symbol of the heavens; 'the long arms of the goddess Pe encircling a whole compartment of the ceiling.' We should recommend an inspection of it as a practical commentary upon the import of the word *glorious*, as applied in certain quarters to what is Egyptian. As an indication of mental capacity and culture we are disposed to attach great importance to the monuments of art left by a people who exhibited so remarkable a fondness for painting and sculpture, united with such great *mechanical* skill in handling their materials.

Miss Martineau speaks confidently of the Egyptians having had an extensive written literature. (p. 178.) We beg leave to question this. They had, no doubt, besides their inscriptions, written laws, state archives, and religious books. These last, too, seem to have included a variety of subjects—medicine, astronomy, a chorographical description of Egypt, hymns, mythology, and laws and regulations on both civil and religious subjects. At least, such is the account which Clemens Alexandrinus gives of the miscellaneous collection which in his days was looked upon as the Egyptian Bible. But beyond these we have no evidence of their having possessed any literature; and we must say that, taken all together, it is a very poor show for a people among whom the art of writing (such as it was) existed so early. The ancient Greek writers, who had a great deal of intercourse with the priests, tell us of nothing in the shape of literature except what we have mentioned. And we greatly question whether much of that was very ancient. It remains to be shown that even the Egyptian sacred writings were embodied into anything like a canon till a very late period. Certain it is that Clemens Alexandrinus is the first writer from whom we get any account of them as forming a collection like that of the Hebrew scriptures. When Greek learning and Greek literature were planted on the soil of Egypt under the very noses of the Egyptian priests, and even the Hebrew scriptures were sought for and translated, how is it that we do not find Miss Martineau's extensive Egyptian literature, the literature of thousands of years, asserting its rightful supremacy? Again, judge them by that branch of composition for which they showed the greatest aptitude. Herodotus (ii. 77) tells us that of all races of men whom he had met with, the Egyptians were the most addicted

to the preservation of memorials of events. Diodorus (i. 44) says that they had written descriptions of all their kings. They were also careful to preserve records of extraordinary phenomena and of the events which ensued upon them.—(Herod. ii. 82.) Still, here again we see the remarkable incapacity of the Egyptians for carrying anything that required the exercise of the higher powers of the mind to perfection or even excellence. With all their records they had no history. Even their sacred books, as Bunsen remarks, did not contain any history of the Egyptian nation. We infer from the wide discrepancies between the accounts of Herodotus and Diodorus, and from the extensive corrections that modern examinations of the monumental records and the fragments of Manetho have introduced into both, that Egyptian history, even as understood by the priests, was in a very unsettled condition. There is no reason to suppose that Herodotus and Diodorus have not told us substantially what they heard. We gather it also from what we know of Manetho. Even Miss Martineau says (p. 189) that he derived his information from the inscriptions in the temples.\* He was, very likely, an honest, pains-taking man; but to call him an *able historian* is going rather too far. We know what a mess he made of his list of kings, which Eratosthenes was obliged to correct. Manetho deserved, we dare say, great credit for what he did, and his work was unquestionably of the greatest importance. But what he has left subsequent investigators to do shows what indifferent materials he must have had to work upon. Had his work been preserved, we should doubtless have known a vast quantity of isolated facts (or fictions), but we should have had, after all, only the materials out of which a higher genius than that of the Egyptians would have had to construct a history of Egypt. We ought, probably, to be thankful that modern ingenuity has been spared the task. The records of a people who pretended to annals stretching over a period of 8000 years (Plato, *Tim.* p. 23), who read to Herodotus a list of 330 kings, succeeding Menes and ending with Moeris, and had colossal wooden statues of 345 high priests succeeding each

\* It is carefully to be remembered that Manetho was entirely at the mercy of the priestly computations which he found. The celebrated German scholar, Boeckh, has shown, almost to demonstration, that the Egyptian chronology was not a *recorded*, but an *invented system*. It was adjusted to fit in with the astronomical cycle termed the Sothic period, consisting of 1460 years. Our readers may judge for themselves respecting the reliance that is to be placed upon the lengths of reigns determined in this manner. As to the number of kings, Bunsen himself has shown that it was often the practice of Egyptian kings to interpolate in their registers certain favoured lines of royal forefathers, to the exclusion of the contemporary reigning princes, and that in such numbers, and in such a manner, as to afford scope for multiplying *ad infinitum* the Pharaohs of the ancient empire.

other in a direct line, each set up by the high-priest whom it represented, and that, too, in a city which was not for a thousand years, or thereabouts, after Menes, would have tried the sagacity and industry of half a dozen Niebuhrs. The *λογιώτατοι* of Herodotus (ii. 77) is the superlative rather of quantity than of quality.

But where are the remnants of the poetry of this 'extensive written literature' of 'wise old races,' the originators in general of civilization, art, philosophy, and religion to the world at large, and the Hebrews and Greeks in particular? One cannot of course absolutely say that we shall never behold a portly volume with some such title as *Fragmenta Poeseos Ægyptiacæ*. Until it appears, however, we shall not venture to pronounce upon the extent or character of Egyptian poetry. Our readers may form what judgment they like of an ox-driver's song, still extant, written up beside the picture of the driver in a tomb, which Miss Martineau quotes, and which she tells us (no doubt on very high authority) is the very song that identical driver was singing while Moses was a child.—p. 274.

'Thresh for yourselves, O oxen: thresh for yourselves.  
Thresh for yourselves, O oxen; thresh for yourselves.  
Measures for yourselves, measures for your masters.  
Measures for yourselves, measures for your masters.'

Verily the bucolic muse of Egypt exhibits no great imagination.

But, independently of the absence of positive information, it appears to us that the very fact that the Egyptians showed such excessive fondness for sculpturing and painting what they wanted to describe or record, tends strongly to show that they were all but strangers to everything deserving the name of a written literature. That pictorial method of representation is thoroughly indicative of a certain infantile stage of mental culture. The obstinacy with which they adhered to their most unmanageable, intricate, and grotesque mode of writing, points to the same result. The higher kinds of literary culture must have been perfectly impossible with such an unwieldy instrument. The characteristics of the genius of a people are always unmistakeably imprinted on their language and their mode of representing its sounds. Only compare Arabic, Hebrew, and Greek. The Egyptians had an uncouth language, and a still more uncouth mode of representing it. We think that both displayed the characteristics of the national mind. In anything which required little more than ingenuity and patient elaboration, the Egyptian excelled, while he exhibited no inclination or capacity for that which demanded the loftier powers of the mind. He could invent the highly artificial and elaborate

system of hieroglyphics; but alphabetic writing was a step that he never took, and the advantages of which he seems never to have appreciated. So in art, the Egyptians could devise intricate and showy patterns for decorations, and seemed never tired of chipping the surfaces of granite blocks into hieroglyphical emblems, or figures of animals and men and gods. But an artistically-conceived group they never realized even in painting: the barbaric and conventional being the highest reach of which they were capable. In manufactures and mechanical arts, we admit, they attained great excellence; though we equally hold it to be a great exaggeration to speak of them as superior to the moderns. We have not the smallest doubt that their granite blocks were quarried and transported by the application of the simplest mechanical contrivances. In looking at this question, we must not forget that one remarkable feature of Egyptian engineering was the enormous disproportion between the amount of labour bestowed and the value of the work accomplished. No modern king would think of setting relays, each consisting of 100,000 men, to work, to build a pyramid, and spending ten years in the construction of a causeway for the purpose of conveying the stones (Herod. ii. 124); and all to make a place to bury himself in. If modern engineers should set to work, for instance, to fetch the unfinished obelisk out of the quarries of Syene, (with reference to which obelisk, by the way, one of Miss Martineau's friends has corrected a common error,) the only thing to be feared is that they would not use means sufficiently simple. Plenty of levers, and plenty of men, and plenty of time, would suffice to transport any block that the Egyptians ever moved. But an Egyptian engineer could never have built the dome of St. Peter's, or thrown a suspension bridge over the Menai Strait; and with all his experience in moving great blocks of granite, we think he would have opened his eyes at the sight of a mechanical feat which was recently performed—the removal of a brick-built house, two stories in height, to a distance of many yards from its old foundation, without starting a single plank, or cracking the paper on the walls.

If we look to the astronomy of the Egyptians, we shall find that though they seem to have preserved records of astronomical phenomena from very early times, they never rivalled the Chaldeans. Probably their records were of a very rough description. Ptolemy, though he lived in Egypt, never makes use of Egyptian records or observations. This could hardly have been from the priests concealing their knowledge through a proud contempt for Greek science: for we find them sensitive



enough with regard to their own celebrity, to make them endeavour to palm off upon the Greeks a story of the Chaldeans being an Egyptian colony. (*Diodorus*, i. 81.) Even in geometry, for which they were more celebrated, we have no evidence that they ever did more than discover a few elementary propositions, and that in an empirical manner. It is pretty clear that it required Greek genius to raise geometry to the rank of a science.

But what are we to say to the philosophy of the Egyptians? Miss Martineau regards all the great masters of thought among the Greeks as having derived the substance of their ideas from Egypt. We believe nothing of the sort, and have no hesitation in affirming that the Egyptians never had anything deserving the name of philosophy, and that the utmost which they had to communicate consisted of traditions or speculations respecting the gods and the origin of the world and living things, together with, probably, a considerable knowledge of medicine, and some of chemistry, and divers political maxims, the result of Egyptian political experience. The 'wisdom of the Egyptians' also contained a good deal of what we should call charlatanry, and Miss Martineau mesmerism,—such as astrology, magic, and so forth. We have no anticipation that the world would be made wonderfully wiser, if all that the Egyptians have left behind them could be deciphered. Miss Martineau, however, is of a different opinion.

'If he is also aware that the religion, philosophy, and science of the world for many thousand years—a religion, philosophy, and science which reveal a greater nobleness, depth, and extent, the more they are explored—are recorded there under our very eyes and hands, he will see that no nobler task awaits any lover of truth and of his race than that of enabling mankind to read these earliest volumes of its own history.'—(p. 178.)

Now what are the antecedent probabilities of the case? Science and philosophy need for their development the vigorous elasticity of intellect which is only attained in the free interchange of thought, and preserved amid the emulation and rivalry of a well-developed state of social organization. A close and exclusive body like the priest caste of Egypt, surrounded by a people that remained, or were kept, in that cramped rigidity which is the essence of the caste system, cultivating philosophy purely for their own amusement, with no external impulse to force it upon them, and no temptation to make known its results, would be a phenomenon so remarkable, that evidence of a very strong and decisive kind would be necessary to render it credible. This we have not got, let Miss Martineau say what she will. The mode in which she endeavours to

establish her view of the matter is somewhat curious. She looks out for all the great sages or legislators whose appearance has formed an era in the development of humanity, whom she can ascertain to have visited Egypt, and to have talked with, or learned from, the priests. Then, *assuming* that it was from these priests that they learned all, or most, of what they had that was worth knowing, she adds together their respective achievements in their various departments, and asks us to believe that this was the wisdom of the Egyptians. Put together Moses and Solon, Thales, Pythagoras and Plato, and the result is of course something prodigious,—something too, which we are sure it would have required heads a great deal bigger than those of the Egyptians to hold.

Of Moses we shall have to speak presently; and as his is the most important case, it will be as well to prepare the way by considering that of some of the others.

Miss Martineau seems to have forgotten, that in treating of Greek philosophy, and especially of Greek philosophers who visited Egypt, professed writers on Egypt are not the safest authorities. They have not always been profound Greek scholars, and human frailty is not altogether proof against the temptation of somewhat unduly extolling what is the writer's pet subject. They do not invariably scrutinize very narrowly the evidence of that which is to the praise and glory of those of whose greatness they are anxious to convince us. If Miss Martineau will consult the most accomplished and profound investigators of the history of Greek philosophy, she will find that they have arrived at totally different results from herself. Not one of her instances will bear examination. Take Thales: all that there is the slightest chance of his having derived from Egypt consists of some elementary geometrical propositions, and we have but very late and poor authority for his having been taught even these by the Egyptians. He did not learn much astronomy from them if he fixed the duration of the year at 365 days. As regards his distinctive philosophical system, his speculations belong to one of the most remarkable and original manifestations of the Greek mind. The philosophers of the Ionic school, abandoning the old Greek cosmogonies, set themselves to deduce from a single primordial principle the origin and constitution of the universe as a whole. Thales supposed water to be that principle; Anaximenes selected air, or something of the kind. Anaximander assumed merely a certain indefinite *something*, with no actual *qualities* of its own, but potentially involving all qualities, and capable of evolving all possible phenomena. But Thales had no more occasion to

go to Egypt for his primordial principle than Anaximander and Anaximenes had for theirs. Nor is there anything in the theory of Thales that looks at all Egyptian in its origin. Miss Martineau, misled by late and uncritical authorities, who were rather too prone to imagine that their own guesses and inferences were of equal value with authentic statements, makes Thales hold the doctrine of a Divine Creator of the universe. (p. 165.) She ought to have known that the conception of an intelligent principle fashioning the universe into shape and order, was first introduced into Greek philosophy by Anaxagoras. The idea of a Creating Deity was something totally foreign to the Ionic school. In geometry, astronomy, and geography, Anaximander was far before Thales, and he did not learn of the Egyptians. We see nothing peculiarly Egyptian in giving the name, life (or rather *soul*), to every motive principle. In Solon's case Miss Martineau is still more unfortunate, for his visit to Egypt in which he conversed with the learned priests of Sais, was *subsequent* to his legislation at Athens. (Plutarch, *Sol.* 26, comp. Grote, *Hist. of Greece*, vol. iii. p. 196.) We therefore shall not stay to discuss how much the Athenians 'profited on his return by his studies at Sais,' though the idea of the Solonian constitution having an Egyptian origin is sufficiently amusing to tempt us to dwell upon it. Well, but surely Pythagoras learnt a great deal from the Egyptians? We more than doubt it. It is true Miss Martineau '*strongly suspects* it would be 'found, if the truth could be known, that more of the spiritual 'religion, the abstruse philosophy, and the lofty ethics and political views of the old Egyptians have found their way into the 'general mind of our race through Pythagoras than by any or all 'other channels, except perhaps the institutions of Moses, and 'the speculations of Plato.' (p. 167.) The Egyptian origin of the philosophy of Pythagoras never was anything more than a *strong suspicion*, or rather invention, based on the very untrustworthy accounts of his philosophical doctrines, given by certain Neo-Platonic or Neo-Pythagorean philosophers, who made a somewhat anomalous compound of Greek speculation and Eastern mysticism, and were very anxious to make the world believe that they had derived it from Pythagoras or Plato. The statements of Porphyrius and Iamblichus are not in the least to be depended on. We suppose it was from some such sources, or from those who had borrowed from them, that Miss Martineau ascertained that Pythagoras taught the Emanation theory of the East. The moment we consult *authentic* records of the Pythagorean doctrine,—the statements of Aristotle, and the fragments of Philolaus, who was the first Pythagorean

philosopher who published an exposition of the doctrine in a written form,—all the oriental features of that doctrine vanish with surprising rapidity. It connects itself closely with the speculations of the Ionic school, being an advance upon the doctrine of Anaximander. Pythagoras, like him, assumed an indefinite, infinite something (*ἄπειρον*), having no *actual* existence of itself, but attaining to actuality and *positive* existence, when fixed and determined by the definiteness of number. As to the theological views of Pythagoras we know almost absolutely nothing; but the institution of a secret religious cultus was a common phenomenon in the history of Greek religion. Indeed, some authorities connect Pythagoras with the ancient race of the Tyrrhenian Pelasgians, among whom a cultus of this kind was kept up. There is not the slightest probability of the political element in the Pythagorean association having been borrowed from Egypt, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether the institutions of Pythagoras originally contemplated political influence at all. (See the able and judicious discussion of the subject by Mr. Grote: *Hist. of Greece*, vol. iv. p. 544.) There is the utmost uncertainty as to the ascetic or superstitious usages said to have been borrowed by Pythagoras from Egypt. The authorities on the subject are both late and contradictory. The only well authenticated Pythagorean doctrine which has its counterpart in the Egyptian belief, is that of the metempsychosis; and even this might have been learnt by Pythagoras from the Greek Pherecydes. The testimony of Herodotus on the subject is merely that of the Egyptian priests; and we have seen, in the case of the Chaldeans, enough to put us on our guard with respect to their statements of the Egyptian parentage of the science and speculations of others. The most learned and able investigators of the history of Greek philosophy,—Ritter, Brandis, Thirlwall, Grote—are unanimous in denying the Egyptian origin of the philosophy and institutions of Pythagoras.

It is not a trifle that will turn Miss Martineau aside when she rides her favourite hobby. The student of Greek philosophy will be amused to hear that Socrates was extensively indebted to the Egyptians, and that Anaxagoras was the master of Socrates, and the great mover of his mind. If Plato is to be trusted, all that Socrates had to do with Anaxagoras was, that he read his book, and was greatly disappointed in it. Socrates professed himself to be self-taught (*Xenophon, Symp.* i. 5); and we think his noble life and death show honesty enough to entitle him to be believed. (Comp. Brandis *Geschichte der Griechisch-Römischen Philosophie*, i. p. 233.) It is quite diverting to see how confi-

dently Miss Martineau tells us all about these philosophers. She knows within four years when Anaxagoras visited Egypt. We do not believe that he ever went there at all. Not a single trustworthy writer says a syllable about it; and any scholar who looks at what Valerius Maximus says respecting his travels, will see in a moment at what rate to estimate *his* authority. We do not believe with Miss Martineau, that 'Anaxagoras's work on the Nile has perished with his other writings' (p. 170), because he never wrote one. Anaxagoras is expressly mentioned as having only written one work, (*Diog. Laërt.* i. 16.) We only hear that he advanced a speculation on the cause of the rise of the Nile, (*Diodorus*, i. 38;) but that appears to have been in his great work, and certainly does not render it necessary to suppose that he visited Egypt in person. As for Plato, since we have not space enough to enter into any detailed account of his philosophy, or to show how intimately it is related to the speculations that preceded it, and how purely gratuitous is the assumption that any part of the fundamental and leading features of his system had an Egyptian origin, we shall content ourselves with referring to the laborious and able investigations of Ritter and Brandis,—whose deliberate conviction is, that not the remotest trace of an Egyptian origin is discernible in the philosophy of Plato.\* Indeed, in one remarkable passage, Plato contrasts Athens, as the home of philosophy and science, with Egypt, as the seat of industry and thriftiness. (*De Rep.* iv. p. 435.) But not a hint does he give us of his obligations to Egyptian learning and science, while he everywhere exhibits Socrates as the great master spirit from whom he drew his inspiration. If Miss Martineau will refer to the work of Chevalier Bunsen, who is far more profoundly versed in Egyptian and Grecian lore than herself, she will find that he even questions whether Plato was ever in Egypt. (See p. 60 of the English translation.)

We feel that we owe our readers an apology for the dryness of some of these details; but when people tell us with such an air of confidence where our philosophy and religion came from, it is worth while spending a little effort and time in pointing out that they really know very little about the matter. By way of variety, we will inform our readers, that among the other scientific attainments of the Egyptian priests, was that of being accomplished mesmerists, who had somnabulistic daughters, and performed marvellous cures by magnetic passes. Miss

\* The reader who has not access to the original work of Brandis, will find a life of Plato, by that distinguished scholar, in the Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology, edited by Dr. W. Smith.

Martineau declines, indeed, 'bringing together the evidence that exists about the dealings of the Egyptian priests with the sick and infirm;' but we cannot deny the reader a laugh at one piece of evidence that is adduced. The student of Æschylus will remember that the poet has a fanciful derivation of the name Epaphus, connecting it with the verb *ἐφάπτω*, and expressing that derivation in the prophecy of Prometheus, that Zeus would restore Io, the mother of Epaphus, to sanity, by stroking her with gentle hand, and simply touching her. The scene of this restoration and of the birth of Epaphus, is, of course, Egypt; and Miss Martineau seriously adduces Æschylus as an authority for the statement, that cures by mesmeric passes were to be had in Egypt, (p. 315.) Surely the force of absurdity could no farther go. We are also gravely told, that 'all who have duly inquired into that class of natural facts know that among human faculties exist those of perception or apprehension of *distant* and of *future* events;' that 'we have indisputable proofs that the human being is capable of fore-knowing events that are future,' (p. 314); 'that we find by the half-dozen, *merely by opening our minds to the fact,*' (alias, swallowing every clairvoyant imposition that we meet with,) 'cases of far-seeing and fore-seeing and curative power.' (p. 315.) Miss Martineau, accordingly, believes that the ancient oracles were real seats of prophecy, and that the priests 'waited on the speech of the oracular somnambules, believing it to proceed from the veritable inspiration of the god.' Some of Miss Martineau's friends thought that her previous mesmeric essays showed more than an average amount of credulity. Her present speculations will not much alter that impression. At Cairo, too, she saw the magician of whom modern travellers have told us so much. He has latterly been very unfortunate. In the present instance all his attempts were perfect failures. He tried several boys, but not one of them could see in the ink the desired picture of the individual named by one or other of the spectators. We are a little curious to hear by what logical process Miss Martineau deduced from these failures her strange conclusion, which, she says, 'is shared by some who are *qualified, like herself*, to form a judgment upon the case,' (p. 138,) that the whole is an affair of mesmerism. However, she did so conclude, and had no doubt that, if the truth were understood, it would appear that, in the first instance, a capital *clairvoyant* did see and tell the things declared.' Unless we have been misinformed, the secret of the magician's original success and subsequent failures is, that at first he got hold of a knavish little Scotchman, whom he passed off as an Arab boy,

and who, being well acquainted with England and English characters of notoriety, was able to see in the ink in his hand pictures of various distinguished persons who were named; while latterly, he has only been able to get Arabs, who do not know quite as much.

Miss Martineau's views of the religion of the ancient Egyptians are of great importance to the theory which she propounds, that Judaism was evolved from the ancient Egyptian system. But here, again, she has yet to learn that guesses are not facts. While she almost entirely passes by some of the most prominent and important facts relating to the religion of Egypt, she selects a few of the purer dogmas, which she fancies she can trace in the system, and puts them forth as the sum and substance of the system itself; everything else being treated as though it were an unimportant excrescence. We must first let her tell the reader what her own notions are :

'At the outset, it is necessary to bear in mind chiefly that the leading point of belief of the Egyptians, from the earliest times known to us, was that there was One Supreme—or, as they said,—one only God, who was to be adored in silence, (as Iamblichus declares from the ancient Hermetic books,) and was not to be named; that most of the other gods were deifications of his attributes; while others, again, as Egypt, the Nile, the sun the moon, the west, &c., were deifications of the powers or forces on which the destiny of the Egyptian nations depended.'—Vol. i. p. 205.

'The little rock temple of Beyt-el-Wellee is dedicated not to Ra, but to Amunra;—not to the sun of the universe, but to the Spiritual Sun—the universal centre of being—the unknown and unutterable—the God of gods. With him is joined Kneph, the ram-headed god, the animating spirit of the creation, which gives life to its organized beings—thus working together with Phthah, the creator, or artisan-Intellect.'—P. 232.

'Different districts of the great valley assigned their higher honours to different gods: but Osiris, Isis, and their son Horus, were generally held in the deepest reverence. I believe that, except the Supreme, Osiris was the only deity who was never named. The reason of this peculiar sacredness of Osiris, was his office of judge of the living and the dead. That which made him so universally and eminently adored, was his being a representation, or rather the incarnation, of the Goodness of the Supreme. Osiris left his place in the presence of the Supreme, took a human form, (though not becoming a human being,) went about the world doing good to men, sank into death in a conflict with the Power of Evil, rose up to spread blessings over the land of Egypt and the world, and was appointed judge of the dead and lord of the heavenly region, while present with his true worshippers on earth, to do them good.'—p. 245.

‘It is impossible not to perceive that Osiris was to the old Egyptians what the Messiah is to be to the Jews—(what can this mean?)—and what another has been to the Christians.’

It would be difficult to imagine anything showing such a profound ignorance, or giving such an absurd misrepresentation, of Egyptian mythology as these passages. At no period that we can trace, either from monuments, or from other authentic sources, (for the inventions or misconceptions of the Neo-Platonists are not of the smallest historical value,) such as Herodotus, or the valuable treatise of Plutarch on Isis and Osiris, were the Egyptians Monotheists; nor was the Egyptian religion, as Miss Martineau represents in various parts of her work, something almost as unchangeable as the pyramids. (‘No new god was ever introduced into Egypt,’ p. 185.)\* We do not mean to say that the remote ancestors of the Egyptians had not been worshippers of one God; but we assert that at the earliest period to which research can be carried, the Egyptians had a polytheistic mythology, a system which was itself an amalgamation, and which underwent important modifications, leaving their traces in the three ranks or dynasties of gods which the Egyptians recognised. The assertion that Amunra was the one supreme deity, whose worship was the centre and foundation of the Egyptian religion, is at variance with all the evidence that we possess on the subject. Amunra is, in fact, a later shape of the deity in question than Amun, and arose out of the identification of two originally separate gods. At the very earliest point that can be traced, Amun is only co-ordinate with seven other deities. So far from having been the one supreme god of Egypt, he was only a local god, the god of Thebes and some other places; and he remained a local god to the end of his religious existence. The chief deity of Memphis (a much more ancient city than Thebes) was not Amun, but Phthah, who, after the consolidation of the Egyptian empire under Menes, appears as one of the eight gods of the first rank. These eight gods were the gods of different provinces; but Amun did not even reign sole and supreme in his own. Khem, or Chemmis, the generative god of nature, and Kneph, or Chnubis, the ram-headed god, shared with him the worship of the Thebaid. When Thebes became the greatest city in Egypt, it was not unnatural that its chief deity should come to be regarded as the greatest of the eight: and thus the Greeks identified him with their Zeus. But the Egyptians were no more the worshippers of One Supreme God, than were the Greeks because they re-

\* If Miss Martineau will refer to Bunsen’s work, (vol. i. p. 411, Transl.) she will find a list of foreign divinities which occur on Egyptian monuments.



cognised a supremacy in Zeus over their other deities. As to most of the other gods being deifications of the attributes of Amun, nothing can be more contrary to the evidence we possess. Phthah and Neith were deities quite as early as Amun, if not earlier; and as to the twelve deities of the second rank, and the seven of the third, it would puzzle Miss Martineau to show that they were personifications of the attributes of any other god, or, if they were, that Amun ever possessed the attributes of which they are to be supposed the personifications. As to Osiris, if Miss Martineau's account of him is to be regarded as an index of her knowledge respecting his mythology, we can assure our readers that she knows nothing about him. He has nothing to do with Amun. He is not the deification of the attribute of goodness, still less of the goodness of Amun in particular. Goodness was not even his predominant characteristic. The epithet 'good' was applied to him partly, probably, from his connexion with the Nile, partly from his being, among other things, the god of the world of the dead, through that principle of euphemism which led the Greeks to call the furies, the *Eumenides*, and the Romans to call the shades of the dead, the *Manes* (i.e., the 'good people'). Osiris was not even connected with Amun by the mythology. He was neither his son, nor his grandson. His oldest shrines belong not to the seats of the worship of Amun, but to Elephantine and Abydos. In the mythology, he is inseparably connected with Isis, and the whole cycle of myths respecting these deities, who in fact are but partitions of one fundamental conception, is demonstrably of a physical and astronomical origin. Osiris and Isis are the Nile and Egypt, and also (especially at a later time, when the influence of the Dionysian cultus spread into Egypt,) the sun and moon. Horus, the child, the son of Osiris, whom Miss Martineau brings forward, with a good deal of parade, as the emblem of a new life beyond the grave, is only a sort of personification of the winter solstice. As to the conflict of Osiris with Tyhon, the spirit of evil, it can be shown from the monuments that that part of the mythology is not older than the 13th century, B.C. Instead of the leading feature in the faith of the ancient Egyptians being the belief in one supreme God, the whole religion is concentrated round Osiris and Isis, who were the only deities worshipped throughout all Egypt, and of them, Herodotus tells us, the most honoured was Isis. As Miss Martineau appeals sometimes to Bunsen as an authority (though, by the way, her own work indicates a marvellously slender acquaintance with his,) we will quote a few remarks of his upon the subject:—

'The division and succession of the three orders of Herodotus seem, therefore, to be confirmed and borne out by the genealogies on the monuments. But did they really succeed each other in this manner, as three successive religious systems? Does the stratum of the second order, which evidently bears an astronomical and physical character, overlay the first stratum of cosmogonic ideas, just as it was in turn overlaid by the worship of Osiris? Did the Egyptian mind, in the course of its progress towards religious development, pass from the general cosmic feeling of natural existence, through the astro-telluric, or co-ordinately with it, to a psychological consciousness? Or are Isis and Osiris, one name according to language and the hieroglyphics, the basis of their religion, so that the gods who would seem to be the most ancient are merely expressions of the speculations as to the origin of the universe, like Chaos and Uranus, in Hesiod? These are questions upon which we would only remark here, that the monuments and myths in no way justify us in excluding the latter hypothesis as inadmissible. On the contrary, according to them, as well as to Herodotus, Osiris and Isis are the centre of Egyptian religion and worship. *Now it is an essential part of the myth of Osiris and Isis, that they are connected with Phœnicia and Syria. The myth and worship of Thamuz and Adonis ("the Lord") exhibit the same fundamental idea of the suffering, dying, and resuscitated god, which is represented by the Egyptian myth.*'—(*Egypt's place in Universal History*. Vol. i. p. 443. English translation.)

Miss Martineau tries hard to prevent our being shocked at the extremely gross outward form in which the Egyptian religion manifested itself:—

'Oh! how happy should I be if I could arouse in others by this book, as I experienced it myself from the monuments, any sense of the depth and solemnity of the IDEAS which were the foundation of the old Egyptian faith! . . . I did not wait till I went to Egypt to become aware that every permanent reverential observance has some great idea at the bottom of it, and that it is our business not to deride or be shocked at the method of manifestation, but to endeavour to apprehend the idea concerned.'—p. 181.

To our poor apprehension, on the contrary, it appears that the more exalted the ideas that can be traced as having once been at the basis of superstitious and idolatrous observances, the more profoundly should we be shocked at the abominable shapes into which men have distorted and degraded them;—not in the spirit of self-righteous censoriousness, but in true sorrow of heart to think that human nature could have erred so far. And be it remembered that it is not until all sense of the true nature and sublimity of those fundamental ideas has been lost, that they get presented in a degraded and degrading form. But perhaps our readers, under Miss Marti-

neau's guidance, would like to learn the 'depth and solemnity of the ideas' which lie at the basis of cannibalism.

'The belief in such cases is, that the gods wait to imbibe the spirit of the victim; and the idea is, that the victim, in passing through the gods, becomes assimilated to their nature, and remains henceforth divine, to the extent of immortality at least, and usually in some other respects. *It is thus an honour and blessing to be sacrificed; and the being eaten implies no disrespect to the perishable frame*, because the body merely follows the analogy of the spirit's lot; and what is honourable to the one part of the creature cannot be disgraceful to the other. If the nobler part entered into the gods, the meaner might enter into the sons of the gods.'—Vol. ii. p. 59.

The curious part of the business is, how human beings, capable of cannibalism, should at the same time be capable of these very pretty analogies and profound ideas.

We have not space to follow Miss Martineau through her laboured attempt to account for the animal worship of Egypt on similar profound principles. As we have no evidence on the subject, of course she can give us nothing but her own conjectures and opinions. We shall give our own, and leave the reader to make his choice. We have before alluded to the appearance of a Negro element in the Egyptian constitution. We believe that element to have consisted in more than bodily conformation; and have little doubt that the gross animal worship of Egypt indicates the presence and operation of that Fetichism which everywhere marks the Negro tribes. It is perhaps confirmatory of this view, that the mystical names of Amun in the 'Book of the Dead,' are said to be of negro origin.

Miss Martineau also endeavours to make out, that in the case of the Egyptian religion we must distinguish the religion of the priests from the religion of the people. The former, according to her, preserved in their mysteries a pure form of doctrine, divested of the grossness under cover of which they presented their dogmas to the people generally. She says of Moses that 'he was the only one of the multitude at Sinai who knew, what we all know, or may know, now,—that the two chief objects of all the heathen mysteries were the preservation of the doctrine of the Divine Unity, and the detection, or explanation of idolatry,' (vol. ii. p. 266.) We beg leave to assure our readers that we know nothing of the kind. All the credible authorities that we possess on the subject\* go to prove that the ancient

\* We attach no weight whatever to the statements of writers who, after the rise of Christianity, endeavoured to find, in the less known facts of the heathen faith, doctrines which were better fitted to be placed in contrast with the new and more

mysteries, Greek and Egyptian, were devoted to the maintenance of that furious and ecstatic kind of worship which was so widely spread in Asia Minor and Phœnicia, and which, if not introduced into Greece from Egypt, received from that country a new and continued impulse. As our limits forbid us to enter upon the discussion of the subject, we will merely quote a few of the able remarks of Mr. Grote :—

‘ The character of the legends themselves was naturally affected by this change from publicity to secrecy; the secrets when revealed would be such as to justify by their own tenour the interdict on public divulgence: instead of being adapted, like the Homeric mythe, to the universal sympathies and hearty interest of a crowd of hearers, they would derive their impressiveness from the tragical, mournful, extravagant, or terror-striking character of the incidents. Such a tendency, which appears explicable and probable even on general grounds, was in this particular case rendered still more certain by the coarse taste of the Egyptian priests. *That any recondite doctrine, religious or philosophical, was attached to the mysteries, or contained in the holy stories, has never been shown, and is to the last degree improbable, though the affirmative has been asserted by many learned men.*’—(Hist. of Greece, vol. i. p. 43.)

We may add that there is no evidence to show that the religious belief of the priests was one whit less superstitious than that of the people generally. So far from rejoicing in the possession of an elevated, spiritual faith, we find the most indubitable proof that they were themselves the slaves of a superstitious ritual system, even more wearisome and minute than that which they imposed upon the people.

It would occupy far more time than we can spare, to point out all the extravagances into which Miss Martineau has fallen, in her views respecting the faith of Sinai and Palestine. But we must trouble our readers with a short account of what is one of the greatest absurdities in the whole book—Miss Martineau’s new and improved edition of the book of Exodus, and of the history of Moses. Quietly ignoring everything supernatural in the only account of the matter that we possess—just passing it over, without deigning to offer a remark or argument upon the subject—she gives us her own version of the extraordinary events which formed such an epoch in the history of humanity, with as much confidence as if she had been the bosom friend of Moses, and knew all about him.

‘ In the time of Moses, we are given to understand, the people of Israel were ‘*thoroughly polytheistic*’ in their religious ideas, (ii. p. 269.) They had ‘*completely lost the knowledge of one God.*’ Moses, on the other hand, had been instructed in the Egyptian mysteries, and

therefore knew the great truth. 'He was *certainly* of the priestly caste, being adopted as a son of the royal house.' But his fortunes were scattered to the winds by his slaughter of one of the task-masters of the Israelites. He fled into the desert, and took up his rest with the Midianites. There is no place like the desert for fruitful meditation. There, among the immutable forms of nature, lives the Past, for those who know how to look for it,' which same Past 'will, to one who knows, as Moses did then, and Mohammed after him, (!) how to invoke, prophesy of the Future.' 'Here, to his clear understanding, did the Future promise the redemption of his race, and disclose the means by which it should be wrought.' (Perhaps the reader can see—we confess we do not—how the Future can disclose this.) 'He saw that they must be first removed from the influences which had made them what they were,'—'that they must be first removed, and then educated, before they could be established. (Very natural.) In following out this course of speculation, he was led to perceive a mighty truth, which appears to have been known to no man before him—that all ideas are the common heritage of all men. He did not rise to a higher view of God than his being a national god, and the greatest of gods. (So Moses, after all, was a thorough polytheist.)\* Warned by what he had seen in Egypt (of the consequences of keeping the knowledge of the One Supreme a secret among the priests,) his purpose was to admit to the divine knowledge which he held, every individual of the people he belonged to. They must be led into some empty place where, without disturbance, they might learn to live. No one knew better than Moses at this time, the privileges (!) of life in the Desert. Here they would learn that submission to Nature (what is Nature?) which is as great a virtue as submission to man is a vice. When his purposes were fixed and clear, he bade farewell to Jethro. His elder brother met him. After consultation they went together to the Hebrew district, where their next business was to communicate their enterprise to the elders, the heads of families.'

Miss Martineau does not condescend to tell us how the people of Israel managed to escape from Egypt, but she brings them at last to the foot of Sinai.

'Here, in some nook which had been his haunt while watching his flocks, sat Moses in those days, overlooking the flock which he was now to lead as the Shepherd of Men. How intense must have been his sense of solitude here!—he, the only wise and the only earnest man

\* This is utterly at variance with the whole spirit of the Jewish religion, as manifested in its authoritative standard. The Hebrew Scriptures deny the existence and power of the pretended gods of surrounding nations, and represent Jehovah as the God of the whole world, though the special God of the Hebrews, because they were the only nation by which he was recognised. But if Moses learnt about the One Supreme in Egypt, was it not curious that he should afterwards restrict him into being the national god of the Hebrews, and the enemy of the Egyptians? Could he have been quite as honest in doing so, as Miss Martineau would represent him?

among a multitude who had no wisdom and no virtue . . . . How could he sustain himself under his charge? Without irreverence we may attribute to him the sustaining thought which was uttered by one long after him—‘the world hath not known thee, but I have known thee.’ . . . . We may trust (!) that he had his hours of comfort and high hope in his mountain retirements. (What in the world was he doing there, according to Miss Martineau?) . . . . It appears as if there had been an intention and a hope of training the Hebrews to a state of knowledge and obedience by moral instruction, and a plan of pure and simple worship. Warburton and others are of opinion that the ritual scheme was adopted after the affair of the golden calf, which showed the people to be more incapable of a pure religion and direct communion than could have been supposed. (Pray what would Miss Martineau expect from a thoroughly polytheistic nation—a multitude who had no wisdom and no virtue? If Moses expected much, he showed a degree of fatuity which must have rendered him perfectly incapable of the task he had undertaken.) A more advanced system of Moral Government was withdrawn for the time, and replaced by one less advanced. A ritual religion they were now to have, and in this ritual they must have their Moral Government. Moses had been compelled to surrender his loftiest aim and hope—that of raising the people above a ceremonial worship. When he came down from the Mount with the tables of the Moral Law in his hands (had he been amusing himself by carving them up there?) he heard the sound of shouts and singing, as the people danced about their Golden Apis. Then Moses not only destroyed the idol, but the tables of the Law; and after a long and terrible conflict, surrendered his highest hopes for the people, and pursued a lower aim. He gave them a ritual, Egyptian in its forms, and seasons, and associations, but with Jehovah alone for its object. In the great concern of all, that of the sanctions of the Moral Law which he gave, Moses made his third marked departure from the religion of Egypt. The first was his laying open the mysteries: the second his declaring the Supreme a tutelary god: and the third was his offering, as the sanction of the Moral Law, Temporal Retribution instead of Future Reward and Punishment.’

Such is what some of our modern *philosophical* religionists call writing *history*; such is the ingenious (or rather, clumsy) romance which Miss Martineau gives us. She has not condescended to fortify it with a single argument; and we shall not confer upon it the honour of an elaborate refutation. Its own intrinsic absurdities and contradictions are quite glaring enough to render it innocuous. Our previous discussions have shown the reader that the foundation of the whole belongs to the region of dreams. If the knowledge of the Supreme God was not preserved among the Hebrews, Moses could not learn it in Egypt. If he learnt it in Midian, then Judaism did not ‘issue out of the valley of the Nile.’ But what a monstrous

hypothesis it is—how utterly at variance with all the evidence that we have, even if that evidence be dealt with on the lowest principles of historical criticism—that the Israelites, though living by themselves in a separate district, had utterly lost all knowledge\* of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob! As to the difficulties of her own version of the matter, Miss Martineau serenely overlooks them. The experience of the old school of rationalists has evidently not yet taught her the absurdity of attempting to reduce a narrative in which the supernatural element is the beginning, middle, and end, to a *natural* shape, by leaving out the supernatural element altogether. Will she deign to explain to us by what *natural* means Moses persuaded this polytheistic, ‘cowardly, selfish people, incapable of concert and of fidelity to a leader’s purpose,’ (p. 204,) to follow *him* into the desert, that he might teach them a belief in one Supreme God? How came he to conceive the design himself? If there is the least particle of truth in the book of Exodus, (and if there is not, it would puzzle any one except Miss Martineau to make out a history of the doings of this said Moses,) this meekest of men shrank from the task of leading forth the Israelites.

Will she kindly enlighten us as to the means by which he got them out of Egypt and across the Red Sea? ‘Rising in revolt was out of the question. A stealthy flight was equally impossible. They must come out in a body, and openly, and under the sanction of the government,’ (p. 204.) Pray how did they obtain this sanction? And when the Egyptian host pursued them, (p. 208,) how did they manage to escape? for ‘they were so debased by their servitude as to be incapable of warfare,’ (p. 202.) When they got into the desert with their flocks and herds, how did they contrive to live, especially amid the fierce tribes that surrounded them?—who, by the way, do not seem to have profited much by the wholesome teaching of the desert.

As to the pretended alteration in the purposes of Moses, and the evidence of it in the difference between the two sets of commandments, (Exodus xx. 3—18 and xxxiv. 12—27,) if Miss Martineau will honour with a slight inspection a few of the chapters which precede the thirty-second, she will find that a great deal of the ritual and ceremonial which she makes to be an afterthought of Moses, was settled before he came down

\* Miss Martineau talks about the knowledge which Moses had of Abraham and his faith. Whence did he get that knowledge? Was it part of the Egyptian ‘mysteries?’ Or was it from the Hebrews themselves? (since inspiration—the only other alternative—is with her out of the question.) If they could tell Moses of Abraham and *his faith*, how came they into that state of thorough *polytheism* that she attributes to them? We forgot:—perhaps it was a case of mesmeric clairvoyance.

from the Mount and saw the golden calf. Does she mean to assert that what she is pleased to call the second set of commandments supplanted the first set? We always had a notion that the 'commandments' which the Jews recognised, and to which our Saviour referred, included certain prohibitions respecting murder, adultery, &c. Will Miss Martineau point out whereabouts in her second set (Exodus xxxiv. 12—27) there is any reference to these? Will she explain the real meaning of the first verse of the thirty-fourth chapter: 'And the Lord said unto Moses, Hew thee two tables of stone like unto the first: and I will write upon these tables *the words that were in the first tables*, which thou brakest'?

Miss Martineau informs us that when the Israelites were encamped before the Mount, 'there was as yet no Sabbath.' Did she ever read the sixteenth chapter of Exodus? She remarks with reference to her sojourn at Sinai: 'How differently the Pentateuch here reads, from the same worn old Bible which one has handled 'for five-and-twenty years, I could not have imagined,' (p. 263.) Nor could we. Did she try to read it in a state of mesmeric clairvoyance, and by some accident read it *backwards*? One wonders what she can have been about during her five-and-twenty years handling of the Bible. It is not a little curious, moreover, that those who deny not merely the inspiration, but the credibility of whole books, or of the entire Bible, do nevertheless, when one part has to be set in array against another, force the meaning into their use as though every word and letter were inspired. If it is to be dealt with as a mere human record, let it at least have the benefit of the principles of ordinary historical criticism.

Miss Martineau has some most extraordinary remarks with reference to the sanctions by which Moses enforced his law. We hardly know whether we understand her aright. Her views are not very clearly developed, and not quite free from contradiction. She speaks of Moses 'avoiding the popular heathen doctrine of future reward and punishment.' (p. 261.) Does she disbelieve it herself? If she does not, the whole tenour of the context conveys a meaning widely different from what she could have intended. Moses 'was aware that the most pernicious of 'all the discrepancies between the Mysteries and the popular 'knowledge lay in the respective views of the initiated and the 'people about a future life.' The priests taught the people that there were rewards and punishments in the future, but, as *philosophers*, could not believe that God inflicted punishment. How could this *discrepancy* be mischievous? If the priests kept their mysteries secret from the people, it was all the same to



the latter as if the priests believed the same that they did, while the priests were none the worse for the belief of the people. If the people knew what the doctrine of the Mysteries was, in what sense could there be a discrepancy between the Mysteries and the popular knowledge? 'The initiated appear to have 'believed in a future life, and in the *natural retribution* by 'which, from their very constitution, the virtuous enjoy and the 'vicious suffer: but, in as far as they declared these things in 'the form of divine promises and threats, contingent on future 'conduct, they deceived the people,' (p. 276.) What is the precise difference, practical or philosophical, between a belief in future reward and punishment as conferred or inflicted by God, and a belief in a future *natural retribution*, arising from the very constitution of the virtuous and the vicious, when that constitution is neither more nor less than the direct ordinance of God? Why is the inculcation of the former to be stigmatized as a deception of the people, while it is quite philosophical and proper to believe this latter? Is not this announcement of an inevitable result, to all intents and purposes, either a promise or a threat? How is it, again, that the initiated 'appear to have believed in a future life and a natural retribution,' when, two pages later, we find that the belief of the priest-caste was 'that the soul or life was an emanation from the Supreme, to be absorbed after death, and lose its separate existence?' Verily, Miss Martineau has a supreme indifference to the ordinary laws of logic and consistency.

We must hasten, however, to bring our criticisms to a close. It would need a separate article to expose all the errors and inconsistencies of the third volume,—the utter incapacity to appreciate difficulties or to estimate the value of authorities; the contemptuous feeling with which all views different from her own, and the weighty arguments by which they are sustained, are treated by Miss Martineau as though no person of sense could trouble himself to look at them for a moment; the wonderful complacency with which, in such cases, we are given to understand that the *learned* and the *philosophical* entertain just the sort of views that Miss Martineau does, as though ignorance and shallowness were the characteristics of all who differed from her; the credulity with which she lays hold of that which seems to favour her views, however uncertain, or suspicious, or untrustworthy may be the evidence on which it rests, and then proceeds to base upon it her reckless inferences, or, without even such a basis as this, to present us with her own guesses and impressions, as though they were the most thoroughly ascertained,

and most unassailable truths. Her errors run so much into one another,—each is an integral portion of such an extensive whole, that a complete examination of them would be more than we can now attempt. A specimen or two will probably be sufficient for our readers. We are told that ‘it appears that the *Passover was never known to have been celebrated till after the ‘first propounding of the complete law in the time of Josiah.’* (Vol. iii. p. 85.) And for this statement, 2 Kings, xxiii. 21—23, is quoted as an authority. Why, this out-Herods Herod. Even the author of the ‘History of the Hebrew Monarchy,’ whom Miss Martineau quotes pretty extensively, only affirms that ‘this festival had never before been *rightly* performed;’ and a writer who can utter such prodigious nonsense, takes upon herself to lecture us all soundly upon our ignorance of Hebrew history! We are told that ‘Jesus was for some time a disciple ‘of John the Baptist, *with evidently no thought, at that period, of a ‘higher destiny for himself;*’ (p. 102.) It seems curious that, if this were so, John should have been unacquainted with the person of Christ until the latter came to be baptized, immediately before he entered upon his public ministry, (John, i. 33,) and that at the age of twelve years Christ announced his consciousness of his lofty mission, (Luke, ii. 49.) ‘It appears,’ too, ‘that those scholars are probably right who believe that ‘Jesus received, like thousands of the Jewish youth of his day, ‘his training from the Essenes,’ (p. 102.)’ When Miss Martineau shows us the evidence of this, we will take the matter into consideration. All we know of the education of Jesus is, that those who were personally familiar with him wondered how he knew letters, having never learnt. As to the Essenes being a sort of national education society, we suppose that is Miss Martineau’s imaginative amplification of the statement of Josephus, that though the Essenes neglected wedlock, they chose out other persons’ children, while they were pliable and fit for learning, and esteemed them to be of their kindred, and formed them according to their own manners. (B. J. ii. 8, s. 2.) In connexion with a good deal more absurdity about Simon Magus, we are told that ‘he himself assumed to be God, and ‘was received as he desired. Justin Martyr, in his second ‘Apology, mentions a pillar which in his time existed at Rome, ‘and which bore inscribed ‘*Simoni Deo Sancto.*’ (p. 187.) We quote this, not for its intrinsic importance, but as an instance of the nature of Miss Martineau’s scholarship. It is all but certain that good Justin, not being profoundly versed in mythology, mistook an inscription in honour of the Sabine deity Saneus, one of the class of deities called Semones, for an in-

scription in honour of Simon. Inscriptions in honour of Sancus are still extant; one of them to the following effect: *Semoni Sanco Deo Fidio sacrum*, was found in the Tiber, which exactly answers to the locality of the inscription mentioned by Justin. The epithet *Sancto*, as well as the name *Sanco*, is also found in these inscriptions.

But independently of the absurdities in detail, the whole principle upon which Miss Martineau proceeds in the development of her own notions, is to the last degree unphilosophical and baseless. Whatever may be the stupidity, or idolatrousness, or profanity of our own Christianity—towards which our authoress is somewhat lavish in the use of various uncomplimentary epithets to the above effect—without addressing ourselves at present to the task of writing its apology, we shall simply point out that what, out of courtesy, we must call *her* Christianity, is destitute both of historical basis and of logical consistency. She would deduce a system of doctrines out of the earliest and only records that can be appealed to on the subject, and yet she denies *in toto* the most salient and characteristic features of those records. We know Christ's character, claims, and doctrines only as his disciples and apostles have described and explained them to us, and Miss Martineau tells us that what they have presented to us is an adulterated farrago. One and all assert that Christ claimed to be an authoritative teacher sent directly by God, and that he enforced his authority by the exhibition of miraculous power. All the evangelists and all the apostles asserted the reality of these miracles. They maintained that his birth was miraculous, that his life was miraculous, that his death was attended with miracles, and that his resurrection and ascension were the crowning miracles of all. Miss Martineau denounces the pretence to miracles, as dishonest and foolish, (p. 295.) She denies the supernatural altogether. For magic and fortune-telling she describes as based upon reality, and as exertions of *natural* human faculties. Christ, in her view, had no more *inspiration* than Socrates,—no more direct authority from God than Mahomet. He was nothing more than a human teacher, who had exalted religious views, which he promulgated to the world. Indeed, she makes out that his prophecy with respect to the fall of Jerusalem was in great part a mistake, (p. 173, &c.) All notions of his being a descent from the Supreme in a fleshly form, of his office as an intercessor, are foreign accretions,—importations from Egypt.

'It is truly revolting,' she says, 'to meet everywhere in its extreme rankness, the superstition which the interfusion of the old Egyptian element has caused. Here we have in these Christian

churches the wrathful, jealous God of the old Hebrews, together with the propitiating Osiris, the malignant Typho, the Hades, the Purgatory, and the incarnations of the Egyptians and their disciple Pythagoras; the Logos of the Platonists, the incompatible resurrection and immortality of opposing schools, all mingled together, and profanely named after him who came to teach not cunningly devised fables, but that men should love their Father in heaven with all their hearts and minds, and their neighbour as themselves.'—p. 127.

The reader will observe that these *profane* additions are made by Paul, John, &c. The following is as audacious as can well be conceived:—

'It was through the schools of Simon Magus that the corruption reached Christianity, when men who held both doctrines began *fatally to blend them*, overlaying the simple teachings of Jesus with mysteries and allegories and fables, *as injurious to the honour of God and the moral operation of the gospel* as the devices of the Pharisees had been in the far less important case of the system of Moses. That Simon Magus lived on the hill towards which we were now setting our faces, is a misfortune to many a child in England born within this year. That the company of the apostles should have had among them such a poet and theologian as John the Evangelist, and that he should have become the apostle of Asia, and have *applied its theosophy to the interpretation of scriptural records and facts*, may occasion perplexity and uneasiness to Bibliolators; but it cannot fail to work well in the end.'—p. 189.

'In Egypt it was harmless and interesting to see sculptured before our eyes, and explained by written legends, the appearance of Thoth, the heavenly messenger, to Tmanhemva, queen of Thothmes IV., to announce to her from the Supreme that she should bear a son. . . . Having stood before the sculpture of the Annunciation at Thebes, and standing now between the pillars of the Annunciation at Nazareth, I could not but feel how much less irreverence attached to the Egyptian doctrines, in their early age: *and I think no one can doubt what indignation would be expressed against the blasphemous indecency of Egyptian superstition, if we knew that they had presented to the people, as literal truth, such a story about the birth of the most distinguished of Egyptian men, as our poor and ignorant fellow-men are told in our Christian churches, through the mistake of an ancient allegory for modern history.*'—p. 224.

We beg pardon of our readers for paining them by the quotation of this gross and gratuitous insult, which Miss Martineau has dared to offer to the understandings and the faith of multitudes of the wisest, holiest, and most learned of men. If, however, she can so far forget, not merely the charities of Christianity, but the courtesies of literature, we shall not so far forget our self-respect as to retort upon her the insinuated charge of blasphemous indecency, or to deem the insult deserv-

ing of a refutation. The arrogance of its tone is of a piece with the shallowness of the philosophy and scholarship on which it is based, and the blundering criticism with which it is supported. We have been compelled to quote the above, to show what Miss Martineau's views are. We are not about to reply to them: that would involve a vindication of the whole New Testament; and we doubt not that they will excite in the reader's mind, as they do in ours, more sorrow than alarm. Miss Martineau's learning and logic are immeasurably smaller than she seems to suspect. We shall merely point out, that in pretending 'to separate the voice of Christ from the Jewish construction of Matthew, the traditional accretions and arrangements of Mark and Luke, and the Platonizing medium of John,' (p. 175,) Miss Martineau has set herself a problem *for the solution of which she has absolutely no data*. According to this theory, there is not a single event in the history of Christ, or a doctrine ascribed to him, for which the smallest foundation can be adduced. If Christ's birth and life and death, his mission, his work, and his claims, are not miraculous, then every witness who has told us of his doctrines and history is a *false* witness, and that *knowingly*, and is false from the beginning to the end of his testimony. If Christ did not rise from the dead, John is a liar for saying emphatically that he saw and talked with him. If, then, Miss Martineau can show that the evangelists have not told the truth in what is greatest, how can she trust them in what is least? If Christ did not raise Lazarus from the tomb, it is merely *silly* to talk of his intercourse with the family at Bethany as though it were *accredited fact*. If Christ did not raise up the widow's son, what evidence have we that he was ever at Nain? Miss Martineau may find here and there in what the evangelists say that which is possible or probable in her estimation, but of its *truth* she can say nothing. She might as well take the Odyssey, and point out how much of the adventures of Ulysses is actual truth, and how much consists of Grecian 'accretions.' Nay, that would be an easier task, for *mistaken* accounts are more easy to deal with than *wilful fabrications*. But if this is the case with the facts, still more is it true of the doctrines. If Paul and John made an anomalous compound of Egyptian mythology, Oriental theosophy, and Greek Pythagorism, and *profanely* (as Miss Martineau says) attributed that to Christ, there is nothing for it but to wish that, if Christ had anything to teach that was worth knowing, he had entrusted the proclamation of his doctrines to men who had sense enough to comprehend them, and honesty enough to say what they heard; and finding that he has not so done, forthwith to fling our New Testaments into the fire.

If the evangelists and apostles have attributed to Christ doctrines that he never taught, how do we know that they have reported to us any that he ever did teach? And what basis has Miss Martineau to stand upon in drawing the distinction? Even if she is competent to tell us with absolute certainty how much in the doctrines attributed to Christ is *true in itself*, how does she know that Christ taught that and nothing more? He is, in her estimation, only a human teacher, giving to the world the results of his own acquisitions and discoveries; how then do we know that he was as wise and philosophical as we are supposing Miss Martineau to be, and that he did not incorporate with the truth a great deal that was neither true nor philosophical? We repeat it,—the problem for her is, not to ascertain how much of the doctrines in the Gospels is *true in itself*, but *how much Christ taught*, and for the solution of this problem, on Miss Martineau's hypotheses, *there are absolutely no data*. She selects out of the adulterated compound, *merely according to her own judgment*, what she *thinks* is genuine, and calls the whole an adulteration because it contains more; and this, forsooth, is logical and philosophical! As to *authority*—Christ can have nothing of the kind as a teacher. Our own philosophy, and our own ideas of natural religion, are guides far more to be depended on, because in these days we have the advantage of philosophical investigations which were never dreamt of in the time of Christ. Why Miss Martineau should call herself a *Christian* at all we cannot see, for, according to her account of the matter, what Christ taught was nothing new. The doctrines which she attributes to him are actually nothing but a reproduction of what she states had been already taught by the Essenes. He did no more than drop the monastic peculiarities of that sect, and give a wider application to its religious principles. Even that wider application is only what might have been suggested by the prophecies of the Old Testament. To enter into a detailed examination of all this is more than we shall attempt, and more than it is worth. We will only remark, for the purpose of indicating the profundity of Miss Martineau's investigations, that in the *religious* views which she sets down as common to Christ and the Essenes, there is not one which is not distinctly to be deduced from the Old Testament; that whatever was distinctive of the Essenes in religious doctrine or practice, not to be found in the Old Testament, Christ excluded from his teachings and life; and yet we are told that 'it is impossible to enter philosophically in any degree into the mind of Christ, without considering how large an element of his thought was the life and doctrine of the Essenes.'

Here our comments upon Miss Martineau's work must stop.

We have directed our notice chiefly to what she has said about Egypt, because it is the foundation of the whole, and because she evidently piques herself not a little upon her Egyptian lore. We have touched a few of the portentous bubbles which she blew among the tombs and temples, and seen what a slender amount of substantiality they possess. The reader who has seen her utter incompetence to trace the *origines* of Greek philosophy, will not be much disposed to trust to her guidance in the more important matter of religion. We can but again express our regret, that Miss Martineau should so utterly have mistaken the department best suited to the exercise of her abilities. Many a lively narrative and picturesque sketch, and here and there a passage vigorous in idea and eloquent in expression, show that if she had confined herself to the proper object of a book of travels, and not ventured beyond the sphere of her own knowledge and experience, she might have produced a work second to none of its class in interest and value.

ART. VII.—*Times Newspaper.* July 29, 1848.

WE shall introduce an argument by a parable.—As report goes, a person of distinction once appropriated to his care a noble lady, by authority from her spiritual guardian, without having first secured her affections. He found her to be rather wayward, and dissatisfied with his good offices. Several arrangements that he made—some for his own convenience and some professedly for her benefit—were particularly annoying to her; and even his friends have acknowledged that many of them were neither kind, nor just, nor creditable. To rectify all wrongs, he resolved to make her his ‘lawful wedded wife.’ Proposals were made accordingly. With considerable difficulty—partly beguiled, partly coerced, partly betrayed—her formal consent was obtained. The union was accomplished. To his great surprise, however, and to his cost, the nobleman soon discovered that the lady’s views and temperament had not changed with her position; he had won her hand, but not her heart. She thought much of her early history, the golden days of her youth and freedom; of his former harsh treatment; of her lost and loved independence, the more loved because lost; of what she deemed wrongs unredressed and pledges unfulfilled. It added to her trouble that she was constitutionally excitable, and that she had not enough fully to occupy her time. The nobleman, substantially a worthy person—and she also was not

without her good qualities—anxious to soothe her, gave her many wise counsels and conciliating words, yielded a portion of her claims, and opened his heart and his purse wide to her in the day of her distress. Still, she was restless and wretched; disaffected, complaining—in a word, unmanageable.

What was to be done? The case was becoming serious; the nobleman began to appear *worn*, and his manner occasionally indicated a verging towards sullenness, as if he wished he were rid of her. But a separation was impossible; and undesirable had it been possible—the lady would have been nothing bettered by being left to herself; and unless divorce had been accompanied by transferring her to the antipodes, or to a place yet more distant, it might have made his lordship's circumstances far worse. A near or distant rival would become her suitor, and such an alliance might involve him in more imminent danger. He and his advisers were almost at their wit's end. One expedient remained; it had been frequently spoken of, but never fairly tried. It was this;—the lady had a number of sworn keepers of her conscience, whose power over her will was nearly absolute. Formerly, the nobleman had treated those gentlemen with hauteur, and, suspecting them of mischief, had sought to put them down; but not succeeding therein, he had of late changed his behaviour. He had confessed his former evil-doing towards them; had complimented and caressed them; had condescended to pay court to them, and once or twice made them his confidants. But this was not sufficient. In his extremity he resolved to make a liberal and legal permanent provision for each member of the fraternity, if they would accept it. He calculated that, being raised to respectability and affluence by his generosity, they would in future be as much attached to his interest as to the lady's; and that, through their influence, she would thenceforth conduct herself with becoming devotedness to her lord.

What the details of the project were—whether the parties acquiesced in them, and with what result—we have not been informed. But we are sure that, without our explaining what is fact and what is drapery in the tale, it will be understood as presenting a correct picture of the past and present state of matters between this country and Ireland. The sketch may not embrace all the adjuncts, bearings, and involutions of the case; but, so far as it goes, the tale tells truth.

Not long since, Great Britain was made anxious, and the civilized world amazed, by the clamour raised on the other side of the Channel for a Repeal of the Union. That storm happily is laid; but we mistake if we suppose that with it has subsided



our responsibility towards the 'sister isle,' as if all we had to do regarding her was to keep her under, and prevent her from becoming an independent state. The interests of Albion are linked with those of Erin; and our rulers, if not ourselves, are made to feel it. The proximity of the two countries—and steam has now brought them closer than was Liverpool to Manchester some years ago—demands that nothing but conscience should be spared to establish a good understanding and coöperation between them for their mutual prosperity and common strength and standing, as one realm. We confess that our chief hope for Ireland, and our chief confidence for Britain, lies in the 'righteousness' which 'exalteth a nation.' There are, however, subordinate matters involved, with which as citizens rather than as Christians we have to do.

Without some knowledge of the course pursued by our forefathers towards Ireland, an Englishman can form no correct judgment upon Irish questions. Some parts of it would, we suspect, surprise the Saxon, and moderate his own self-complacency, and the contempt he may be otherwise disposed to cherish towards his Celtic neighbour. For instance—what will our champions of Free-trade say to the fact, that in the reign of William III. our House of Peers, moved by the English woollen manufacturers, addressed the throne, praying his majesty, 'in the most public and effectual way that may be, to declare to all his subjects of Ireland, that the growth and increase of the woollen manufactures there hath long, and will ever, be looked upon with great jealousy by all his subjects of this kingdom.' A similar address was presented by the Commons, to which his Majesty was pleased to reply—'*Gentlemen, I will do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufactures of Ireland.*'\* This fact must have escaped the notice of our zealous Irish Protestants, who so tenaciously adhere to their famous charter-toast—'The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of our great and good King William,' &c. In truth, our legislation to serve Ireland has long consisted in reversing the wrong-doings of former parliaments, and in endeavouring to repair the mischiefs which those wrong-doings entailed.†

Strange as it must appear to parties unacquainted with our history, the principal difficulties which beset our present statesmen with regard to that country are occasioned by religion, or, more correctly speaking, by the mistakes and mismanagement of their predecessors with regard to that matter. And our distrust of the responsible advisers of the Crown now—and we say the

\* Newnham on the State of Ireland.

† See an Article on Ireland, in No. II. of this journal.

same of other leading politicians — arises mainly from their known appetencies upon that subject.

Prior to the Reformation, during the struggle that achieved it, and subsequently, it has been held the right and duty of the magistrate to use his authority as magistrate in supporting and enforcing 'religion.' In carrying out this maxim, it was deemed necessary that some one *form* of 'religion' should be chosen from among the many, to be thus patronised, while the rest were not suffered, or were barely suffered, to exist at all. In England, the change from Popery to Protestantism, so far as regarded the 'establishment' of religion as national, was, of course, the work of the King and Parliament—indeed, at first it was little more than setting aside the jurisdiction of the Roman Pope, and substituting one at London for him in the person of Henry VIII., as head of the English portion of the church. But before this event, many of the English people had embraced the evangelical doctrine, and were prepared to hail the change, they being already far in advance of their sovereign. *Here*, throughout, there has been a pressing on by the country's conscience in advance, and not seldom in defiance, of the monarch's will. In *Ireland*, on the contrary, the Reformation was introduced almost entirely by the civil power—a power foreign, and considered hostile, to the land itself. Very little was done by moral means to evangelize the inhabitants. A Protestant-English hierarchy and service-book were appointed by the English crown to take the place of 'Popish' prelates, priests, and missal. By the same authority, as also in England, ecclesiastical property was transferred. As years rolled on, with exceptions hardly to be named, the preservation of this new order of things was devolved on the magistrate without the missionary. It must be confessed that the former acquitted himself with sufficient zeal and energy, not sparing any measures, however severe, likely to promote his purpose. John Owen said truly, in his sermon before the parliament, on his return from Ireland—and 'truly,' perhaps, beyond what he intended—'Jesus Christ 'is in Ireland only as a lion staining all his garments with the 'blood of his enemies.' We must not, however, go into details of English legislation for making Ireland Protestant. We do not forget that political interests and prejudices, with gross social outrages, were mixed up in the ecclesiastical strife. But when we record, that in the memory of persons now living, Roman catholics could not possess property otherwise than by Protestant friends holding it for them by a *sub rosa* trusteeship, irresponsible in law, and that this was among the less oppressive measures—our readers will admit that authority had not

been over-scrupulous in its choice of means to compass its ends. Naturally, this reign of terror directed its principal strength against the Romish clergy.

England reaped according to her sowing. Growing disaffection in Ireland, and a sense of her own need, brought her slowly to her right mind. Time after time minor modifications and repeals were conceded. In 1829, the long promised, and as long contested, Act of 'Catholic Emancipation' passed through both houses and received the royal assent. By some it was celebrated as a great triumph of charity over bigotry, intelligence over ignorance, justice over wrong. By others it was deplored as a calamity never to be retrieved—the setting of England's sun. The not very strong-headed advocates imagined that it consummated all Irish questions, and that the Irish themselves would be forthwith protestantized; the sober-thinking portion of them were not so sanguine. Equitable and wise as the measure was, it lost much of its power for good by having been so long deferred. Its worth to Ireland was reduced below *par*, through the considerations urged on its behalf by the then ministers of the crown. They avowed that their convictions were unaltered as to the measure being bad in principle, but that imperative state-necessity obliged them to introduce and press it, since they could not longer govern Ireland without it. It came, therefore, to the Irish Roman Catholics, not as a boon from the hand of honest good-will—far less as a concession from enlightened and frank-dealing honesty itself—but as a trophy wrested and appropriated by themselves, in opposition to the conscience, if not against the strength, of the British throne. They gained by the Act much more than it expressed—more than it was in the power of Parliament alone to give. They rose socially—for it gave them a higher *status*. But they also rose in the consciousness of their own strength and value in the realm; they rose nearly to a level with the party who had felt itself firm, dignified and safe, only in their depression; they rose in their own hopes and projectings; their clergy rose with the laity; their church rose to a position and assumed a bearing it had not known for centuries. This various resurrection took place, not instantly, yet soon enough to startle their foes, to surprise their friends, to elate and nerve themselves, and to engage attention in the high places of the state. O'Connell's repeal movement told wondrously in making them prominent and in showing their power. It plenteously fed asperities that otherwise might have died out. Close on the heels of his agitation came, first, famine, with it pestilence and the prostration of trade, and then—rebellion. The millions *must* be saved; the millions

*must* be kept under. Britain's honour, and Britain's heart, required both. The votes and gifts of 1846-7 for the starving Irish, cannot become annual donations; keeping up a standing army in Ireland, in the proportion of 13,000 or 15,000 troops for its metropolis, and in addition to its all-pervading police, cannot be made a perpetuity. The interests of Ireland and the capabilities of Britain, equally forbid the one and the other. The country cannot be abandoned. Shall two-thirds of its population be transported or extirpated?—or, shall their goodwill and confidence be won? A decision must be come to; it admits of no delay.

To this crisis in our connexion with Ireland, the heads of our political parties seem to think that we have come; and that now is the time for our government, skilfully and fearlessly, to grapple with the case. Goaded, jaded beyond endurance with Irish affairs, as the parliament and the public have been, something *must be done*. The Premier and his colleagues stand forth, girt to solve this problem of problems with British statesmen—or, resolved to perish in the attempt. Never had great men a better opportunity for proving their greatness, in the range of internal national economics. If, indeed, they bring Irish questions to a satisfactory and prospering 'finality,' it will make their term of office illustrious in the annals of both countries, and enshrine their names high in the gratitude of their own and coming generations. Our fear is not of their intentions but of their judgment—lest, on entering the labyrinth they should take hold of a wrong thread. Urgent as matters are, in their circumstances, a faltering step is less to be deprecated than a false one.

Putting ourselves for a moment in their position, and looking at its difficulties as we presume they view them, we surmise their observation to have been somewhat as follows:—

They have seen that Episcopal Protestantism is already established by law as the paramount 'religion' of the land; and as the crown is pledged to it, they must at all hazards uphold it. Presbyterian Protestantism has long been favoured as a beneficiary of the crown and parliament; some ill-natured persons have called the *Regium Donum* 'hush money,' but, at all events, it must be continued. The Roman-catholic church is the 'religion' of the Irish people; its clergy have no endowment from the state, yet in no communion have that class of functionaries influence with the laity equal to what these possess, and whoever would peaceably rule Ireland, must first secure their good will. Formerly the members of that church were under legal incapacity to share the favour of the Crown, but

they now stand on the same footing with their Protestant fellow-subjects. And if Protestant ministers, of more than one class, receive emoluments from the nation in its corporate form, why should not *their* priesthood receive it also. It is in human nature that the non-favoured should be less contented and cordial than the patronised. It has not occurred to the crown or the cabinet, except to be repudiated, that to interfere with the 'religion' of the subject is *extra* the magistrate's province. Our rulers are thorough believers in the 'establishment principle,' even in its largest application. Their liberality, and steady 'eye to business,' would endow all sects whose members have an influence worth calculating in the nation. Unitarian ministers, in the judgment of some orthodox Protestants, are not less in error than Roman-catholic priests, yet they share the *Regium Donum* as Irish Presbyterians; why, then, should not the priesthood be endowed? Moreover, the already 'established' church owns affinity with that of Rome, more close than with any other Protestant community. She avowedly derives her 'succession,' *alias* her orders and her standing as a church, through her former connexion with the holy see, and to this day recognises its 'ordination' as valid, though she repudiates its Trent doctrines. It would, therefore, be much more in keeping for the English government to endow this 'priesthood,' than to make grants to dissenting ministers. Besides, eminent episcopal divines maintain that in every country the church of the majority of the people ought to be the 'established' church of that country; in Ireland three-fourths, or more, of the population are Roman Catholics; nor even in England are they now the small and indolent body they were awhile ago, as the statistics of the last forty years amply declare. Add to these facts others alike known to the world—*e. g.*, that Romanism is already 'established,' or endowed under British authority, in Canada, and other of our colonial possessions—that the agents of the British government have been directed to recognise the prelates of Rome as taking civil rank next to the corresponding grades in the English church, and to address them under the titles of 'grace' and 'lord'—that the public exchequer, by Act of Parliament, already contributes munificently for the education of the Irish priesthood—that the cabinet studiously accommodates, as far as possible, its collegiate and school arrangements for the country, so as to meet the views of the Roman Catholic prelates—that the British court is often visited by Roman-catholic foreigners of noble and even royal rank, to whom it must appear strange that the ecclesiastics of their 'religion' should be treated as a depressed 'caste'—and, finally,

that the imperial legislature has just passed an act to authorize and facilitate diplomatic relations with the Holy See, in terms far more deferential to that power than the nature of the case seemed to demand; regarding all these considerations and circumstances as they are viewed by the responsible advisers of the crown, and other chief politicians, we confess that 'plausible' is not the epithet we should employ to describe the natural inference therefrom. Conceding the premises set forth, there seldom has been a *sequitur* in moral reasoning more nearly approaching to a *quod est demonstrandum* of Euclid, than that the Irish Roman-catholic priesthood have a fair claim for an ample and honourable endowment from the state.

The project itself is far from new. Half a century ago, pending the negotiations among parties preparatory to the 'Union,' and no doubt to forward that consummation, Lord Castlereagh, in the name of Mr. Pitt's cabinet, made overtures to the Roman-catholic hierarchy in Ireland that an allowance should be made to the priesthood of their church from the public treasury, and that, in return, the crown should have a *veto* in the appointment of their prelates:

'At a meeting of the Roman-catholic prelates, held in Dublin, the 17th, 18th, and 19th of January, 1799, to deliberate on a proposal from government, for an independent provision for the Roman-catholic clergy of Ireland, under certain regulations, not incompatible with their doctrines, discipline, or just influence,—it was admitted—

'That a provision, through government, for the Roman-catholic clergy of this kingdom, competent and secured, ought to be accepted.

'That in the appointment of the prelates of the Roman-catholic religion to vacant sees within the kingdom, such interference of government as may enable it to be satisfied of the loyalty of the person appointed is just, and ought to be agreed to.'

They then proceeded to specify the conditions under which the *veto* should be allowed; and at a meeting on the 29th of the same month, they appointed some of their number 'to transact all business with the government relative to the said proposal, under the substance of the regulations agreed on and subscribed by them.' There were present at these conferences the four archbishops and the six principal bishops.\* Subsequently the Irish prelates changed their mind respecting the *veto*. Their apologists said that the consentients had not been free in their deliberations; but in his speech on a motion by Mr. Grattan, in May, 1810, Lord Castlereagh declared those insinuations to be 'utterly destitute of truth;' and after describ-

\* Butler's Historical Memoirs, vol. iv. pp. 117, &c.

ing himself as authorized by Mr. Pitt's government, in 1799, to communicate on 'the ecclesiastical part of the arrangement' with the catholic clergy, his lordship said—

'It was then distinctly understood that the consideration of the political claims of the catholics must remain for the consideration of the imperial parliament; but the expediency of making, without delay, some provision for their clergy, under proper regulations, was so generally recognised, even by those who were averse to concessions of a political nature, that a communication was officially opened with the heads of the clergy upon the subject.\*

From the various plans suggested during the subsequent discussions of that period, we will quote one furnished by a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, for April, 1809:—

'We would make a provision for their clergy; and the sign-manual of the king, once obtained, should entitle the catholic bishops and deans to their salaries for life. This *veto* upon the salary would soon operate as a *veto* upon the bishop, and produce *that understanding between the prelacy and the castle* which is the security desired. A quarter of the appointments to parochial salaries we would vest in the crown; a few in the bishops; and all the rest to private patrons, for the raising of the general fund, which should be placed in the stocks, with interest payable in a general office at Dublin, or by fixed agents elsewhere.†

This proposal is in one respect admirable—it makes the fund requisite *self-creating*, and so adds nothing to the public burdens. If the object were to be accomplished at all, its attainment by means of a *joint-stock company* would be, *to us*, the least objectionable course for the purpose. But we suspect that the hierarchy would have three objections to it *in limine*; it would ill comport with the dignity of the recipients,—it would transfer church patronage, and with it a measure of church rule, from ecclesiastics to laics,—and it would implicate parties concerned in the speculation, whatever pecuniary profits might accrue, in the fearful and odious crime of simony.

When the Relief Bill of 1825 had passed the Commons, Lord Francis Leveson Gower moved a resolution, that a provision should be made for the Roman-catholic clergy of Ireland, which was carried by a majority of 205 to 164. His lordship named the sum of 250,000*l.* annually for the purpose; but the bill being negatived in the Lords, no further steps were taken on the resolution.

\* *Ibid.* While we write, 'The Castlereagh Papers' are announced for immediate publication—an important accession to our 'State' literature, and which will, no doubt, be found to contain a mass of valuable materials on the portion of Irish history above referred to.

† Art. 'Dr. Milner and others on the Catholics of Ireland.'

Recently the subject has been revived, and apparently with much anxiety for a prosperous issue. The 'Quarterly Review' for December last, in descanting on 'Ministerial Measures,' and expressing its approval of diplomatic relations being opened with the holy Roman court, says—

'But there is one result which it would be foolish as well as uncandid in us to attempt to conceal; we mean, that it would facilitate the first and only hope that we have ever entertained for the redemption of Ireland from the bloody tyranny under which she groans and bleeds—a state provision for the Roman-catholic clergy.' 'We assure them, with all the sincerity of men who have no temptation to mislead, and with whatever authority may be due to a long life, chiefly employed in the consideration of these questions, that our first object in this advice is not merely the welfare, but the very existence of the *Protestant church and the Protestant population* of Ireland. They have all our sympathies, they are, in truth, our chiefest anxiety and care; and we are most deeply and painfully convinced that in the circumstances to which a complication of follies, crimes, and misfortunes have brought us, the means that we propose afford not merely the most probable, but, we fear, the only possible chance—and every year's delay has made that chance worse and worse—for their present safety, and the early tranquillity of Ireland.'—pp. 306—308.

Probably, however, we should not have devoted so large a portion of our present number to the question, had it not been brought under the notice of the empire by an authority far higher than that of any literary journalist. According to the report in the 'Times' newspaper, Lord John Russell, the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, expressed himself, in the debate on Mr. Sharman Crawford's motion on the State of Ireland, July 28th, in the following words:—

'For my own part, I believe that the Protestants of Ireland, living in a country where church-establishments are acknowledged, have a fair claim to possess a church establishment of their own, and that it should be recognised by the state. And I do not believe, diminished as the property of that church has been by the abolition of church-rates, and forming about 1,000,000 of the population, that there is any great excess in the amount allowed to that church. But are there not other reasons why we should not proceed to the abolition of that church? I can understand those who are in favour of the voluntary system, who think that the principle adopted in America is the true one, demanding the instant abolition of the established church in Ireland; but for myself, I take other views. I think a church establishment a wise institution for a country. I believe that when it is properly directed to the purposes for which it is intended, it is a blessing to the people where it exists. At all events, I see no advantage in doing with the rest of the tithes, that which was done with



the 25 per cent. Well, then, having a church establishment for the church of the minority, the question arises, whether you will have by its side another establishment for the church of the great majority? Every person must be aware of the great difficulties which beset the question. Every person must be aware of the difficulties which exist, not only in the feeling of the people of England and Scotland, which in my opinion ought to be no bar to the endowment of the Roman-catholic church, if it were thought desirable to adopt such a measure; but every one must be aware that there are practical difficulties in the way, and that those practical difficulties ought not to be encountered without seeing that the people of Ireland generally ask for this endowment, and that it would really be accepted. Now, what have we heard in Ireland? One of the most popular Roman-catholic prelates has denounced any attempt at endowing his church, as an attempt to bribe the clergy from the cause of the people; and one of the first things I should expect to hear, if I declared myself in favour of such a proposition, would be—not that I was endeavouring to do justice to the people, but that I was endeavouring to seduce the clergy of the people from their flocks, and trying to bribe them to the service of the state.”

Assuming this to be a fair exhibition of the premier's sentiments, we conclude that, though his lordship and other members of the cabinet may not have finally digested any plan which they are prepared to propose forthwith, they do consider it both wise and just that besides the Protestant ‘establishment’ already in Ireland, there should be provided an ‘establishment’ for the Roman-catholic religion also; that though the episcopalian Protestants form only a ‘minority,’ yet, as they amount to 1,000,000 of the population, the present emoluments of that body ought not to be reduced, and that the state provision for the Roman catholics ought to leave the revenues of the existing establishment intact—that the project should not be obstructed by the known hostility of the people of England and Scotland to any such measure, although the government might not be forward to introduce it without first ascertaining that it would be sought for, or at least accepted, by the Roman catholics themselves. Here, whatever else may be uncertain, at least thus much is plain—the Crown, speaking through its minister, has given its judgment in favour of an ‘establishment’ of the Roman-catholic ‘religion’ by the state—has intimated to the Roman-catholic body, that if they themselves are disposed to take it, the government is prepared to grant it—has told the people of England and Scotland that their opposition would be no bar to it. But unfortunately for this scheme, we learn from the newspapers, while we are writing, that—

‘At a meeting of the Irish Roman-catholic archbishops and bishops, held in Dublin, on the 11th instant, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, among others:—

“That having observed that a notice has been given of a parliamentary motion regarding a state provision for the catholic clergy in Ireland, we deprecate such proceeding. That having shared in the prosperity of their faithful flocks, the clergy of Ireland are willing to share in their privations, and are determined to resist a measure calculated to create vast discontent, to sever the people from their pastors, and ultimately to endanger catholicity in this country.”—*Times*, Oct. 17.

We regard this fact as fatal to the project, but we shall not allow ourselves to be deterred by it from stating our impressions as to the impediments with which Lord John Russell, or any other minister of the Crown, would have to deal in proposing such a measure, and the folly of expecting any such return as would compensate for the cost of the experiment. We cannot forbear to add, that we think the prime minister of England should have known his men in Ireland, before venturing upon expressions which have filled the minds of multitudes with so much solicitude. This bootless defiance of the protestant feeling of Great Britain is not well judged, and we suspect may bring its reckoning another day.

We think we know the British character and the strength of the British conscience on the subject, perhaps as well as does Lord John Russell. And we frankly tell him that if our estimate approach the truth, there is no form or degree of constitutional hostility that would not be brought to bear against such a measure. He was given to understand that opposition from that quarter is not to be trifled with by what he saw of it when the augmentation of the Maynooth endowment was under discussion. But he may rest assured that what had then to be resisted was feeble compared with what he would have to encounter in proposing to ‘establish’ the Roman-catholic Church. All persons, in whatever sect, who are opposed to ‘establishments’ in general, would of course be opposed to him; and it would confound us if there were one true-hearted Protestant in the empire who would not-join in the antagonism. Come when or from what quarter it might, and terminate as it might, either in securing or withholding the endowment, one effect of the struggle would be to forward, in a degree hardly conceivable, the ‘voluntary principle,’ and thereby to shake the foundation on which the English ‘establishment’ now rests complacent, because secure. And if our rulers think that by the scheme alluded to they could quiet Ireland, let them know that it would produce a movement throughout Great Britain, by outraging the sacred convictions and moral feelings of her sons, which—though it assumed no form that would require troops to suppress, or

allow of being disposed of by a 'special commission'—they would find as much more serious to deal with than what has disturbed them there, as are the unbroken heavings of the Atlantic or the Pacific compared with the rippling of an inland lake.

But sound religious integrity would not be the only antagonism to be grappled with. Our scrutinizing and rigid economists in political finance would show themselves on the alert, and our already tax-burdened population, whatever be their notions about 'establishments' or 'religion,' would not tamely stand by and allow of the additional demands they must meet in order to provide for this new 'endowment.' It is recognised on all hands that retrenchment should be carried to the utmost in every range of our national expenditure—that not a fraction of outlay is to be allowed for which a necessity or an obligation in expediency is not shown. Every institution to which government or parliamentary aid has been accorded, ought now to be made, as far as possible, to stand alone. The condition of the national finance demands that all respect and countenance should be given to the principle of self-support. In Ireland, especially, should this habit of independence be encouraged, where one of the worst calamities endured by the late visitations of Providence has been in prostrating that habit more completely than it had previously been, and fostering and extending the degrading, withering, vitiating spirit of shameless mendicancy—we call it 'mendicancy,' because we trace no substantive distinction between a party asking for alms at the door of his neighbour, and his applying for the same thing at the gate of the national exchequer; nor will Ireland's energies be free for her own uplifting till she is rid of that paralysis, or her countenance fair till that plague-spot disappears.

To return, however, from our divergence in the last sentence. Ireland—at least Roman-catholic Ireland—has been of late hardly better than one vast pauper-house, the inmates of which have been supported, for the most part, by funds supplied from their neighbours there or in Great Britain. The project we are commenting on would end in making nearly the whole country a sort of poor-house ecclesiastical. 'Religion'—the real or reputed food for the soul—would then be supplied to her millions at the cost of the empire—of course principally from Great Britain. And what would be the sum required? No definite estimate can be given till the expenditure to be provided for is known. The 'Catholic Directory' for the present year presents a total of 4 archbishops, 28 bishops, 983 parish priests, and 1362 curates, connected with 2205 parish chapels, and irrespective of what are called the *regular* clergy, and those

otherwise unconnected with parochial duty. We have seen that, in 1825, the House of Commons approved of an annual grant to the amount of a quarter of a million; but both the number and the *status* of the clergy have much increased since then. Probably, also, if an endowment were to be given, a far greater addition would be made to the number of the parochial clergy, for in many instances, if not generally, the work to be gone through tests to the utmost the physical strength of the agents who have to do it. A Roman-catholic clergyman, writing in the *Cork Examiner*, suggests 500*l.* a-year to each parish priest, and 300*l.* a-year to each curate. We may smile at this as preposterous; but perhaps it indicates expectations. There is still another mode of calculation open to conjecture. Lord John Russell, taking numbers as his rule, thinks that the revenues of the Protestant establishment are not extravagant, considering that it is for the respectable minority of one million of the inhabitants. His lordship, reserving that 'establishment' for the Protestants, would provide another 'establishment' for the Roman Catholics. The number of the latter may be given as *six millions*. Is it not probable, then, that if endowment were accepted at all, it would fail of giving contentment until at least six times as great as that settled on the present intruded and heretic establishment?

Let us turn from outlay to recompence. No one understands better than do Englishmen and Scotsmen the doctrine of *quid pro quo*. It is known even in Ireland. Walking one day along the magnificent quays in Dublin, a boy near us exclaimed to another who was with him, 'D'ye think I'd give him a half-penny for *nothing*?' The nation, we are told, might calculate upon several important items of profitable return secured by this investment of imperial property.

First—'It will tranquillize Ireland.' Would it? Whoever thinks so, deserves to be the dupe of his own credulity. We English people have the credit, or the discredit, of a predilection for specifics and quacks. Many among us thought that the Emancipation Act would operate as a 'cure-all' for the distractions of that country. Did it prove so? Medicines, be they *allopathic* or *homœopathic*, to be effective, must touch the disease. If the payment of the priest's dues were the cause of Irish agitation, as the payment of tithes to the 'minister' has been, the prescription might suit the case; but there is perhaps no money that the Irish peasant parts with more cheerfully than what he gives to his 'clergy;' and it is not unlikely some of them would reply when they heard of the new establishment preparing for them, 'Ah! then, let them give the

‘ money to pay our tithes, or our poor-rates, or our rent, and ‘ not take away from us the *good* of paying our priest with our ‘ own hands, out of our own pockets.’ Would John of Tuam, or any of his class, ever allow the endowment to operate as ‘ hush-money’? The questions that agitate Ireland are agrarian and political. Providing payment for the priests would not affect such matters.

Second.—‘ It will lessen the pecuniary burdens of the poor.’ In this expectation we have as little faith as in the preceding. With all members of the Roman-catholic church, the payment of tithes to their clergy is a Divine obligation, from which no parliamentary enactment can exonerate the conscience; and there is merit and grace to be had by discharging it, which devout Roman-catholics would not readily forego. But what guarantee should we have that the clergy would not quietly put the government endowment into one pocket and the people’s ‘ gift’ into the other? To this the reply is, that common honesty forbids it. Honesty would forbid their making a *demand*, but would it prevent their accepting *free-will offerings*? But suppose the clergy should cease to take what has been customary from their flock, every person acquainted with that communion well knows how many other channels there are open, into one or more of which the current of the people’s contributions would be forthwith turned. Besides, we presume that the endowment would extend only to the *secular* clergy, making no provision for the *regulars*; and what could hinder the latter from taking the place of the former, doing what was their duty and receiving what was their pay; while they—the *seculars*—would enjoy all the *otium cum dignitate* which the endowment is expected to confer? The *regulars* have now, by the rules of the church, power independent of the bishop, to administer the rites of the church in their own chapels; and with the bishop’s leave they can do so through the whole diocese. This state of things, now existing in most catholic countries, especially in Italy, would, in the circumstances, come into existence in Ireland. The monks and friars would be the priests of the people, and stand in precisely the relation to them which is deemed so great an evil at present in the case of the parochial clergy.

Third.—‘ It will help the cause of protestantism by separating ‘ the priest from the people, and otherwise lulling the zeal of his ‘ party.’ Supposing it were likely to have that effect, can the men profess to be honest and Christian men who would employ it for the purpose? Is it not an expedient of worldly wisdom which Christian integrity should spurn? But we deny that protestantism would be served by it. We seriously doubt whether

it would, in the average, stay the energetic working of the parochial clergy. If they accepted the boon it would be only under the persuasion that doing so was likely to serve their church; for to *that* they are devoted, and taken with such a feeling it would rather quicken than quiet their activities. It would raise the *status* of the priesthood, and give them additional influence in a country where state-connexion is already thought to add great respectability to ecclesiastics. The Roman-catholic clergy and laity in Ireland and elsewhere, if they concurred in the proposal, would consider and represent it as a great step in advance towards placing their religion again in the ascendant over these countries. Whatever might be the amount of the endowment, it would be an addition, in that ratio, to the resources which the 'church' already has at command for carrying out her designs of edification or aggression; and she has undertakings and enterprises already abundantly sufficient to occupy all the means she can command. Beyond question it would multiply effective agency for the Roman-catholic religion to a degree of which we can hardly conceive. As before stated, while it exempted the *secular* clergy from the obligation of parish duties in order to obtain a subsistence, and gave them the option of making their position laborious or a sinecure—it would allow the church to avail herself as she chose of the services of her *reglular* clergy, whose devotedness to Rome is, if possible, more thorough than that of the most zealous seculars—who are responsible to no authority but their chief in the 'eternal city,' constantly communicating immediately with the Pope upon the interests of the church—who are held in special veneration among the Irish poor, so that it is a common proverb—'the Friar's smile is better than the Priest's blessing'—and whose Provincial, according to the evidence of a Roman-catholic prelate (Dr. Magauran) before the 'Commons Committee' in 1825, sends them to a locality 'in proportion as he thinks there are means to support them.' There exists, indeed, at present, considerable jealousy in the parochial clergy towards the regulars, the seculars regarding the latter as encroaching on their sources of personal income. Against this evil the Pope has guarded, by often appointing regulars to vacant bishoprics. But to endow the seculars by the State would remove this cause of ill-feeling, give the regulars access to the country, *ad libitum*, and would cheer on both orders to abound in harmonious working for the common cause.

Fourth.—'It will promote British influence in Ireland.'—Here, again, we demur,—what purblind, prejudiced, *impracticable* men we are! Few texts of holy writ are more firmly

believed in England and elsewhere than the statement—‘money answereth all things.’ Truly, there are few commodities which money cannot purchase, and few hearts that it cannot win. Surprising have been the achievements of money, and none have proved the might of its magic spell more than ministers of the British crown. They could declare how it has stayed the working of giant energy; how it has made up in patronage what the throne lost in prerogative; how it has revolutionized the convictions of patriots on the subject of their country’s weal; how it has removed Christian pastors from God’s ‘altar’ as their ‘table,’ while officiating in his sanctuary, and led them to wait for their ‘daily bread’ at the threshold of Cæsar’s court; how, as it once accomplished the betrayal of the Lord of Glory, it has since prepared a highway for the princes of this world to usurp sovereignty in his realm. And it has now been thought good to trust and try what money can do towards making the millions of Ireland loyal to England’s rule. Argument has failed; acts of parliament have failed; political protestantism has failed; soldiers, marines, and police have failed; special commissions have failed:—it only remains to see what MAMMON can effect. We question not that there are men of authority among the disaffected whom it would be well should be ‘bound over’ to keep the peace. But we believe that those ‘true sons of the church’ are *so true* that they would scorn the entire treasury of Britain were it proffered to ‘buy them over.’ We sincerely regret that the premier ventured the avowal that he made. Qualified as it was, we fear it will be construed by these men as a confession of weakness and anxiety in the hand that holds the helm; and that from it will be taken fresh incentive to persevere in the career of irritating hostility to Saxon rule. If our conjectures do not deceive us, the men we are alluding to have ‘the ear’ of his Holiness at Rome. But, whether they have or not, we suspect that even an injunction from the Pope himself would avail little to change their political opinions, or check them for a day in acting out their promptings from within.

Fifth.—‘It will remove from the Roman-catholics any just cause of complaint that their church is unfairly dealt with, in being left to support itself while two Protestant bodies receive emolument from the state.’ And we frankly confess that if the project—radically bad in principle—have any strength in policy, *this* must be its plea. Much, we know, can be urged against our giving support to Romanism in particular, as being in its elements incompatible with liberty, and otherwise adverse to our interests as a people. And we reckon that were the endowment of its priesthood to be proposed—may the day never

come!—a host of sincere opponents would arise, and would, with uplifted right hand, in pledge of their sincerity, protest against the awful ‘national guilt’ that would be incurred by our ‘establishing’ the ‘mystery of iniquity.’ We wish to state emphatically, that—while we have never joined in the so-called ‘No Popery’ cry, and think that much harm has been done by shafts dipped in political or sectarian rancour, though hurled by the hand of orthodoxy, hardly less than by the ‘fiery darts’ of the wicked one himself—we yield to none in abhorrence of the system which substitutes the decrees of Trent and the creed of Pius for the grace of Christ—the system which once set its foot on the neck of all in Europe that is dear to man as a citizen or a saint—the system which by its perversions of Christian evidence, Christian doctrines, and Christian ordinances, has revolted the educated mind of the world, and thereby extensively leavened it with infidelity—the system which to this hour, wherever it may, is ‘drugging’ the uneducated masses with superstitions and lying wonders, such as one is staggered to imagine that even barbarians should succumb to—which, beyond any other that ingenuity, human or *infra*-human, has devised, can accommodate itself to its circumstances and designs—the system which, we are persuaded, is, while we write, noiselessly, perhaps, but with assiduity not to be surpassed, working on its way in high resolve that Ireland shall be rid of Protestantism, and Britain be re-possessed with the dogmas of Rome, and again embraced in Rome’s communion.\* Hence, while opposed to the endowment of religion in any form, we scruple not to say that we are opposed eminently to its endowment in this form.

The church of Rome and her clergy are not now in Ireland as they were some years ago. They are not now ‘Popish recusants,’—barely suffered to exist, prostrate and exhausted under the pressure of penal statutes. The clergy are not now, for the most part, uneducated; the laity are not now without property and weight as citizens. The body is not now a suppliant, im-

\* What say our readers to the following, from the ‘Tablet,’ a London Roman-catholic organ:—

‘Calm your perturbations, ye excellent individuals, and submit with decent dignity to the inevitable. It is even so. It must be so. It will be so yet more and more. You are only at the beginning of your perplexity. The Pope will speak more loudly than ever, and, what is more, he will be listened to. He will turn over your musty Acts of Parliament with finger and thumb, scrutinizing them with a most irreverent audacity; examining those which concern him; and when he has found these, rejecting some and tolerating others, with as much freedom as you use when you handle oranges in a shop, selecting the soft and sweet, contemptuously rejecting the sour and rotten. And then, oh! dreadful thought—he will insist upon being obeyed. The very slates at Exeter Hall must erect themselves in horror at the bare thought of such a thing. What! the Bill was read three times in each House of Parliament—it was twice passed—engrossed on parchment—garnished



portuning with the state to break their yoke and allow them to stand upright and free. By dint of patient endurance and persevering resolution, they have—we may say themselves—wrought out their emancipation. They know that their strength is great, and that government finds it necessary to take them into its reckonings.

Lord Clarendon's letter to Archbishop Murray, submitting for approval the rules for the provincial colleges, testifies the anxious desire of our government to accommodate its proceedings to the views of the Irish catholics, and of the Pontiff himself. Dr. Ennis's letter, on the same colleges, was penned expressly to show how completely government and the legislature are promoting the interests of the 'church.' That 'church' dreams of 'renewing her mighty youth.' No zeal can surpass that of her clergy; her laity are kindled for her prosperity. Within her limits all is stir, as if bent on some great design. It is not for Ireland only that the Irish Roman-catholic church is on the alert. She sends forth her myriads on migrations to the ends of the earth, and they are migrations of religion. But England—Protestant, apostate ENGLAND—is the prize for which her heart pants, her prayers and sacrifices ascend, her toils concentrate: and she already thinks the prize half won. If she consents to wear a chain of gold prepared by British legislation for binding her to the British throne, it will be that she may the sooner and more readily infuse into the British people the elements of her faith, and thus bind them with fetters yet stronger, as trophies of her pious prowess, and captives to the supremacy of Rome.

The endowment of the priesthood—wrong in policy as it is in principle, and fraught, as we believe the measure would be, with mischief in all its influences—is only one point in a wide range. We fear there is yet abroad—we know there *has* been—in quarters where there should be information to counteract it, an impression that popery now is quite a different thing from that scheme of darkness and despotism which prevailed

with a waxen appendage by way of seal; and had over it pronounced by Royal lips the mysterious words and creative fiat, *La Reine le veut*. The Queen wills it; her Lords will it; her Commons will it. What does it want to complete the perfect fashion of the law? Nothing of solemnity, nothing of force which the imperial sceptre of this kingdom could give, is wanting to it. But truly, it may want the sanction of religion. The Pope snuffs disdainfully at it; an Italian priest will have none of it; it trenches upon his rights, or rather upon his duties; it violates the integrity of those interests which he is set to guard: and therefore Commons, Lords, Queen, wax, parchment, and all, avail it very little. You may call it law, if you please; you may note it on your roll. You may print it in the yearly volume of your statutes. But before long you will have to repeal or alter it, in order to procure the sanction of a foreign potentate, without which it has not, in the end, the value of a tenpenny nail.'

CHRISTENDOM centuries ago, that the system has been modified and refined by the all-transforming intelligence of the nineteenth century; that the dogmas stereotyped at Trent, and professed, *verbatim et literatim*, to this day, are not, after all, the erroneous and dangerous propositions which our well-meaning forefathers thought, when they adopted the maxim, '*nulla pax, Roma;*' that, at all events, the creed is so enfeebled that it need occasion no alarm. Along with this impression have gone forth, re-edited, certain speculations on prophecy, which tell us that the predicted 'slaying of the witnesses' is past, and that we have only to wait for a few years more, and then—the *papacy will fall!*

For the present we leave this subject. In anticipating a measure of the nature intimated in the speech of the Prime Minister, we were beginning to look to our evangelical churchmen, and to ask ourselves what course they were likely to take when compelled to decide between accepting state-pay side by side with the Papist, and declining Cæsar's bounty altogether in such company. Trial of this sort is not now so near at hand as it appeared to be some weeks since; but let it be remembered, that if the Roman-catholic prelates of Ireland have determined unanimously against touching the 'hush-money' themselves, they will be less likely than ever to be content that certain heretic neighbours of theirs should continue to look so large by such means. It is something, that the connexion between state-pay and state-subserviency should at length have become so palpable and so odious, that even Romanism dares not degrade itself so low as to submit to such servitude! It would not at all surprise us if a voluntary controversy should arise in Ireland, between Catholic and Protestant, to be productive of more formidable results than have followed from such discussions in England or Scotland. In this way, the paragraphs of Lord John Russell's touching this subject may prove to be the most effective ever delivered by him, though in a direction the reverse of his purpose.

Telemachus, what word of thine was that  
Which leaped the ivory guard that should have fenced it in.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini, a Florentine Artist. By himself.* Translated by J. Roscoe. New edition. Bohn.

IF, as we and all Christians believe, we shall remember in the next world what we do or what we leave undone in this, there can be but one reason for a man's writing his own biography. Some say that memory needs the prompter (like some hollow actor, who does not enter into the character he seems to represent); while others speak of the 'pensive luxury' of stumbling on some event or thought, which, if not written off at the time, would have gone to oblivion. We do not believe in the need of the prompter, or in the 'pensive luxury.' If one writes an account of himself that he may be supplied with a pensive luxury, he may find that it has cost more time than it was worth, and so become an *expensive* one; if he writes that he may not forget, he will likewise find his labour useless. Man cannot forget. His good deeds will never outnumber recollection; his evil ones will stare him in the face till the end of time. His pleasures are not so abundant that they can be readily forgotten,—if they were, the forgotten ones would not be missed,—while his pains and sorrows are like milestones on the road to death, each marking very plainly how he nears that goal. Neither of these are reasons for writing one's own biography.

We are all set here to do one work—duty. Whether we be of high or low or middle caste, that is the only object (as far as we can see) for which we are on earth at all. Our various lives are simply varied performances of this one object; and therefore our histories can only show the diversities in which it is worked out. Why, then, should we write them? Merely because of our inordinate self-esteem. We cannot be said to care two straws about our neighbour, but we all suppose that our neighbour cares plentifully for us. Alas! the world heeds us not in the great throng; its eyes rest on us for a moment, and then pass carelessly to those who came behind us; and, could we believe it, it would go thronging on as happily, if it were never told of our extraordinary merits, or our self-respect.

This is not a crusade against your diaries. Write them, dear reader, as much or as little as you please—but do not *keep* them. We think 'periodical remorse' a great help to purity; your good deeds may even be made the subjects of your pen, under certain restrictions, but the records of them should never be kept. If those records are written with a view to preservation, they are likely in nowise to be true; if for temporary purposes—closet helps, in fact—they are as little likely to be false.

There is no self-esteem to be offended when you set down your errors for your own eyes only, and His, who reads them whether they be written down or not; but if they are to meet other eyes than these, they cannot, by the nature of the case, be undisguised—they will always have a gloss. Indeed, we believe self-esteem to be the sole reason for autobiographical writing, as self-glorification is mostly the object of it. It is mortifying, that of all the ‘valuable’ lives lately published, the greater part should speak so authentically of self-worship as they do; it is mortifying that the fault does not lie with the *collaborateurs*, (who, for the most part, seek only to turn honest pence or half-pence as they can,) but with their heroes, who ‘bequeath their diaries,’ or ‘leave notes of my own life,’ for the edification, and so forth, of the world. No need now of Boswellism: your celebrated man—or man who intends to be celebrated, if he does not die first—or self-celebrating man, needs not now to have his bore ever beside him, his ‘chiel’ always taking notes. He only requires to have kept a diary well-stocked from his youth, or to spend some weeks (in the rainy season, in the country) in the invention of one, and call it ‘autobiography,’ and the work is done. Every man, in these times, is his own Boswell.

There is one other point. Autobiography is beyond the cure of criticism. The author generally writes it and dies, leaving directions for its publication. He shows anxiety that we should have a true opinion about him at the time when he passes beyond reach of our censure; and therefore the autobiography of one who died this morning is as much beyond the pale of the critical head as that of him who has been dead, buried, and eaten, these three hundred years. The blunders cannot be corrected (though they may be wearisomely ‘noted’) in subsequent editions; they can, indeed, only be exhibited, that those who have set their faces sternly towards writing their own lives may take warning, and make the fewer errors. The whole scheme is a great error; but there are ways for embellishing (in this case, under-embellishing) them, as there are recipes for beautifying ugliness. As for the egotist who issues his self-puffery during his lifetime, we know of no cure, no recipe for *him*; he is beyond hope of recovery, quite out of doctoral reach.

We will now pass to what few remarks we have to make, bearing on our subject, about this old self-glorification of the great Cellini. This man seems to have been in constant controversy with the world about his merits. Like Goldsmith, he ever fears lest his ‘eminence’ should get overlooked, and therefore—as we may say in the slang of the present musical world—his instrumentation is marred by the preponderance of the brass. He is

always at the great trumpet,—blowing for the bare life. Now though this is a fault on the right side, (for it is better to boast than to cant, and he who depreciates himself is a hypocrite, and few believe him,) it is still a gross one, and after a little becomes intolerable. Everybody who opposes him is wrong, and not only so, but, as it were, by the nature of the case, altogether evil-minded and wicked. Whoever does him service, and expects some little gratitude—even if, like Signor Gaddi, who saved his life, and was wont afterwards to visit him, he only ‘handles his fowling-pieces, his coat of mail, and his swords’—he finds his patience tired, and counts the man exacting; but whoever has an unpaid claim upon him, and, as we say, duns him, is a villain. The artist has an unflinching—almost ludicrous confidence in his own bravery, superiority, and good birth; ‘though ‘I do not mention that Michel Agnolo (whom I always ridiculed) ‘was the son of a collier as a reflection on him.’ In that ‘filial piety,’ moreover, which allowed him to desert his amiable father because he wished him to play well on the flute, and which was so strong that when he came to Florence, once, and found that father dead of the plague, prompted him to display his grief by supping with his sister, where ‘there was not a word more spoken of the dead, but much about weddings; thus we supped together with the greatest cheerfulness and satisfaction imaginable,’—in all this there was a simplicity of imposture which belongs more to the burlesque, Quixote school, than to any other, save, perhaps, that of Munchausen. Some of the doings, indeed, of this painter, poet, jeweller, sculptor, warrior, and what not, are so absurdly impossible that the reader, weary of laughter, grows angry. ‘The braggart,’ he exclaims, ‘was no doubt a ‘great man in some things, but the greatest of all men and in ‘all things? it is too much for belief or patience.’ As it is, indeed.

Cellini was born in 1500; in the most wonderful times. Amerigo Vespucci had but just robbed Columbus of a part of his fame, which part, however, posterity has refunded. Vasco di Gama had but a year and a half before discovered that there was a passage round the Cape of Good Hope, and that there was no longer room for wonder how the ships of Tarshish should have been found alike in the Red Sea and in the Mediterranean; or how they should have taken three years for their voyage out and home from Ezion Gebar to Tartessus, or perhaps conveyed the bruit of Solomon’s glory to the Queen of Sheba. The independence of the Swiss Cantons was just being declared. The whole of Italy was in a political and social ferment. The Dalecarlians were preparing to set up some one, whether Vasa

or any other embodied thought, against the tyrant of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. The feudal system was exploding everywhere, and Europe was working forward as with a universal mind to the Revolution that was to be as glorious in its accomplishment as blessed in its fruits:—but of these, and the thousand other and subsequent signs of the times, (long since gone out, or forgotten like the stars at noonday,) poor self-glorifying Cellini tells us nothing. If he happens to be in a city besieged by any set of soldiers, and he is forced to be on the defensive, he *is* on it, and, according to his own history, kills the celebrated men who are known to have fallen at the time. But of cause or effect—of politics, even common auberge (or pothouse) politics, he makes no mention at all. He is always ‘afraid of being prolix’ when he is not speaking of himself; you can get amusement, but no information from him—in fact, he is like a wild horse, at whom you can look and laugh through a safe barricade; he springs about untiringly, and in the most unexpected way, and you can only stand open-eyed, as he flies at his nearest friends, and rejoice that he cannot fall foul of *you*.

He was at first pupil to Michel Agnolo Bandinelli, (the son of the collier, but entitled to respect!) whom, however, he left at fifteen years of age, to study under a goldsmith. Here he made such rapid strides in the business that (he says) in a few months he rivalled the most skilful journeyman! At this juncture he assisted his brother in a duel, was banished by the Council of Eight, wandered to Siena and Bologna, and at the expiration of his term returned to Florence. In a little while his brother robbed him of some clothes, whereupon he, in anger *with his father*, ran away to Pisa, where he lived and worked a year in peace; but at the end of that time, having got a fever, he returned to Florence to lay up at home. This fever gone, he continued in this place, working as a goldsmith, but in his nineteenth year he started suddenly (he says without object or reason) for Rome. He laboured there, and quarrelled with his employers, and at the end of two years, returned to Florence, which he once more left in a short time, because of a quarrel, (he was always at odds with the world,) and went to Rome.

He now became suddenly a successful man. He was patronized by a noble lady, whose attention was drawn to him by some ‘exquisite’ paintings; he was patronized by the Pope, Clement, whose attention was drawn to him by his performance on the flute—both employed him as a goldworker; bishops, cardinals, gonfalonieri followed, and notwithstanding his frequent quarrels, frolics, and adventures, he ‘earned a great deal of money.’ Then ensues an account (or rather self-glorification)

about the siege of Rome by the Duke of Bourbon, whom he kills, as well as the Prince of Orange. The following incident (our only extract) occurs during this siege :—

‘One day, amongst others, the Pope happened to walk upon the round rampart, when he saw in the public walks a Spanish colonel, whom he knew by certain tokens; and understanding that he had been formerly in his service, he said something concerning him, all the while observing him attentively. I, who was above at the battery, and knew nothing of the matter, but saw a man who was employed in getting the trenches repaired, and who stood with a spear, [*a spear, reader; mark that!*] dressed in rose colour, began to deliberate how I should lay him flat. I took my swivel, which was almost equal to a demi-culverin, turned it round, and charging it with a good quantity of fine and coarse powder mixed, aimed it at him exactly, though he was at so great a distance that it could not be expected any effort of art should make such pieces carry so far. I fired off the gun, and hit the man exactly in the middle. He had arrogantly placed his sword [*mark the sword.*] This Superintendent of the Trenches must have had his hands full, what with the spear, the sword, and the business!'] before him, in a sort of Spanish bravado, but the ball of my piece struck against his sword, and the man was seen severed into two pieces. The Pope, who did not dream of any such thing, was highly delighted (Pope Clement!) and surprised at what he saw, as well because he thought it impossible that such a piece could carry so far, as that he could not conceive how the man could be cut into two pieces. Upon this, he sent for me, and made an inquiry into the whole affair. I told him the art I had used to fire in that manner, but as for the man's being split into two pieces, neither he nor I was able to account for it. So, falling upon my knees, I entreated his Holiness to absolve me from the guilt of homicide, as likewise for other crimes which I had committed in that castle in the service of the Church. The Pope, lifting up his hands, and making the sign of the cross over me, said that he blessed me, and gave me his absolution for all the homicides that I had ever committed, or ever should commit, in the service of the Apostolic Church.’

Truly the Apostolic Church at this time was in a bad way!

The Roman affairs having got settled, the artist returned to Florence; thence he went to Mantua, from which he was forced to flee. On his return once more to Florence, he found his father and nearly all his relatives dead, whereupon, as we have seen, he took supper and was comforted. After this he went to Rome, where he remained a long while, quarrelling, (sometimes even with absolving Holiness,) intriguing, and working; but on the whole somewhat content, being made Master of the Mint. One day, however, provoked by a ‘friend’s’ abusive language, he picked up some dirt and flung it at his head; in this dirt was a flint,

and the poor man fell, severely wounded. The Pope gave orders for Cellini's instant death—but he fled in time to save himself, and in a few months was invited back to his situation by the easy pontiff. This worthy died, however, ere long; Cellini took the opportunity to kill an enemy; obtained pardon; had his place confirmed to him by the new Pope, Paul; quarrelled with the Pope's son; was obliged to escape from his vengeance; and once more retired upon Florence.

Here we stop. The curious must finish for themselves; we cannot distil any more of this marvellous shipload of accidents, lies, and adventures. Francis I., Madame d'Estampes, Titian, Michel Angelo, the Medici, (Cosmo, Catharine, Alexander, Lorenzo, &c.,) all come on the stage (at the back of it) and pass off; but the huge boaster himself effectually fills up the front. He acknowledges at the end that he has committed an unconscionable piece of vanity; and we are bound to say that we think so too. But his self-belauding voice has long since 'gone silent,' as ours will also soon. The busy worms to which his death have given life, have long since fattened on him, have died too, and been resolved into the parent dust. We can put off, or put aside, our controversy with the man, and only try to make our readers feel, that though it is well so to live, that when our actions are discovered they can be deserving of our fellow-men's applause, it is no glory to have pushed them forward to obtain it. Cease to write that you may have, as it were, a post-humous 'word or two' before you let your friends go. Recollect that there is no necessity for the world's knowing anything at all of you, or having an opinion of you after you have gone, even though you may have sometimes been its 'topic' while you lived. Its care for anything except itself is only momentary. If you think you could make *it* better by writing about *yourself*, be pretty sure as to the probabilities of that matter before you begin. But, to sum up all, do not justify self-worship by feigning to prompt memory, or to provide pen-sive luxury. Keep your eyes steadfastly fixed on the Future, and rather repent than dream of the Past. The time is very near—close every moment to each of us—when there will be no need of prompting; when the mists of age or infirmity shall roll away from our intellects, and the Past (and the Present, brother, what will this present be, *then?*) shall be as plain and open to our eyes, as to His who will be judging quick and dead. No need of prompter there. There will be the great Book, of which our own conscience will supply the content.



ART. IX. (1.) *The Principles of Design and Colour, together with the Matching of Colours, illustrated with Plates containing Diagrams of the Principles of Colour.* Ackerman and Co., London.

(2.) *Lectures on the Law of Architectural Beauty.* By J. COCKERELL, Esq. Published in the 'Athenæum,' 1845.

IF the words 'beautiful' and 'picturesque' happen to be mentioned in a company of tolerably educated persons, it will be found that they all possess a general notion of the meaning of these terms. Should an explanation be required, or should some limit be asked to be assigned, which shall distinguish where the beautiful ends and the picturesque commences, neither shall be found to be forthcoming. Everybody will readily point out certain objects or views which may be safely asserted to be 'picturesque;' and everybody will as easily indicate other objects to which the term 'beautiful' seems alone to be applicable. Here, however, the conversation invariably stops. Ask any of these pictorial or architectural amateurs *why* this 'is beautiful but not picturesque;' or *why* this 'is picturesque but not beautiful,' and what replication shall you get? Nothing but this. You will be told that these are 'matters of taste;' and that 'taste' (Heaven save the mark!) is 'an arbitrary thing,' and brooks explanations as little as ever did Sir Lucius O'Trigger. In short, 'the quarrel will become a very pretty quarrel as it stands:' and the party applied to will be as little inclined to 'spoil it' by further consideration, as ever was Sheridan's Irish Baronet, when urged to do so by the unlucky Bob Acres. So much for the picturesque and beautiful as treated in ordinary society:—but if we have recourse to books, shall we fare any better? If we consult the faculty, let us see if they do not leave us as wise as they found us. There is, for instance, Alison, Lord Kames, Gilpin, Capability Browne, Doctor Syntax; let us turn them all over, and see if we meet with more success than Father Shandy did, when he consulted Albertus Rubenius as to the fashion of the fastenings of Master Tristram's small-clothes. We shall, indeed, find a vast deal said 'about and about' things picturesque and things beautiful; about landscapes wild and tame; about harmony, contrast, repose, and what not;—in short, we shall find every point but one, that one being precisely that which we are in quest of—*videlicet*, the reason *why* these things are thus and thus! Now this, it must be confessed, is a very unsatisfactory position of affairs. Let us see if it cannot be improved. That there must

immediately apprehend the whole; and it is the EASE with which this is done, and the sense of repose induced by that ease, which is the source of our delight. Change that scene. Spread over the sky the clouds of the tempest, until the day is all but blotted out. Let the light be a few shifting, lurid streaks. Let darkness overspread the face of the waters, relieved only by livid foam or the wan play of the lightnings. Let the huge waves rush madly against the shore, and spin up in huge jets of foam against the opposing cliffs and rocks;—let this be, and the beautiful vanishes, and the picturesque returns. Why? Because we have let in the elements of confusion. Because that which was definite is now indefinite. Because sea and sky, and foam and cliff, and mist and cloud, are all mingled together in one wild war, where—

‘The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;  
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous main,  
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear!’

In short, because that which had defined outline and clear expanse now has neither, but has become an elemental chaos, which no eye can arrange.

If we transfer our investigation to an architectural example of the beautiful, and take as our instance a Grecian temple, we shall quickly come to a similar conclusion. Why do we feel so much delight in contemplating the Parthenon, or those more sternly Doric structures at Pæstum? Clearly from the simplicity and regularity of their proportions. The plan of these buildings is visible at a glance. There is much elegance, but little variety. The proportions of the columns, the elevation of the architrave, the *tout ensemble* of the entire structure, are as pleasing to the eye as it is possible to conceive anything to be; but this pleasure in great part arises from the facility with which we comprehend them. The eye, by a momentary view, perceives not only the elegance of the different parts, but the scheme of the architect. It seizes at once and comprehends the distribution of thousands of tons of marble, and years of toil and of skill; and hence the intensity of the pleasure derived from the first contemplation of Grecian architecture. It is the beauty of simplicity, adorned by elegance. Take away that simpleness of design, that unity of proportions, and the charm vanishes at once. Let the shock of the earthquake, or the ravage of invaders, shatter those walls and overthrow those columns. Let coarse herbage and the foliage of parasitical shrubs half hide the ruins of what was once so fair. Let trees root themselves amidst the stones, and damp deform and break

up the floors. The traces of beauty may still faintly remain, but the eye searches for them with difficulty, and discovers them with a melancholy pleasure. The beautiful yields to the picturesque; and, to the eye of the artist, the ruined temple affords a greater treasure than it would have been in all the loveliness of its pristine elegance, and when fresh from the chisel of the architect and the sculptor.

Artificial nature itself (if the phrase be an allowable one) obeys the same laws and yields to the same necessities. After its own fashion, nothing can really be more beautiful than is the old-fashioned garden, with its terraces, its parterres, its grass-plots, its clipped hedges, its rolled walks, its trim shrubberies, its shaven lawns, its regularly cut borders, and its fountains or fishponds, surrounded with green and level turf. Its beauty is, however, artificial, for the most part. We love to see the hand of man thus subdue nature to its purposes. The elegance resides in the regularity. It is the beauty of order opposed to that of luxuriance; of art overcoming the wildness of nature—

‘No pleasing intricacies intervene;  
No artful wildness to perplex the scene.  
Grove nods at grove; each alley has a brother;  
And half the platform just reflects the other.’

Let that fair garden, however, be neglected for a season. Let the grass grow rankly; the shrubs and hedges remain uncut; the fruit-trees unpruned—let the flowers run to seed, the herbs run wild, the walks become clad with thistles and dandelion and coarse grass, the borders become ragged, and tall weeds mingle with once-cultivated flowers; whilst wild runners thicken the hedges, and moss and ivy and wild flowrets load the walls. Let the luxuriance of neglect usurp the place of artificial neatness, and the charm of beauty is fled. Another, however, has taken its place. A picturesque disorder has sprung up. The lawn is lost in its own grass—the flowers are struggling to emerge from amidst weeds—the narrow walks have become tangled thickets—the sheets of water forests of reeds or swamps of water-lilies—the arbours have become covers for the weasel or the stoat—the whole one wild wilderness, in which the eye seeks in vain for a resting-place; but which poets describe and tourists mourn over—a sad spectacle of picturesque decay.

When we, lastly, apply this principle to the human subject, the results are precisely similar. Yon life-guardsmen, for instance, is after his fashion a striking and elegant figure. The lady who hangs upon his arm is beautifully elegant. How much of this arises from the studied arrangements of dress? Nearly

the whole of it. The young officer is of a manly frame and martial bearing. The lady is tall, dignified, of proportions that the Medicæan Venus might almost envy, and Juno herself not despise. This is true; but much of the charm resides in the elegances of costume; and of these elegances the foundation is regularity. Some small portion of our admiration, no doubt, is roused by the brilliancy of the scarlet and gold lace of the uniform, and the beauty of the rich satin and the plumes which help to set off female beauty: still, however, regularity is at the bottom and is the main agent in producing the effect. A soldier's dress is imposing, because it *is a uniform*. Because the golden epaulette on this shoulder is matched by a similar epaulette on the other; because the stripe of gold lace here is matched by another there; in short, because (to parody Mr. Pope)—

‘Skirt nods at skirt: each button has a brother;  
And half the jacket but reflects the other.’

Because the entire livery may be known by a section. Because the eye ascertains, at a glance, that it *is a livery*, however beautiful and showy: and because we see every button has been studied with a view to uniformity, as well as splendour, of effect. The lady's dress comes under the same category. The bracelet on the right arm presupposes another on the left. Ear-drop matches ear-drop, flounce sorts with flounce, and ribbon with ribbon. The eye at once decides the taste displayed to be admirable. Now let us reverse this gay picture, so worthy of Watteau, and substitute one which Wilkie might have painted, or Bewick engraved. Let the gay soldier's coat be reduced to the patched and tattered remnant of that which once *was a uniform*, but is uniform no longer. Let the handsome helmet dwindle to a slouched and weather-beaten hat; the handsome boot to a wooden leg; the sabre-tache to an old wallet. Let the female undergo the same motley metamorphosis, and the charm of beauty is transmutated. Beggary and squalor bring with them the picturesque; and they only do so, because poverty is never in uniform, because patches have no kindred, and because the beggar's coat, like that of Joseph, is of ‘many colours.’ Because the tatter here has no consanguinity with the tatter there; in short, because the hues of misery are multiform—

‘As leaves, that strew the brooks  
In Vallombrosa——’

and as difficult to class.

So much for the first principles from which we derive our ideas of that which is beautiful, as contra-distinguished from

that which is picturesque. So true are they, that we may peruse them still lower, and trace their influence in the very judgments which we form of the patterns of a gown or shawl. If we investigate such rules as have been published for the guidance of artists in this humbler department of art, we shall find them derived from the same natural laws, and subdivisible in a manner much the same, if not quite similar. It needs only a slight examination of this department of art to convince any one, that patterns, like pictures, are of two classes. The beautiful, or neat, is one. The elegant is another. These answer to the picturesque and beautiful in nature and high art. One requirement is common to both; that is to say, that 'all patterns should have a principal or leading character or feature.' This applies to pictures as completely as to patterns: but it also applies to patterns as thoroughly as to pictures. When we come to patterns of the elegant or picturesque character, the analogy plainly appears. What is the rule for these, as laid down in codes of instruction on the subject? 'The leading lines or objects in a pattern should NOT take a *horizontal* direction. Lines rising or towering upwards generally affect the mind more powerfully or more agreeably. If lines be used horizontally, they should be of a *tender* character; not imposing themselves upon us as principals, but kept as subordinates.' That this is true in fact few observers will deny: but why is it? Simply, purely, and altogether, because in picturesque nature this rule holds. The leading lines of the tree are perpendicular and marked; the picturesque resides in the complication of the lateral limbs and their subordinate branch-work, which are thrown out horizontally. It is the analogy that gives charm and character to the pattern. For the 'beautiful' pattern, regularity is requisite; the more marked its character the better. Hence it happens that the Scottish tartans, which are composed of lines of various colours, crossing each other at right angles, are always beautiful. They are so because the eye comprehends them at a glance, and because the generally brilliant and contrasted colours rather aid than impede this celerity and facility of comprehension by the eye. From the same natural rule, all diamond patterns, however complex, being formed from lines crossing each other obliquely, and forming acute or obtuse but not right angles, are of a similar beauty. They also are aided by brilliance and powerful contrast of colours; the contrast helping to indicate to the eye the regularity of the whole. And hence it happens that strongly contrasted colours offend the eye when not combined with regularity of design. The contrast is then in contradiction to the rest. The colours are

strongly defined; the forms at the same time are not so. The eye of taste at once feels the discrepancy and is offended, so delicate are our perceptions as to visible things. Hence it happens, that in all codes as to 'matching of colours' in pattern, a gradual gradation of colour is always held to be an ingredient of elegance. This, however, as we have already observed, only holds good in the elegant or waving patterns, but not in those of which the beauty is based on regularity. Thus, in the tartans, the most violent contrasts of hue give brilliance without offending. 'Warm' colours may here alternate with 'cold,' without injury to our perceptions. If the leading 'tone' be preserved upon the whole, that seems to be all that is requisite: whilst in a waving pattern, gradation is almost indispensable to pleasing effect.

The result of the whole seems to be that the principle here laid down, applied first to nature herself; then to the products of art; then to the human figure; and lastly, to the almost unmeaning patterns with which we give variety and colour to articles of dress and household comfort, holds good throughout. A pleasing difficulty or an unexpected facility produces alternately the sensations of picturesque and beautiful, whether a landscape, a group of figures, or a paper pattern be the subject.

Let us now endeavour to make use of this principle in the explanation of certain effects produced by architecture—of which, hitherto, no very intelligible explanation has been given. All persons of taste recognise and acknowledge the wonderful effect upon the mind, and upon the imagination especially, produced by those buildings which are styled 'Gothic.' They must be dull indeed who can enter a Gothic cathedral untouched by deep feelings of mingled admiration and awe. The pleasure we feel in contemplating the interior of a fine Gothic structure, such for instance as Westminster Abbey, is great; but it is intensely solemn. That which might produce mirth elsewhere, here loses its effect. Beneath the silent shadow of these interwoven arches, chequered by the dim lights which the stained glass and tracery of the windows alone admit, 'L'Allegro' can have no place. In any other part of London we may laugh at 'Punch,' but not in Westminster Abbey. Milton felt this when he wrote 'Il Penseroso,' and owned the genius of pensive musing to be most predominant within the walls of a Gothic cloister. His fine taste here triumphed over his religious prejudices; and

'Eremites and friars,

White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery——'

for once looked respectable in his eyes. Whence arises, however, this over-mastering emotion, ever a denizen within these dim and

silent aisles, felt by all but understood by none? Whence comes it? How springs it? In what deep recess of our nature does its source lie hidden? These are the questions to be answered.

If we proceed, at noon-day, up some ancient avenue of tall and branching elms, leading, peradventure to some stately hall, built in the reign of the Virgin Queen—as her flatterers chose to style her, Shakespeare amongst the rest—or during the sway of her pedantic successor, we shall soon begin to recognise a feeling not very dissimilar. In the regular rows of these stately trees, we at once apprehend a sense of beauty. Whilst the dim and chequered light produced by the beams struggling and darting through the tangled and over-arching masses of foliage and branches, far above our heads, produces a feeling of silence and solemnity, mingled with one of picturesque confusion, that is indescribably pleasing. We at once are reminded of the pointed arches and varied tracery of the interior cathedral; and if, as sometimes happens, two lateral avenues branch off at right angles from the lofty line of the main approach, we have nave and transept before our mind's eye, and have only to substitute the Druid for the priest, to obtain a picture of the rites of a mystic religion celebrated amidst a congenial scene. The pictorial part of the delight thus derived is clearly of a mixed character: we have at once the regularity of beauty and the confusedness of the picturesque. Standing in the midst, we see, at a glance, the regularity of the avenue; but the mingling and rich and varied irregularities of the branching roof over our heads, who shall truly depict? What artist shall catch and fix these numberless chequered lights that reticulate the gloom of the foliage? Who shall paint that long, retiring *vista* as it is, regular in irregularity; leafy arch after leafy arch; light and gloomy by starts and fits, until it diminishes to dimness in the distance? He who depicts the dim interior of the abbey; its crossing arches, springing from slender shafts bound together into pillars, or from massive columns branching out into the roof, as the limbs of the lime or elm do from its bole; the chequered lights from its stained windows; its silence and its solemnity; may give this also.

Of the same mingled character is the true Gothic interior. Nothing can be more certain than this is. He who peruses the lectures of Mr. Cockerell will become convinced that the Gothic structure is the fruit of the nicest calculations as to proportion. Height, breadth, and width, are adjusted to each other by unalterable rules; the various parts that go to constitute the Gothic fane bear a certain and fixed *ratio* to each other, which the best architects never violated. In these proportions reside

the beauty of the building; they regulate both exterior and interior. The exterior is one of bold, but rich and massive, simplicity; its chief features, like those of Grecian architecture, are derived from considerations of plain utility. The central tower, the buttresses that strengthen the lofty walls, the larger and smaller windows, are all so derived. But to this is super-added a boldness of imaginative ornament which gives a new character to the style. Sir James Hall, many years ago, showed how the design of a Gothic church might arise out of a building formed of rough trees; buttressed by larger and shorter trees, the roof being formed by arching branches, bound together by wythes, and the windows similarly fashioned. We cannot doubt that Sir James was in the right. Nearly all the details, great and small, of that style, which, in its most advanced stage, forms 'the florid Gothic' style, may be traced to such an imaginary structure. This applies most exclusively to the exterior. The different sizes and heights of the trees used, the loppings of the external limbs, the slight remains of foliage left—all go to constitute the germs, as it were, of the details of the exterior of a Gothic ecclesiastical pile of the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The charm of the interior is more directly obtained from nature herself. Seen from one certain point of view, it is regularity itself. The beauty of its proportions, the adaptation of one part to another, the beautiful *keeping* of the entire structure, founded, no doubt, as explained by Mr. Cockerell, upon the nicest calculations and the results of long experience; in short, the *tout ensemble*, as apprehended from one or more given points, is the triumph of regularity and beauty, both of design and detail. Leave these points of view, and that art which, no question, constituted the great mystery of 'free-masonry,' at once disappears. The order of the columns wanes into irregularity. The arched roofs, seen obliquely, become confused; the lights are let in at apparently uncertain intervals; the shadows are mingled, and the vistas broken and interrupted. The picturesque supersedes the beautiful, and the charm is heightened by our knowledge that all the minuter ornaments of that which might seem formed of the arches of some gigantic forest are fashioned of cold, unyielding stone, as if that forest had been petrified at the will of some genius, in eternal homage to that faith which its gloom, its lights and its shadows, only help to sanctify. Such is the *rationale* of that pleasure and of those pleasingly mixed sensations which the contemplation of the majestic creations of the true Gothic style of architecture never fails to impart to all cultivated minds. The charm hence derived far exceeds that which we obtain from a view of the



*chefs-d'œuvre* of Grecian art in building. This is so, because it is, in essence, double: with that which is beautiful, it combines that which is picturesque. Art cannot go further, and therefore, 'To make a third she joins the former two.' It is 'Ultima Thule.' By means of this wonderful effort of tasteful combination, regularity the most exquisite is hidden under a picturesque confusion which, however, at a certain point of view, disappears. This is 'the heart of the mystery;' and if we apply this principle to those monstrous yet flat mixtures of Corinthian columns with rounded windows, formal pilasters with unmeaning arches; those jumbles of puerility, plaster, and pomposity, with which modern architecture presents us, whether dignified by the names of Palladio, Michael Angelo, Wren, or Jones, we shall soon see the reason of their failure, and of the comparative contempt with which they are now beginning to be viewed by all men of true taste and feeling for art. If such jumbles are less grotesque in our eyes than is a Chinese pagoda, it is only because they are made up of fragments of a better style which we cannot forget. A Chinese pagoda is grotesque, because it is made up of unity without elegance, deviation without meaning, and confusedness without interest. It is made out of the primary idea of a set of awnings, hung with bells, cords, and tassels, diversified with gaudy colours thrown in at random, fringed, furbelowed and bespangled—a sort of *fantastic marquee* on a large scale! If some of our modern churches are one degree less heterogeneous and less grotesque, it is only because the parts happen to be better than the whole; as a *cento*, however absurd, may yet embody some of the scattered beauties of the authors from whose lines it is derived.

There remains one other point to which the principles here attempted to be enforced, appear to be applicable, and which must not be passed over. This is the cause of the curious diversity of opinion which exists everywhere as to the beauty or deformity of the human countenance. Much of this most unquestionably must be referred to custom; but not all. Complexion, as to its beauty or deformity, seems to depend on habit alone. The negro loathes the fairness of the European; which to him conveys the idea of disease. The Northern European, in like manner, cannot away with the shining jet of the African, which, to him, is the type of inferiority and barbarity. This is the consequence of use and custom merely:—but in the matters of feature and expression it is not so. In spite of all that has been talked and written of human beauty, we hardly find, in practice, two persons who can agree what it precisely is or where it is to be found. Fashion attempts

sometimes to decide it, custom or prejudice to regulate it. In vain is the attempt made. Results are perpetually contradicting maxims of taste; and we see men perpetually admitting beauty to exist where they do not feel it, and falling in love with features which all received opinion has declared to be plain. Whence comes this discrepancy between theory and practice? It is a mystery which Anthony Count Hamilton, in his witty and vivacious, but otherwise very questionable *Memoirs of De Grammont*, may have illustrated, but he certainly has not explained it; nor has the *Book of Beauty*, or *Lady Blessington*, its Editress, made the puzzle one whit the clearer. Let us essay to throw one gleam of light upon a subject as to which grey hairs are perhaps the best teachers of philosophy; and where the dull eye of age may, perchance, evolve a truth hidden from younger and from clearer optics.

If we investigate the foundation of that which, in common parlance, passes for beauty of countenance, we shall find it to consist in a certain regularity of leading features. The Greek *ideal* displays a certain accord between the line of the forehead and that of the nose. That this produces a feeling of completeness with regard to the upper half of the face is certain, because a nose, set on at an angle, seems as if it were stuck into the face rather than belonging to it. The upper lip is short, and the lips themselves the reverse of prominent. This also adds to the regularity of the countenance, inasmuch as a long upper lip, or lips pushed out, as in the negro, could not harmonize with the higher facial line, but must disturb it. Thus far we can account for the greater elegance of the Greek ideal contour; the rest seems to be made out by sharpness of feature, by smoothness and decision of outline, by the absence of angles, and the idea of repose which a face so chiselled is sure to convey—for on ‘the human face divine,’ as on the ocean, smoothness and repose are convertible terms. Such faces are ever, in words, admitted to be handsome. They possess nothing to offend and much to conciliate both the eye and the imagination—and hence the effect of such a countenance is pleasing, as far as it goes. But how far does it go? In the answer to that question comes our difficulty, inasmuch as it informs us that this sort of beauty, in practice, is often found to go a very little way indeed. So far from being a universal enchantment, *it enchants* only a few; and of this few many escape from the spell before they have well felt it, and are peradventure enchained, ultimately, by some countenance almost the reverse of this, as far as the Greek ideal is concerned. A result so perplexing of course sets us theorizing again; and after much cudgelling of

our brains and travail of our wits, we sagely find out that such countenances, though not 'regularly handsome,' are 'interesting.' What is the meaning of that? Why, that they contain something which interests us; which something is not contained in the regularity of a Greek or Roman ideal. Then comes the question, what *is* that something? and in the answer lies the solution of the difficulty, for a difficulty it certainly is. That which forms the 'interesting' in contradistinction to the 'beautiful' or the 'handsome' is, in plain terms, the expression of intellect and feeling. This accounts for the whole. This expression does not reside in the leading features, but in those minuter lines of the countenance upon which all expression of the intellectual processes depends. In the countenances of most intellectual persons, whether male or female, the variety and play of expression is so varied and so perpetual, as totally to overcome the want of ideal regularity in the greater leading features: and hence such persons obtain a firmer and more lasting hold upon our imaginations and sympathies than mere regularity of feature can achieve. The one is inexhaustible, and never fails; the other is seen at a glance, and tires by mere repetition. Their junction in one face would be the perfection of human beauty; but such a junction has been rarely, if ever, seen; and in the meantime the interesting divides the empire with the more regular beauty, and the countenance beaming with intellect and with the emotions wherewith we sympathise, every now and then carries away the prize from the regularly insipid—and this is the solution of this great mystery, which has, we suspect, astounded many and disappointed not a few! In the male countenance this distinction is sometimes very strongly marked. Few men could be more completely the reverse of each other in features, complexion, manner, voice, and disposition, not to say intellect, than were the late Lord Abinger (Mr. Scarlett) and the present Lord Brougham, when pitted against each other, as counsel, on the northern circuit. 'Mr. Silky' and 'Mr. Sulky' in the play, were not more diametrically opposite to each other. Through life, Scarlett was an eminently handsome man—Brougham as extraordinarily the reverse. Yet, on occasions of great excitement, so wonderfully did the *vividu vis ingenii* light up the countenance of the latter, that had a competent judge, of either sex, been asked at such a moment which was preferable, the chances are, the preference would have been awarded to the intellectual visage of the eloquent and vehement advocate, despite its harsher lines and coarser features, rather than to the insipid, pretty-gentleman physiognomy of the special pleader. To the female countenance the same principle is applicable.

and sanguinary excesses. There has been fighting and bloodshed, but not in any proportion to the general dissolution of authority. Europe has arrived at a point of time when old political principles seem to be worn out or obsolete, and the bewildered politician feels as dismayed and perplexed as the mariner who first saw the deviation of the needle and feared to be left without a guide, but hope is restored and sustained by observing that the large elements of humanity continue unchanged. If rebuked, in the self-satisfied notion that he had already 'seen through all things,' and forced by vulgar amazement to open his eyes wider than he had ever deigned to do before, the politician is amply incited to go back again from the study of set institutions or received political dogmas, to that of human nature. Success is the test of efficiency—causes are equal to their effects: if we would understand the reasons for the sudden impotency that has not only paralyzed kingly rule, but also mortified republicanism, even at the moment it seemed to have reached the goal of its ambition, we may find these reasons, not in the formulæ of older opinions that have been contradicted by the whole course of recent events, but in the events themselves—in the stability of those more modest influences that had almost escaped account—in the acts of the peoples, rather than the records of diplomacy, or, the effusions of professed eloquence.

We shall not, from our stable quarterly ground of view, attempt to follow the newspapers, or to keep pace with the ever-changing whirl of events. If we endeavour to systematise the events of the last six months, according to the maps and landmarks of political philosophy, classification would be merely baffled, and the despairing theoriser might imagine that men of all races and language had with one accord consented to go mad for his annoyance. The apathy and perversity of the ruling classes—the immense impulse which has moved what seemed powerful parties of the people, but moved them without result—the summons of the whole intellect of Europe to the councils on public affairs, only to make counsel darker instead of lighter—all these strange phenomena might justify the notion that civilized man was already possessed by the insanity that precedes universal destruction. In looking into events and acts, however, it is not difficult to find something like a distinct and intelligible clue out of each perplexity. As usual, when experience and knowledge have outgrown the doctrine into which older experience and knowledge had been formulated, perplexity is relieved by turning the investigation from

the doctrine to the subject-matter itself—in this case, from the set forms of opinion, ‘Liberal,’ or ‘Absolute,’ which have been so generally convicted of imperfection, to the actual condition and conduct of the living men engaged.

At the first blush, it may savour of exaggeration when we say, that the present state of Europe is one of greater confusion than any within the range of modern history; because, as we estimate revolutions by the violence of the engines employed, we might point even to recent history for the larger case of anarchy. But the long and changeful revolution, of which the first act was terminated in 1815, had not, in fact, nearly so many elements of confusion as the present. The positive agencies brought upon the scene were more violent, and of greater magnitude, than any which we yet have before us. We have, as yet, been spared a reign of terror in Paris; the immense armies of Napoleon and the allied sovereigns were beyond all comparison with any that have now been a-field; in no part of the world do the slain number a tithe of those sacrificed by the sword or the guillotine fifty years ago. But if the agencies in that case were more violent in their conflict, and ruder in their process, they were also fewer, more in accordance with the established doctrines of political history—more distinct and intelligible. Even the scepticism of Paris, moral or religious, was a simple re-action. There was no contest at that time which, however it might unsettle institutions or the conduct of affairs, tended in any way to unsettle the received data as they had been laid down by antagonist parties. The present condition of Europe is the very opposite. No one agency that can be regarded in a distinct and material form, like the combined kingly power of the Holy Alliance, or one of Napoleon’s armies, presents itself in a shape of such magnitude and mechanical strength. No moral influence, like the doctrine of Absolutism, or of pseudo-classical Republicanism, like the bigotry of Rome, or the bigotry of Parisian atheism, stands forth with such consistency and positiveness. On the contrary, while the movement is far more universal than it was in those days, while it calls forth into activity sections of the people which the revolution of ’92 found incapable of action, almost unendowed with civic life; while it penetrates into the remotest parts of Europe, from the Danish Sound to the mouth of the Danube, the several agencies engaged in the conflict are at once more numerous and more equally balanced. A sense of misgiving and doubt holds the hand of rashness, and whispers startling considerations in the ear of bigotry. The monarchs who, in the last revolution, conspired together with undoubted faith in their own rights, now

parley with their subjects. Armies begin to reason; and the sword awaits the command, not only of conscience, but also of conviction. The decay of old bigotries appears to reflect a corresponding feebleness on antagonistic principles; and as absolute monarchy totters to its fall on the highest thrones of civilized Europe, Republicanism stumbles in its advance. In their mutual doubt and perplexity, Monarchy and Republicanism are taking counsel from each other, clubbing resources, and interchanging devices. The war-cry of nationality has been uttered to defeat itself. The nations which raised the banner of race in order to their own independence, are paralyzed by a battle-cry of old and forgotten internal differences. Convictions and conclusions upon which men were positive a year back, are thrown again into the caldron of discussion. Principles which were the bases of thrones, thrones being subverted, are cleared of the rust of ages, in order to a new and unscrupulous investigation. Principles, which revolutionists had settled among themselves, and awaited only the opportunity to establish with the sword, attain their victory only to call forth the same degree of scepticism. Questions of economy that had just been determined, are torn open again. Monsieur Ledru Rollin, Coryphæus of the genteel mob in France, leader of the foremost mob in revolutionary Europe, has lately boasted that the revolutionists of February had established a Republic, 'eternal,' because it was based on 'social institutions;' but institutions have only been questioned in France, not created; the Republic is not yet out of the makers' hands, and in all its points it is subject to question. Everything is unsettled in the political department of public life. The difference between the present juncture and the last great overhauling of Europe is, that the actors are less dogmatic; that they are content with the work on their hands, and do not feel bound to carry the activity of their meddling into every relation of life. Each is willing to take counsel with all the rest; and as every race and tongue in Europe is engaged in the council, the confusion is that of Babel. The talisman, by the help of which we foresee extrication from this anarchy, is a more modest and honest purpose than that which actuated men half a century back.

In this view the history of the last six months has been fuller than any which has been recorded in political history. More nations have been actively engaged; more questions in issue within each nation; more counsellors brought to bear upon each question. The whole is not yet disclosed to the observer—indeed, but a very small portion. Not only is it as true as ever that an absolute knowledge of facts is unattainable; but,

although some kind of publicity attends the action of public affairs within each country, international affairs, at least on the eastern side of the Atlantic, are professedly concealed. Nay, they are studiously misrepresented; since diplomacy arrogates to itself the old and barbarous privileges of falsehood. So much so, that those who have access to the best information are often deceived more than they are instructed; and a better conception is formed from a broad review of the facts, as set forth in the eye of day, than is to be obtained by pursuing the intricate and illusive path of investigation among diplomatic records.

The political dramatist might have thought it most artistical to close the new French Revolution with a tableau in completion of the February revolt; but time has thought fit to supply more than one appendix to that vast work. The bigotry of revolutionism could not be satisfied without some more sanguinary tentatives than it had enjoyed in February. The musket which had been pointed at the parting forms of the Orleans family as they were hastily escorted from the Chamber of Deputies at its last sitting, awakened without solacing the cannibal appetite for blood. It was again disappointed in May, when the inflamed Barbès invaded the National Assembly, seized upon the involuntary leader who has since disclaimed him, and attempted an ultra revolution. It was satisfied and apparently crushed in the terrible conflict of June. In that contest, it is to be hoped, French terrorism fairly tried its strength and was destroyed. It was in fact the creature of a past day. The madness for a bloody revenge is the child of an oppression such as France has not known since her maddened citizens revelled in blood. Although Louis Philippe had fallen too far into the letter of the old modes of government, the spirit of his rule was wholly incapable of that oppression which fathered the melo-dramatic terrorism of '93. His crime was to destroy faith in constitutional monarchy. He really did fulfil the compact of July, 1830, so far as to supply his countrymen with a monarchy constitutional in the letter of its laws. But by legislative encroachments, by administrative straining of the laws, by mercenary corruption, he contrived to make constitutional monarchy so very like the semi-absolute monarchy which he displaced, that he utterly destroyed its market value. And the Parisians would not now, we believe, accept an English Constitution, even with the mark of an English manufacturer, 'neat as imported.' By the badness of the article supplied, the market for a genuine monarchical constitution is as wholly destroyed in France as that for Nankin cottons is in England.

What Louis Philippe did for constitutional monarchy, Lamar-

tine and his colleagues did for pure Republicanism. Their excuse indeed was greater than his. Their difficulties were enormous—their time brief. Still the fact remains, that the poetical Republicanism, the classical liberty of the theatre, introduced by Lamartine, Arago, and their colleagues, with so much ceremony, with such poetical speeches, such parading of National Guards and Moveable Guards, such planting of trees of liberty, proved wholly incapable of making way in the practical conduct of public affairs. Ideal Republicanism was forced to join issue with the red-handed terrorism—the gross un-ideal Republicanism indigenous to Paris; and in the chance medley it was trampled under foot. Something stronger and more real was wanted. Lamartine, the generous man, the lover of his species, the distinguished and elegant writer, the poetical author of generalizing speeches—could not hold power. He could not in the tumult hold even the ears of his countrymen; and he was obliged to call in General Cavaignac. The change which is implied in that political step is vividly illustrated by the character of the two men.

Lamartine attained success according to his power. When all authority was dissolved, when the control of enraged multitudes was thrown back on the appeal to the broad and instinctive feelings of human nature, then Lamartine, who stood with folded arms before the muskets of the people, personified the faith men place in high principle, in the primary affections. It would be a mistake to say, that as he stood before those thousands of deadly weapons, any one of those men *could* have shot him. ‘He held them with his glittering eye;’ he arrested their hands by the power of their own hearts. Intensely national in his feelings and imagination, he was in very fact the embodied representative of the highest and most powerful feeling then animating each one of that tumultuary horde. And you cannot possess a greater power than that which consists in the desires and understanding of him whom you wish to control. The power which Lamartine had that day over the immense multitude before him was the immense multitude itself. He thought and felt their highest thoughts and best feelings. He knew that it was so; his power consisted in his knowledge and faith, and his victory was the admiration of the world. But after the event it is not difficult to perceive that a power which consists simply in that conception and faith is not necessarily adapted to the practical administration of affairs. Lamartine could not, as the Scotch would say, ‘condescend upon particulars.’ When it came to a more practical and critical contest between the several sections of republican power, as on the



15th of May, his mind was not suited to enter into the nicer differences, nor perhaps to perceive what would be the practical result if the balance of power inclined to this or that section. By his deposition before the Committee of Inquiry—one of the strangest depositions ever made, much as if Macpherson's Ossian had been brought to give evidence in a court of law—it is made evident that he had no more specific comprehension of the questions at issue than the fact that there was some tumultuary movement hazardous to the Republic at large; and, so far as he was concerned, he met that movement with an 'idea.' It was he, he tells us, who 'created the Garde Mobile;' he created it, he says, 'on grey paper;' and 'the idea was admirably understood by General Duvivier.' Lamartine, however, went no further than the idea; he stopped at the grey paper; and for the substantial sequel, France was indebted to General Duvivier. At the critical moment, Lamartine went forth to view the parturition of his idea—the fruition of his grey paper. He saw the column of guards approach, and he said to himself, 'the Republic is saved.' But it is clear, that even at that moment the very soldiers that were marching before him were but a vehicle for the conveyance of a new 'idea' to his mind. He set one idea against the other, and did not deign—in other words, was not able, to deal with the current affairs in their substantial reality.

The substantial reality came, in a horrible and gigantic form, on the 22nd of June, when a heterogeneous host of malcontents held the capital for five days in bloody conflict. It had come to something more grossly material and physically urgent than general ideas; and charmed as France had been by the imposing deportment of her leader—an ornament and honour to the nation—it became absolutely necessary to bring a more practical instrument into operation. The Minister of War became the dictator of the Republic. Cavaignac is the very opposite of Lamartine, excepting in high patriotism and generous purpose. For all his travels, Lamartine is a closet man. Events and nations are to him but the materials for literary conception. A spoilt child, but not an undeserving child, of fortune, his youth of spirit defies the advances of time; and the naïve presumption which marks his writings came to its highest flower in the speeches of his statesmanship. His prime of life being but a perfect boyhood, he cannot particularize; to him the essence of things lies in the generality: he deals with human affairs only in their archetypal shape; and to judge by his later orations, his legislation would not be more specific than the poetical enunciation of first principles.

Cavaignac is a man prematurely aged in hard service—a service, it has been said, made the harder of *malice prepense*, in order that it might end his life outright—for he is an hereditary revolutionist. Algeria offered good opportunity for promotion to services which were equivalent to the promotion of the scaffold. He is a practical man—not less nor more. He understands affairs best in their tangible and practical shape; and he understands each affair best taken by itself according to its own exigencies. If it were possible to conceive our own Wellington at once a Revolutionist and a Frenchman—‘une très forte supposition’—he might be the president of the council in Paris. Cavaignac cannot generalize. He can perceive when it is expedient for carrying on the public service, and for securing the due operation of government, to suppress this or that journal; and we suspect that, on the whole, his judgment will be found to be correct. But when he comes to give the reasons for his act, and to justify it by principles—a necessity unfortunately put upon him by his presence in the debating chamber—he does nothing but supply the enemies of his policy with arguments against it. When he avows that he treats the opponents of republicanism, of his own republicanism, as ‘enemies’ whom he must encounter *vi et armis*, he exposes the intellectual deficiency of a man who instinctively feels what has been required for the operations of the soldier, but cannot deal with the reasons that may govern the far-seeing statesman. Cavaignac and the lion-hearted Lamoricière put down the bloody revolt which did more even than paralyze the administrative faculties of M. Lamartine, for it silenced him; but when the indigenous Red Republicanism of Paris was crushed by military dictatorship, the whole question of republicanism, except the word, was thrown back again into the lottery, to be raffled for with the Monarchy and the Empire.

All Germany has been undone, and nothing as yet reconstructed with any certainty of permanence. When the citizens of Cologne broke out on the 3rd of March, with cries of reform, they could not foresee the monster meeting of Germans at Heidelberg, which cheered Welcker’s advice to take England as the model for the reconstruction of the German empire. Frederick William, the fate of whose feeble nature it is always to be too late, had given a constitution to his subjects twenty years too late, and now proposed, just one year too late, that there should be periodical meetings of his new Diet; and he kept up a fire of manifestoes and proclamations to his ‘beloved Berliners,’ and ‘beloved countrymen,’ every one too late. Too late he stopped the troops that he had suffered to fire upon his

beloved Berliners; too late assumed the lead of the German people. In reconstructing the empire, he was completely distanced by the march of events; and now is suspected of contemplating, too late, some appeal to the aid of Russia. Whether he is at Potsdam or Königsberg, whether his Minister is Bodelschwingk or Camphausen, Auerswald or Von Pfuel, he moves about with little national heed concerning him, an object of suspicion rather than respect.

So at Vienna, Metternich has been numbered with the statesmen of the past. The ugly word *concession* had begun to meet him even in the council, even from the lips of his pupil and colleague Kolowrath, who had already been accounted liberal—that is, for an Austrian minister. But the aged prince, whom usage had hardened against doubt, who talked of states as a ‘geographical expression,’ did not know that he was living in a dream until revolution awoke him in the middle of March, forced him to flight, and drove the poor Emperor to tears. The ruler of the Austrian empire is cultivating an uxorious felicity at an English watering place. The pageant monarch, plaything of small intriguers, shifted about from Vienna to Innsbruck, and back again, invited to Prague and Pesth, sunk to the importance of a bauble, has once more been chased from his capital. The wrecks of the bureaucracy are left to do as they best can, with small prospect of success: Kolowrath is succeeded by Pillersdorf, Pillersdorf by Wessenburg and Dobblhoff, and other ministers will follow, without any better hope of accomplishing the function of government in Vienna.

In fact, before this last alarming crisis, the governing of the Austrian empire had become an impossibility. The several kingdoms which had been released from the fear of central authority are eager in the pursuit of incompatible objects, while each of these several states is pushed on by the like conflict of opposite interests within itself. If the ministry at Vienna could reconcile the pretensions of Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, and Italy, which is impossible, it must still be worsted in the endeavour to reconcile the conflicting pretensions of Magyars and Croats in Hungary, of Slaves and Germans in Bohemia.

Charles Albert, who seemed to have driven Radetzky into a corner, has himself been driven from Austrian Italy; a natural fluctuation in public affairs. The boundless exertions of reactionary agents succeeded in weakening Charles Albert’s force by withdrawing recruits and munitions of war. Old jealousies have induced the Neapolitans to waive their own contest with King Ferdinand while he endeavours to restore the subjugation of the Sicilians; but for all the bombardment of Messina, the

Sicilians are not yet conquered. Leopold of Tuscany has renewed his declaration of political faith. Within these few weeks the Pope has declared his perseverance in constructing the political league of Italy. Austria had been made, by the withdrawal of her troops, to confess that she was not yet strong enough to resume her occupation of the papal towns,—she even offered Lombardy ‘liberal institutions!’ And Charles Albert had proclaimed that he was preparing again to take the field in defence of Italian independence, should it not be attained by that mediation of France and England which Austria so coquettishly refused to accept or repel, when the last revolution at Vienna supersedes Radetzky’s victories, and Austria stands confessed in the impotence of metropolitan anarchy.

Even before that last scene of violence the fate of the Austrian empire had been merged in the fate of Germany—the critical interest removed from Vienna with the Lieutenant Archduke John, who was promoted to be Viceroy over the Emperor and all the princes of the great German family. Installed on the 12th. of July, he received in the name of the National Assembly the resignation of the Germanic Diet, now superseded. The princes of Germany have generally signified their adhesion to the central authority at Frankfort. Even the King of Hanover, who at first displayed a contumacious spirit, was compelled by his own subjects to submit. The imperial government is complete: there is the Regent of the Empire and a responsible ministry. The Regent claims, and has not been denied, control over the united armies of the Empire. He has issued a circular to the diplomatic agents of the German states in foreign courts, intimating that although they may negotiate the local interests of their own governments, they must not in their separate capacities meddle with aggregate imperial questions. ‘Germany’ is reconstituted. As an unity, a great federal state, it possesses within itself an aggregate mass of material power, of intellectual resources, and of political activity, unknown probably in the history of the world. The creation of such an empire (for it is indeed a creation, and not a restoration) would imply vast and striking results. It is not now absolute Austria, or vacillating Prussia, that takes its place in the councils of Europe, but popular, constitutional, and intellectual Germany; and the councils of Europe ought to feel the influence of the change. But although the empire exists in form, does it exist in reality? A troublesome question, and one not easy to answer. At present no antagonist power stands forth to deny the existence of the great central and imperial government. On the contrary, the most powerful states of Germany profess to co-

operate in fostering and strengthening the central authority. But it is easy to perceive that these professions are not entirely sincere. While their own authority is in abeyance, the high princes of Germany are willing enough to accept an instrumentality which may serve as a substitute for their own power, one which may relieve them of responsibility and help to tide over the present difficulty. But difficulties of every kind beset the imperial government, prevent its firm establishment, and continue to it every characteristic of a provisional constitution. Prussians and Austrians, although willing enough to merge their difficulties in the common stock under the custody of the Regent, are very jealous of really merging their powers. On the first occasion, Prussia, whose monarch professed to take the lead in constructing an imperial authority, now takes the lead in shaking that authority.

We need not here enter into the question of Schleswig-Holstein, since it never will be settled upon its merits. Its bearing upon Europe is of a different kind, and may be described in much fewer words than it would take to explain the nature of the rival claims. Divided between the different branches of the house of Oldenburgh, the different portions of Schleswig-Holstein came into the possession of the Danish King by different titles, one portion being confessedly a German province. He had consented that the several portions should remain inseparable; and the German majority of the province now insist that the remaining portion should follow the German succession, the German laws, and the fate of Germany. The King insists upon treating Schleswig as an integral part of Denmark. So much historical erudition has been displayed on both sides of the question, that it would be presumptuous in an alien to hazard a decision. Our own impression indeed is, that it is actually impossible to reconcile titles which are at once equally well founded and incompatible. The question presents an accumulation of postponed difficulties which are now incapable of solution, and might well have formed the subject of a compromise by arbitration. The revolutionary Germans sided with the Germans of Holstein. First the government of Prussia, and then the National Assembly, adopted the policy of the revolutionary Germans; and the contest has become one between Denmark and Germany. That was bad enough. But it was further complicated by a technical dispute between Prussia and the central government at Frankfort. The armistice with a view to further negotiations was a just and politic step; but the Prussian government concluded it in terms which virtually set aside, or unduly presumed, the sanction and concurrence of

the central government; and in order to repel that aggression on the new imperial authority, it seemed necessary to disallow the armistice. A still further complication was produced by a dissension in the National Assembly at Frankfort on the question of allowing the armistice or not. Professor Dahlmann met with great success in a movement of the Left, or Opposition, for the disallowance. Although an accomplished politician, his fanaticism of nationality in favour of the Holsteiners led him so far, that before he was aware of it he had evoked a new revolutionary spirit within the Assembly: borne to the threshold of office on the shoulders of the victorious Opposition, a conscientious dismay at ulterior consequences induced him to hesitate; he declined the formation of a cabinet, and the armistice was allowed with modifications. The question of Schleswig-Holstein, therefore, may be dismissed with the remark, that it will have to be settled not upon its merits, for such a settlement we say is impossible, but according to the balance of power as it may ultimately incline to the German or Danish side, to the Prussian or Imperial, to the Revolutionary or the Reactionary.

The dispute, however, had shown the feebleness of the Imperial authority. It did more. It gave occasion for an overt assault on that authority by the ultra-revolutionary members of the Opposition, and Frankfort was the scene of an *émeute* too protracted, and carried on by numbers too great, for it to be supposed that the mob of the town itself was alone engaged. The brutalities inflicted on Prince Lichnowsky and Major Anerswald were such as to disgrace the ruffians that constitute the dregs of the revolutionary armies; those lawless condottieri and buccaneers who have proved such a scourge in Germany. What intrigues procured the presence of these allies in Frankfort has not yet been disclosed; but it is plain that many actors in the scene had been brought from a distance: The ultra-revolutionists of the Opposition had probably been overreached by the agents of some reactionary plot. However that may be, the first distinct exercise of Imperial superintendence has been marked by a contumacious attempt at evasion on the part of a leading state, by open revolt, and by concealed plots which suspicion traces to Vienna or Berlin, to Bavaria or Hanover.

Such, then, is the unsettled position in which we observe the principal countries of Europe—the newly-created German empire slighted by its constituent states; the states themselves between the two fires of an over-riding authority and an internal discord which threatens their partition; Northern Italy balancing between a mediation that would only open a series of

difficult questions, and a renewal of the war; Southern Italy torn by the war of Naples on its dependent island, against the public opinion of Europe; France in the throes of producing its constitution, amidst the open conflict of parties, and the concealed working of intrigues. Beyond these great centres stability is greater only in degree. The Danubian provinces are struggling for a junction with civilized Europe centuries after their time. Denmark is threatened with encroachment. Spain and Switzerland, the abodes of chronic revolution, assume by contrast an aspect of tranquillity. Turbulent Belgium has become conservative through the spirit of nationality. Retrograde Holland joins frankly in the progress, for her own safety.

Behind all, in the bleak North and the immense deserts of the East, stands Russia, watchful and threatening. Her pacific professions are followed by equivocal acts, such as the hostile withdrawal of the ambassador from Turin. Suspicion cannot but assume the existence of intrigue along the whole border of the Russian empire, from the Baltic to the mouth of the Danube. But along that vast extent of frontier the aspect of her interests changes with each neighbouring race. As yet there have been no signs of the revolt anticipated in the Russian capital. The cholera riots served but as a test of the Imperial power, and the presence of the Czar displayed his wonted authority absolute and unimpaired. The circular which Count Nesselrode issued to the diplomatic agents of Russia throughout Germany in July last expressly declares that Russia would not interfere with the political movements beyond her own frontiers, although the events did involve a departure from the *status quo*; but that she would resist aggression. No faith, however, is to be placed in these declarations. They prove nothing more than the fact that Russia did not consider it for her interests to inflict on Europe a new invasion of Goths in support of Absolute Monarchy; perhaps did not consider herself strong enough. Should new occasions arise, her policy will of course be shaped by the event; and we need not await diplomatic disclosures to make sure that the conspiracy imputed—as yet, however, on no sufficient authority—to the councils of Vienna and Potsdam, would find a willing and powerful ally in Russia. But the course of Russia, it is to be borne in mind, will be determined by the course of events in the rest of Europe: it will be passive and defensive, active and aggressive, according to the opportunities.

The part that our own government has borne in the affairs of the continent has been slight: it has favoured the national movement in Italy; it has kept open the possibility of some

reasonable settlement in Schleswig-Holstein; but with those exceptions it has assumed no positive part, and it has taken its stand on no determinate conclusions.

Every struggle to escape from this universal state of unsettlement only brings impediments into activity. The difficulties that beset the re-organization of Europe are innumerable. But it will suffice to indicate the nature of the most important, in order to arrive, by a negative process, at a conception of the advance made as each difficulty shall be surmounted. The time, the ultimate result—even the broad nature of the result—it would be presumptuous to conjecture.

It is to be remarked, that the movement is common to a number of nations in totally different stages of civilization. From the Frenchman, who boasts of having arrived at the last point of cultivated refinement, to the Wallachian, who boasts of retaining the character of a Roman colonist, we may see before our living eyes, simultaneously, the representative of every century within the Christian era. Hungary, which fills a permanent and essential part in the fate of Austria, contains within itself the representatives of different ages. The position of this country would alone suffice to baffle conjecture as to the settlement of Austria. The region comprised in the geographical expression, 'Hungary,' includes a great variety of races. The Hungarians proper, or Magyars, are in a minority, their number a little exceeding four out of the ten millions of the population. This Scythian race, which entered the country about a century before the Norman invasion of England, has preserved to itself many characteristics of conquering invasion, and stands, therefore, in the anomalous position of a subject towards Austria, and an oppressor towards the aboriginal race, the Slavonian, which slightly exceeds it in numbers. The Wallachians are about a million; the Germans somewhat less, and towards the south there is a miscellaneous scattering of heterogeneous classes, including that which speaks the *Lingua Franca*. When the Hungarians declared their independence of Vienna and the Emperor, limiting their allegiance to their own 'king,' the movement received an unexpected response in another movement of the Slaves against the Magyars. This revolution within a revolution is proved to have had the countenance of the Imperial authority. The extraordinary warrior statesman who has suddenly presented himself before Europe, like the hero of a play, Jellachich, Ban of Croatia, marched through Hungary with an army augmented at every step, and an ability that converted defeat into victory.



But the differences of race, baffling as they seem, present in reality less obstruction to a prompt settlement of the Hungarian question than arises from the peculiar political and social history of the country in recent years. Hungary is essentially an agricultural and pastoral country: of its population, some eight millions are peasants, a large proportion of whom lately held land under the lords by a kind of base tenure. Down to our own time, Hungary had preserved the feudal condition of the Middle Ages. The *bauer* or peasant, who cultivated the land held his possession by payments in kind and service for the lord; his condition being one of greatly oppressed villeinage. Nominally, one-third of his time was due to his lord; but practically, the amount was doubled. The unhappy villein was charged all imposts and taxes, nobility being exempt. More than one foreign traveller, English as well as French, has expressed indignant surprise at the spectacle of a poor man stopped for payment of heavy imposts on the bridge between Pesth and Buda, while the nobleman passed unchallenged. With great intelligence and boldness, the nobles had preserved a national independence. They had their Golden Charter, like our Magna Charta, which set bounds to the royal power; and their sturdy nationality has caused their history to be compared with that of our own country. But, in fact, the differences are more striking than the resemblances. England, the possession and creature of successive invaders, can hardly boast the self-achieved independence of Hungary, but must rather give the credit to a fortune wholly dissimilar. The facilities of internal communication in England, if they have not fused our race into a homogeneous whole, have at least created one immense dominant majority, which constitutes the English nation. The same facilities have enabled the spirit of trade to conquer the feudal system ages ago; and the English social system—an eclectic combination of experiences derived from trading Holland, colonizing Spain, and every country of the world—has been forced to keep in the van of civilization. Hungary, placed in the centre of Europe, with immense pastoral tracts of country, has had more to conquer, both within and without, and has taken a proportionately longer time. The feudal system, which we have forgotten, was a living reality in Hungary a few years back, and its forms still remain: the nobles retain its personal power and its commercial poverty. The owner of broad lands, of men and horses, would have found difficulty to muster the cash necessary for supporting his state in Paris or London. With the power, he sustained the responsibilities of feudalism, in his case terribly aggravated by the contrast of neighbouring civilization. In

other countries of Europe, feudalism has received its *coup de grace* from the spirit of trade, or a sort of *Jacquerie*. Hungary is, perhaps, the sole example of a country in which the nobles took the initiative in breaking down their own privileges. About twenty years ago, they began by a voluntary submission to bridge tolls, under a decree of the Diet; and since that step, under the dread of a servile war, likely to be promoted by Viennese intrigues, immense progress has been made in altering the social state of the country. *Corvées* have been abolished; the privileges of the nobles have been destroyed, not by royal authority or popular revolt, but waived by the nobles themselves, or merged in the elevation of other classes to equivalent advantages. Hungary, it is well known, has been governed by a Palatine, or resident governor, to whose office the members of the greatest native families were eligible in common with those of the Imperial family. The Palatine possessed unusual authority, and complete executive powers in case of many contingencies, such as the minority of the 'king.' He was *ex-officio* commander-in-chief of the 'insurrection,' or whole military force of the country; and he was, in fact, no less an officer of the Empire, as viceroy over a dependency, than an officer of the Hungarian nobles, as a shield against the too prompt exercise of the Imperial power, upon which the Hungarian nobles have always succeeded in forcing an alien character. On the breaking out of the European revolution, Hungary possessed the framework of a feudal system, which was rapidly changing, by the spontaneous movement of the nobles, into the system of modern times, so that Hungary was recovering the lost time of centuries at a more than railroad speed. When the movement reached the kingdom, therefore, it found Hungary at once in the rudeness of the Middle Ages, the hopeful activity of rapid improvement, and the daring restlessness of modern revolution. These facts explain, though they do not justify, the anomalous courses which Hungary has taken in regard to other countries. To the self-reforming nobles, the Slavonian movement was a realization of that servile war which they dreaded, and did not deserve. The bitter dissensions of races cooped up together within the same frontiers, imparted that illiberal tinge to the liberalism of Pesth, which made Kossuth refuse to withdraw the Hungarian troops from the Austrian service in Italy—refuse to withdraw Hungarians from forcing on Italy the alien rule of the same power which he was resisting in Hungary. But to the recently civilized statesman at Pesth, the Italian was the cognate of the Illyrian or Croatian, that troublesome borderer who carries an undeserved rebellion against improving Hungary.

In Hungary, then, there was the most singular crossing of influences. Pesth would support Vienna in Italy, because the success of the Italians would augment the power of the Croatian rebels, whom Vienna abets against Pesth. Pesth endeavours to crush those claims of independence in the Croatians which she supports in the Hungarians, because the victory of the subject Croatians threatens the restoration of the Austrian rule over Hungary and the abandonment of that advance which has been attained. By an infelicitous coincidence, the Emperor Joseph, who was something of a reformer everywhere else, became retrograde when forcing his crotchety uniformity upon Hungary; and she succeeded in annulling his acts so absolutely, that they are expunged from the code. Austrian reforms in Hungary, therefore, mean retrogression; and the Magyar has been taught, by the strange effect of tortuous and perverse experience, that he can only maintain his progress in civilization by a war of independence, can only preserve a lawful allegiance to his own king by rebellion against the Austrian Emperor. That is the Hungarian difficulty, expressed in a portable form.

The difficulties arising from diversities of race become of paramount and formidable importance in Bohemia. The European commotion appealed straight to the dormant spirit of nationality in Prague; and the first effect of the news from Paris, early in March, was a movement to demand equality of the two races, and legalization of the Slavonian tongue. At first the Germans joined in the movement, as one for reform; and some nobles of German extraction have throughout identified themselves with the Tcheck majority. A deputation carried to Vienna the petition of the people. At first they were received with evasive and dilatory compromises; but eventually, on the 8th of April, the most essential demands were granted. Bohemia was restored to be a substantive state, under the viceroyalty of the young and promising Archduke Francis Joseph. Count Stadion was superseded as Burgrave by Count Leo Thun, the German leader of the Tchecks. Bohemia was placed in the same relation with Vienna as Hungary. The Germans now began to discover the real nature of the movement, and Bohemia became the object of a strange series of intrigues in Vienna. The Germans of Prague laboured to arrest the operation of the new political machinery. The Hungarians protested against concessions to a Slavonian republic. On the other hand, the imperial party inclined to favour a province which separated itself from the merely democratical tendencies of Germany. With the enfeebling of the imperial authority, however, the transactions in Prague assumed a more

independent and a larger character. The leader of the Techeck party had already circulated a proclamation in all the Sclavonian provinces, inviting representatives of the race, even from foreign states, to assemble at Prague; and in May, a motley assemblage was collected, in costumes of the most distant countries. This proceeding must be distinguished from the vaguer Pan-Sclavism of former years, though that, no doubt, contributed its influence. A curious instinct has agitated the Sclavonian races beyond the Russian frontier for some years—the aspiration for national existence, which is not explained by any direct political sympathies, or any pervading intellectual influence. Perhaps the precise cause is to be found rather in political antipathies—the incompatibility of the Sclavonian races with their rulers; for they are all more or less directly natives of dependent states,—subject to laws which do not originate with themselves,—and amenable to authorities in whose behaviour is infused some bitterness of alien prejudice. Russia, with her instinct of aggrandisement, had fostered this feeling, in order, no doubt, to some future advantage. Poems inciting Sclavonians to active nationality, from the Baltic to the Adriatic, have been traced to Russian influence. But the disorganization of Europe furnished the opportunity for a more independent and rapid progress of Pan-Sclavism; and the invitation of the Bohemians enabled the Sclaves, without Russia, to set up for themselves. An unexpected unanimity marked the council at Prague. The Illyrians, regardless of Russian patronage, joined in the protest against the partition of Poland. The Poles, abandoning their sympathies with the Hungarians, took part with the Slovacks and Croats; and the Polish nobles signified their desire to supply the omission of former revolutions by the emancipation of their villeins. The movement was becoming too rapid for the patronage of Vienna. A reaction was attempted. It was answered by an insurrection, conducted with all the art of barricades,—behind which, of course, Freischmen were to be found. The troops of Austria, headed by Prince Windischgrätz, were successful. Prague was reduced, and is now held in the name of the Viennese government. But the difficulties are not ended with the victory. The Sclavonian diet has been dispersed only to excite the Sclavonian spirit in every province of the race; and Prague remains the capital of a revolution which is suspended, but not concluded; its causes remaining unremoved.

These events impart a much more formidable character to the last revolution in Vienna as compared with that in March; not only because a recurrence has its own dangers, but because

the provocative causes of the present revolution are more exasperating; the disintegration of the empire is more complete, and the court, which is unhappily the nucleus of the Imperial Government, seems to be deprived of every safe refuge. This last explosion resulted from a series of endeavours to out-general the Hungarians, as puerile in conception as they were dishonest in method. By way of overriding the contumacious Magyars, who had not yet placed themselves openly in a rebellious position, the Imperial Court appointed Count Lamberg to take the command of the whole kingdom and its contending forces; a step about as hopeful and judicious as if Charles the First had appointed a generalissimo over the royal and parliamentary armies of his early wars, in the expectation of stopping the civil conflict by the simple issue of that commission. The royal instrument was countersigned by no minister, but only bore the Imperial sign manual; a sufficient proof of its low rank in the order of state documents. But accident contributed to render the trick disastrous. About the same time, letters were intercepted from Jellachich to the minister of war at Vienna, showing that the Croatian Ban had been regularly supplied by subsidies from the capital. The Emperor, therefore, was now convicted of suborning civil war against his own subjects; and a minister hitherto accounted respectable was exposed in the act of lending himself to that wicked treason against the state. The Hungarians received the royal commissioner with fatal indignation: the edict of his appointment was formally declared to be illegal for want of a counter-signature; and the commissioner himself, endeavouring to escape from the popular fury, was slain in the streets. It is related, that a sabre reeking with his blood was brandished aloft in the Diet, and greeted with a shout of triumph,—a horrible spectacle when contemplated as it is by the distant politician in cool blood; but we are to remember that the statesmen and chamber intriguers at Vienna who brought about these scenes, also in cold blood, are more wicked than the people whose passions they moved. There is something terrible and lamentable, no doubt, but not altogether to be condemned, in these outbursts of popular passion. We should remember, that the special occasion was an act of base treachery, threatening destruction to the hopes of a whole race, destroying that faith which ought to be preserved even between enemies, and thus undermining far more than any revolution the very framework of society. It was a terrible and irregular display of human passion, but one on the side of virtue; and if irregular, caused by the still greater irregularity of that government

which ought to have been the vindicator of order. In this respect it stands in total contrast to that low kind of 'wild justice' which is called Lynch law; a popular outbreak in excess of the law, provoked by its rigorous observance among its officers, and not by its breach in high places. A repetition of the manœuvre attempted by the Imperial Court in a more overt and extravagant fashion has only provoked a still more disastrous reaction. The generalissimo appointed over the whole kingdom was now Jellachich himself; but it was supposed in Vienna, with every appearance of probability, that the Croatian Ultra-Revolutionist was engaged not now so much in fighting the Magyars as in marching a force upon the metropolis to fortify the court. The cause of Pesth became the cause of Vienna; the citizens revolted; the troops wavered, some of them joining the revolt. There was a storm of sanguinary violence. Latour was seized, and slain, like Lamberg, in the streets; the body was stripped of its clothes, and gibbeted, as though the people wished to typify the helplessness of one man's craft to resist the ultimate exposure of his guilt in the face of heaven. The Emperor fled. He left behind him threats of coming back with an invading force, which he has since thought fit to revoke. While we write, his destination is uncertain: his capital taken from him, Inspruck no longer offering the same undoubted asylum as it did before, he is wandering in search of a standing-place whence he may attempt to regain the command of his empire by setting one part against the other.

Thus in every part of the Austrian empire the elements set loose by political disintegration are in a conflict that presents no probability of solution. Each would need to be settled before the whole can be brought into harmony. Hungary must be arranged, and Bohemia, and the political questions of Lower Austria, and the relations of the Tyrol, and the precarious tenure of the '*regnum proprium Imperatoris*,' Lombardy, before Austria can be reconstituted, and presented as a constituent part of the great German empire: and before all that can be done, 'Austria' must be reseated on the throne at Vienna, now in the power of a revolutionary government!

The difficulties to the settlement of Italy are of a totally different kind. Sweep foreigners from that field—leave Italy to the restored intelligence and activity of her nobles and the excellent intention of her leading princes, and the people might be brought without much labour once more within the number of European nations. The idiotic perversity of the Neapolitan Bourbons is in itself too paltry to make any stand against influences so powerful and harmonious. But Italy does not

stand alone. Taking the lead in modern civilization, sacrificing itself to the mistakes in the earliest stages of modern political science, Italy became first the school of modern politics, and then a field of contest on questions to be settled on her ground, but having their great practical importance elsewhere. A settlement of the two or three chief Italian questions, according to the national view, would involve the total unsettlement of the European system as it exists according to the arrangement of 1815. The powers, therefore, who are interested in the maintenance of that system will not, until they are compelled, suffer it to be set loose by relinquishing their hold on Italy. Austria has backed Naples against its own subjects, because Naples has been an outpost of the Austrian system, a region in which Austria could fight the battle with less damage to its own institutions than it could have done in Lombardy or Venice. The battle of Milan has been fought at Palermo. To maintain German supremacy, every institution, military or civil, ecclesiastical or scholastic, was purposely corrupted in every state under Austrian dominion or patronage; and it is only the immense force of unextinguishable Italian intellect that has enabled Italy once more to raise her head against the conspiracy brought to bear upon her from distant quarters. But the long maintenance of that condition has had a disastrous effect on the social and intellectual state of the country. Were Italy free to-day, the great labour of her native restorers would be to repair the damage done to the morals and mind of her countrymen; and it might be some time before the Italian race was put into effective working condition. Italy, therefore, must await the settlement of Europe. She has been purposely deprived of the independent strength for making her own way, until she shall have been set free for a season.

In France, not only does that element which contains the germ of the future dominant power daily elude discovery, but each day's experience, every fresh act in the incessant conflict of parties, multiplies doubt. If the mind, impatient to resist conclusions, hazards a conjecture, it is rebuked by refutation so instant, and so surprising, that one almost seeks relief in presuming that to be likely which seems most improbable. While the government of affairs is held in suspense by the greatest moral difficulties, there is no sign of any power rising to grasp them with a hand of mastery. On the contrary, power has been relinquished by the hands that held it; and the revolution is hastening in that career of bankruptcy which the sagacious De Toqueville predicted as the cause of revolution. The Republican government is unable to forego an expenditure of more than

70,000,000*l.* sterling; it provokes against itself the cry that it is more lavish in taxation than the corrupt and costly monarchy, yet it cannot keep the annual deficit below 12,000,000*l.* sterling. While political anarchy has suspended the operations of trade, and drained the channels of national wealth, a serious shock has been given to the industry of the people. The genius of the French working classes has ever run on the side of parsimony, rather than of copious production; a condition which presents little elasticity to bear the pressure now thrown upon it. But again, while the country is in that state which demands the utmost decision and activity among its leading statesmen, we find them all lost in a maze of confusion. The revolution has been fertile in the display of oratorical and literary talent in Paris; a vast amount of courage and eloquence has been put forth in the newspapers; and in the National Assembly there has been an endless series of admirable dissertations on the principles of government, and the formation of constitutions, presenting every possible opinion with the utmost lucidity of style and the utmost vivacity of illustration: but the great science which these statesmen omit is that of attaining or strengthening their hold over the men whom they are to lead. Whether it is that Frenchmen are incapable of a critical apprehension of French genius, or that they prefer treating public affairs in the abstract, the fact remains, that no man or party in the whole of that confused Assembly has obtained so much influence and power as to command the practical enforcement of his own opinions and policy. No man has been able to set forth his own policy and compel others to augment his power by contributing their own. Incessant wavering and compromise neutralize each man's individuality, fritter away his power, and entangle him in the most complicated relations with other persons. The pure Republicans have been unable to hold their ground; quarrelling among themselves, they have put the conduct of public affairs into such confusion, that they were fain to rejoice when the reluctant 'Republicans of the morrow,' the old official hands, stepped in to the rescue. But it is not a restoration of the official régime. Thiers, who comes forward against Socialism, consents to equivocate on 'the rights of labour.' The great conservative Molé 'accepts the republic.' The Legitimists fraternize with the Ultra-Republicans. Each man retains his own original views, but qualified and half expressed, and he hopes to carry them, not by his own direct energy and force of influence, but by manœuvring through others. In such a state of cross purposes and embarrassed influences there is no progress: all is unsound and delusive. The very men



who have been tested by the event, and have shown sufficient force to attain possession of executive authority, do but the more exhibit wavering councils. Each day has changed their views on the most essential points. Now they accept the eleemosynary succour of M. Thiers and the late dynastic Opposition, and then they repel it. At one time M. Cavaignac was to be elected President by the Assembly; then the government consented to the project of election by universal suffrage; afterwards they were indirectly to back M. Flocon's project of election by the Assembly; then they were dismayed by the notion that after all the Assembly would not elect their chief; and finally, they suffer the Assembly to leave it to the country. Of all parties in France, the one whose insight seems to penetrate the smallest distance into the future, the one that has the least determined view as to the attainment of its own objects, is the party that sits in the centre of the state, and presides over the conduct of affairs. We need not review the claimants for the throne or presidency; their claims are in the inverse ratio to their chances of success, and these are small indeed. Of all those that show a hankering to be at the head of France, the ablest is the Prince de Joinville, who would not be thought of. So minutely divided, however, is the political world, so estranged is each section from all the rest, that the prospect of any government which shall be established may be summed up in a dozen words. In most constitutional states there is a ministerial party and an Opposition: in the future Assembly of France there will be one ministerial party and many Oppositions. Settle what is to be the dominant power in the country, and you have then to retrieve the financial position of the country. To do that you must restore the commerce and the industry of the country; but to that end you must reorganize society. Who, then, shall conjecturally anticipate the future of France, even in its earliest stages or the widest and most generalizing terms? Some data for conjecture may accrue when we see anything like a dominant influence formed among the people.

But if it is impossible to conjecture a solution of the vast and complicated European question in the direction of progress, it is at least clear that no turn of events can end in restoring the mere status quo. This fact, in spite of wild dreams that haunt with expiring delirium the last days of bedridden Toryism in our own country, is so self-evident, that the proofs need not be marshalled here. Even if Henry V. were king of France—which he will be when the King of Sardinia establishes his superior claims to the English throne—the descendant of the

grand monarch would rule over a very different country from that which rose and beheaded his ancestor. Germany has broken loose, and is not again to be conjured into its prison, as the fisherman of the Arabian Nights cajoled that noodle of a genie. Italy, who has already witnessed Austria competing with Sardinia in the Lombardo-Venetian popularity-market, with a promising bid of Liberal institutions, would never again succumb to Austria according to the catechism of the Lombard schools—that is, as to an infallible god upon earth. Europe has been broken to pieces like glass, and cannot be put together again as it was, though it may be fused and remodeled in new forms.

Indeed, taking a broad view of political geography and chronology, it is clear, not only that the status quo is impossible,—not only that the state of parties in each country is so altered as to be incapable of mere restoration,—but that the great classes in the social family of Europe have so completely changed their relations as to mark the commencement of a new era. Nay more—great public doctrines have so altered, have sustained such fatal shocks, or undergone such new illustrations, as wholly to modify the relation between theory and practice. Whether professed statesmen are critically conscious of the truth or not, new principles will be evolved by the progress of events, and will henceforth rule the conduct of public affairs. We are speaking, be it understood, of those states which constitute the most civilized portion of Europe.

In all the principal states, the position of the royal classes has totally changed; and it follows that the general view on what may be called royalism must undergo a proportionate change. There is something more in this than mere scepticism as to ‘divine right,’ though that scepticism has made its way in the most despotic countries of Europe, to such purpose as to have undermined every throne. Perhaps no monarch of civilized Europe would now come before his people as an officer with divine credentials, excepting that Frederick William, who still claims to be what he is ‘by the grace of God’—burlesquing arrogance with the obstinacy of impotence. Divine right is an obsolete dogma. Moreover, the people have very generally discovered that there is a limit to the extent of power possessed by kings as a class, that their command of social or mechanical resources is not perfect. Few monarchs seemed to occupy a more impregnable position than this unlucky Frederick William. He was the ruler of a prosperous and continually increasing state. By means of the Zollverein, he had acquired such influence over many secondary states of Germany, that the politicians of Europe

openly predicted the speedy consolidation of a Prussian empire—the political following the commercial consolidation of the Zollverein. Well-meaning, ingenuous, moderate, and kindly—cultivating the decencies of life, without, at least, any serious or open breach—active in the management of public affairs, assiduous for the good of his people—supported, on the whole, by a balance of public opinion at home, between practical prosperity-hunters and theoretical liberty-hunters—possessing the best organized army in Europe,—he seemed to be in a position secured upon the very centre of political gravity; so that he could poise the interests of his people according to his kingly discretion, and vouchsafe so much, and only so much, as seemed to him meet. Whatever theories might agitate the rest of Europe, however an anarchical communism might hover on the borders of his dominions, his people would have been thought as mad as Goldsmith's dog of Islington if they had outraged 'so good a man.' It happened one day, however, that, for a freak, his beloved Berliners followed the fashion of breaking forth into a great street row. The king indited from his palace the mildest of expostulations; cannon were brought forth with the best intentions, and the people were mournfully cannonaded, as beloved children are whipped—for their own good. It was found that the population of a great city cannot be cannonaded into order in a day and a night; that the scent of their own blood and the heat of that sport make a people grow very ferocious; that some sort of piety or decency in royal breasts, improved as they are by the educational progress of modern times, makes it rather difficult to persevere in so bloody a process with the loyal people of a metropolitan city; that a king may be baffled in his plans, foiled in his philanthropic little stratagems, put to his wits' end, and obliged to forego the decided use of his own army in the invasion of his own capital; that his hold over his army or his people is not so peremptory as soldiers or subjects once fancied it to be; and that a king may post backwards and forwards between Potsdam and Königsberg,—may, when he has got over the first panic, give little private parties at Sans Souci during the revolution, without being of any great importance to his people. Such is the position of the illustrious Frederick William. For twenty years the Prussians were cajoled by their king, father and son, and persuaded to wait a little longer for that share of constitutional power which was admitted to be their right, but which neither of the two kings could arrange according to his own satisfaction. Twenty years they allowed the king for making up his mind. At last they did it for him; and they then found out that really

such things can be done without a king. Within six months, Frederick William, one of the great five powers of Europe, has literally ceased to be of any great political importance. The people of Prussia have their plans: if Frederick William goes along with them, so much the better; but it does not matter very much. He is not essential to the Prussians. He may be secretly plotting with Russia: if so, they will have a traitor the more to encounter, and one who, like a discharged servant, may be more dangerous than a mere alien invader. But if they managed well with the army, they might foil him even in his own profession of soldiering.

Now, the discovery which has been effected in Berlin has been accomplished in every capital of civilized Europe, perhaps with one exception. Ferdinand of Austria has been found out, and Metternich has been obliged to fly like a detected swindler. Ernest of Hanover was contumacious for a moment; but his people looked strangely at him, and he has fallen into the new plans, with a groan, but with a judicious resignation. The King of Holland exchanged winks with his subjects, and accommodated himself to the new etiquette as pleasantly as possible. Leopold and the Belgians quite understand each other, without any quarrel. A bright idea has seized the people of Europe, that kings are really not invincible or infallible; the sole exception to this new enlightenment being presented by the Neapolitans, who really do not seem to have found out, even yet, that a Neapolitan Bourbon is insufferable.

With the position of royal governors in the general estimation, the actual function of the class is changed. When the European nations emerged from the dark ages, and the world began again, the form which human energy could most easily and effectively take was that of military organization and action, and the office of king gave purpose and solidity to national activity. After the comminution of Europe under the wrecks of the Roman empire, it was the power of kingly conquerors which again consolidated states. But the office that was performed by a Rudolph in overcoming military discord, in superseding the mere possession of the strong hand with the greater power of a governing hand over many, and so laying the foundations for the Austrian empire, is one that does not belong to our day. While the bulk of the people were a mere scattered herd, while the rudest form of human government created petty military lords, whose sole object was their own pleasure, the dogma that set kings over them 'by the grace of God' was a truth for the nations, and the monarchs really did rule by a divine right. But other methods have been imported into the

science of government. Means have been found of bringing every influence of a state to bear upon the practical conduct of public affairs; and although the office of a governor is still necessary, it is well understood that inheritance, or selection from particular families, is not essentially necessary, and that the royal governor is as much a public officer as any other servant of the state. It by no means follows that the function of royalty has ceased. On the contrary, until all primary political questions are settled, it appears very desirable to have some part of the government established, if not upon grounds purely logical, at least in a position perfectly determinate. In some portions of political government, first principles still remain unsettled, but society cannot wait for practical government while theory is busy in the analysis of these questions; and therefore it has been and still is necessary that a very important part of authority should be settled on principles *assumed ad interim*. No plan has yet been contrived by which the ambitious competition for supreme power can be neutralized; no plan by which the will of the nation can be accurately collected and put into a practical form; no plan by which the incessant progress of time and of national activity can be represented by the equally unceasing duration of a popularly constituted authority. Constitutional monarchy is a contrivance by which, more or less skilfully, the main objects under these heads are attained. Competition for supreme power is blocked out by permanent occupancy. By reposing the national power in the hands of an individual who is removed as much as possible from sectional or baser interests, the faculty of originating and continuing public movements is preserved in unceasing efficiency; and the royal will, subject to constitutional checks, becomes a kind of false basis for ascertaining the national will. In order to the proper and smooth performance of these functions, it is not necessary that the royal officer should possess original genius or commanding intellect,—those qualities are more needed in the class of statesmen that supply his ministers. But it is desirable that he should represent something like the average intelligence and feeling of his country, in the form of their greatest cultivation; that he should represent its decencies and average opinions, so that of his own proper motion he should originate the nearest approximation to that course of policy which has afterwards to be elaborated by the conflict of discussion. For if the supreme power be nearly in accordance with the general feeling of the nation, the process of testing the false basis by the antagonist forces of the country will be minimized—in other words, the contest of parties will be mode-

rated and diminished. In a constitutional monarchy, the king speaks for the nation and acts for it upon assumption, according to a well-ascertained routine, or the instinctive sense of established feeling. It is the office of his ministers to find out, through the representative body, whether the authority thus set in motion approximates to the actual sense of the nation. The powers which we have recognised in royal authority are indeterminate, not because they *ought* to be so, in the abstract, but because they *are* so in fact. The contrivance of a popularly-elected governor or president does not secure greater efficiency to the function performed by the representative branch of the state, and does not so well fulfil the functions performed by the royal governor in a constitutional monarchy. The re-election causes a perpetual break in the continued movement of the political world. A temporary president is apt to be identified with the policy of the moment: our sovereign presides equally over the councils and policy of a Peel and a Russell; always over those of England,—a reason this, instinctively felt, why even the French Republicans hanker after some monarch to be set over them, by whatsoever name he may be called. The office, therefore, still possesses the greatest degree of importance in the principal states of the most civilized region of the world. Indeed, it requires no elaborate argument to show that the position of Victoria, presiding over the councils of England at a period of the greatest power and cultivation that the state has yet attained, possesses more gratification for an enlightened ambition than a larger proportion of power over a feeble and ruder state. Victoria, for instance, would hardly exchange places with Elizabeth or Henry VIII. The office is one demanding so many high qualities, conferring so much distinction, to say nothing of its luxury, that it is well worth earning. Its duties have hitherto been understood in few countries, perhaps because their actual nature has not been analyzed with sufficient search or distinctness of description. Royalty may now be said to have become a profession which offers in its improved form advantages well worth a better training and a more assiduous cultivation than it has yet received from the princes of Europe. If they rightly understood their own interests and the dictates of an enlightened patriotism, they would have no difficulty in re-establishing monarchy to take the lead in a more glorious æra than any which the world has yet witnessed.

The position of the whole class of nobles is altered throughout Europe; and in the most advanced countries, with the altered position of that class has expired the doctrine of Toryism or oligarchism; for although in this country the pro-

fessed principle of toryism might be the divine right of kings, its practical principle was the divine right of nobles. The duces and comites of the Middle Ages, whose military service earned the lands which have descended to their representatives, had been deprived, by monarchs on the one hand, or by peoples on the other, of most political privileges, excepting that of being represented by a branch of the state. The full political importance of the nobleman ceased when his feudal functions were superseded by the growth of commerce, by the establishment of standing armies, and still more by the modern practice of farming, which has introduced the principles of commerce into the occupancy of land. In Hungary, where the noble had brought down to our own day the usages of feudal times, he has seen his own interest in adopting more modern systems. Even Venice, the most enduring oligarchy that the world ever saw, and one conducted, too, in the purest public spirit, was not a happy example of what may be achieved by that form of government. In France and England the nobility have ceased to be more than the actual occupants of lands, the masters of hereditary wealth and distinction; but they are still, for these reasons, an important section of the civil community. Their function is to contribute their quota in advancing civilization, by the help of the leisure which wealth gives them. Being the wealthiest class of the nation, their interest, in the aggregate, dictates a behaviour conducive to the general prosperity of the country. But no other functions remain to them; and to dream of restoring some kind of feudal paternity in the lord over his dependants, is as absurd as to dream of converting Alfred the Great into a descendant of Queen Victoria. The facts are against it; the progress of time is in the other direction.

The position of no class is more altered than that of the working class; but the results are not as yet nearly so specific as those which we have pointed out. General facts alone can be predicated. By their numbers and their possession of material strength, the bulk of the people always constituted the latent power of the state; but by their numbers they are incapable of determinate action; and it is only of late years that brute strength has been informed by intelligence. The working classes, therefore, in all the countries of revolutionized Europe, are recognised as something very different from the hordes that used to be passed over with the lands of feudal conquerors. They must now be consulted and propitiated. When Arthur Young was in France, not much more than fifty years ago, the peasant counted with the beasts on the estate, and the nobles whom Young would have enlightened were incapable of under-

standing that the common people could possess any political importance. In the last revolution, the title of 'Ouvrier' was recognised as one conveying privileges, and was unduly assumed by persons in a very different class. Even in Prussia, where the peasantry have been so recently emancipated from villeinage, we see the same recognition. In Italy, the political importance of the working classes is an old tradition, and is not now forgotten. But when we look at the 'claims of labour,' nothing is more remarkable than the unexpected effect of the present revolution on the broadest questions concerning the working classes. Before the insurrection of Europe, much was said about the spread of Communism in Prussia, and there is no doubt that some of the early popular excesses, especially in Austrian-Gallicia, were instigated by that dislike to property which has distinguished the discontented classes in various ages. On the breaking out of the real revolution, however, this Communism, which was pointed out as the originator of the insurrection, disappears from the political field; and in all the councils of revolutionary Germany, we see no effective representation of Communist doctrines. A similar result, but rendered much more remarkable by the circumstances, is observed in France. The doctrine of co-operation has been somewhat under a cloud in England, with the decline of Robert Owen's popularity. But in France, it has had the vigour to survive the damaging experiments of the St. Simonians, still has several of the ablest and most earnest advocates, and the number of its adherents is so extensive as to be divided into various sections or parties, and it possesses more than one representative in the National Assembly. But even in France, Socialism retains no important hold on the conduct of public affairs, can establish no share in the government of the country, or the consideration of the governing statesmen. Its crude experiments in the *Ateliers Nationaux* were suppressed as soon as possible, like a public nuisance. M. Louis Blanc is a fugitive. M. Proudhon, with his cold and rigid abstractions against property, is the laughing-stock of the Assembly. M. Cabet, who had hopes, in February, of converting France into a great Socialist republic, now hopes, at the utmost, to set out, by permission, for his 'voyage to Icaria'—a 'geographical expression' not yet set down in the maps. Even the 'short time' which was enacted soon after the triumph of the people at the barricades, before the political importance of the French Socialists had been more clearly defined, has now been repealed. In appearance, no form of Communism has attained that hold of worldly power and influence that it had under Beccold, at Munster, three centuries



ago. We know that the coöperative doctrine of the nineteenth century has nothing in common with the excesses of the tailor king, and that its principles demand respectful attention, not only for the arguments by which they are supported, but by the eminent authorities who are now according to them more or less of recognition. But it is remarkable that these great doctrines, which so alarmed the world before the kingly power was impeached, subsided into a whisper so soon as the people themselves came into political action. We need not seek far for the reasons of this unexpected but not surprising result. Although the people are now conscious of their strength, and by the right of might have taken their place among political powers, the doctrines respecting their condition, and the advancement of their welfare, are as yet much too far from final settlement to be removed from the field of discussion to that of actual legislation. Not only were great mistakes of practical management exposed in the conduct of the *Ateliers Nationaux*, but the advocates of Socialist doctrines had made too little way in practical arrangements, and, which is still worse, had too little studied the art of conducting public affairs, to take their place with any advantage in national councils, or to gain the confidence of their countrymen by skilful administration. All the public offices of Europe have been thrown open for the first comer; but the Communists, Fourierists, Socialists—call them what you will—have not yet been able to effect a standing among public statesmen.

A still more curious effect of the general European revolt has been the light that it has thrown on the doctrine of Republicanism. The whole people of Europe have risen against their masters, or, as in Holland, the revolution has been waived on an official recognition of the popular claims by the government. Yet the unloosed nations have shown by no means that greediness for a republic that might have been expected from the time. In the leading country of Europe, from which the last sweepings of monarchy have disappeared, the republic actually established causes more perplexity than delight. The citizens evidently do not know what it is that they have got hold of, nor what to do with it,—so little, that they still waver at times between the ‘eternal republic,’ as M. Ledru Rollin calls it, or a restored monarchy, or a second empire. And although the republic has been established, it is difficult to find any tangible proof of its existence. You cannot see it in the demeanour of the people; you do not encounter it in the conduct of public affairs. You meet M. Cavaignac and his colleagues, and M. Thiers and his adherents, Count Molé and some old Con-

servatives; you find noblemen still called by their abolished titles; you find national guards in the streets, and gamins, now called 'gardes mobiles;' you find red Republicans at M. Ledru Rollin's dinners, rioters at Lyons and troops of the line putting them down: but the thing that you cannot find is 'the people,' or 'France.' It is always some miserable section, some party, that has its hand against all the rest; but a whole people, or even an overwhelming majority, accordant in itself, powerful, over-riding opposition, obeyed by its leaders as true servant-patriots, *that* is the thing which, for all the freedom of France, you cannot find in any one place, in any single public act, in the bearing of the citizens you meet, or in any other outward and visible form whatsoever. The people is not present in the councils; its voice is absolutely unknown, a mere matter of disputation everywhere. It exists in flesh and blood, throughout France, but it has at present no political existence; and there appears to be no instrumentality, no form of parchment constitution, which can endow it with unity or invest it with political authority. 'The Republic' has been proclaimed; but Republicanism is victorious only to discover its own nullity.

Republicanism, according to the old acceptance of the word, is indeed brought to an experimentum crucis now that France is created a republic. Hitherto no nation of that size has been fairly formed into one embodied republic. The enduring governments of that name in ancient times consisted of small states. In our own day, the model republic, although of great aggregate size, is, after all, a federation of smaller states, whose apparent territorial dimensions are greatly modified by the narrowness of the census. And the rough style of government that may suffice on the western side of the Atlantic, with its broad open lands, its facility of subsistence, and the total absence of formidable foreign neighbours, would be put to severe trials in a state situated as France is,—densely peopled, necessarily at the head of European civilization, and surrounded by neighbours eager to abate her pretensions if not to prey upon a share in her spoliation. Politicians have discussed the republican form of government as if it were a mere choice of institutions. They have found in France already, and will find it still more distinctly when the formal enactment of a constitution shall present the results in a more regular shape, that the difficulty does not lie in devising the maxims of a government, or in contriving the machinery, but the true difficulty is to get at that in whose name all profess to act,—at the people. You may proclaim the republic, but you cannot realize it. A republic of Paris, indeed, reigning over a subject France, is

easily conceivable, and is likely to be the virtual result of any attempt to form a republic out of the whole nation; but the republic of France is the thing which will never be discovered. It is too large; that 'sovereign people' is too big to enter Paris. You may as well hope to squeeze a camel into a nut-shell.

There is a notion that although the republic itself cannot enter Paris bodily, it can do so by representation, through the aid of universal suffrage. But the fallacy of this notion, which has been vehemently contested without any severe or searching investigation of its merits, is receiving daily illustration before our eyes. We have now in Europe more than one governing body appointed by universal suffrage, and notably the National Assembly of France. Yet there cannot be a truth more manifest than the fact that not one of these Assemblies, especially that in Paris, can pretend to be a real representation of the people. The National Assembly in Paris has been swayed by counsels varying with each day—a facility of tergiversation not to be imputed to the whole people. On either one of those days the National Assembly might have been divided off into distinct sections, called by the names of Moderate republicans, of ultra-republicans, Dynastic reactionaries, Legitimists, Buonapartists, &c. Under these several heads there was no doubt about the opinions of the Assembly; but the opinion of France, the opinion of the people, the opinion of the Republic—that has been a thing so obscure, so wholly unknown, although so vitally important to all the parties engaged by the incessant contests in the capital, that the merest glimpse of it would have sufficed to endow any one party with irresistible and mastering power. Attempts have been made to attain an approximate notion of that opinion by guess-work. Legitimists will tell you that France, the real France, the people that abide on the soil of France throughout its whole extent, are a simple and loyal people, inextricably attached to the monarchy. The proposal to hand over the first election of president to the National Assembly rested on the assumption that France was so little attached to the Republic, that an election of a President by universal suffrage would result in the appointment of a king—in other words, that 'the Republic' was against republicanism! The Republic, therefore, was to be completed by evading the opinion of the Republic. We believe few persons acquainted with the state of society in France are unaware of the fact, that the Republicans, though holding power by right of their activity and hardihood, are in point of fact a minority in the population, if not a very small minority. In support of this assertion, we

may appeal to the hostility which the *soi-disant* Republic, that is to say, the government party in Paris, has encountered in the provinces.

In France, therefore, we realize by experience, what might easily be shown by *a priori* reasoning, that a republic coincident with the dimensions of any great European state is an ideal abstraction, which cannot be substantiated in practice. It is scarcely possible that the governing body in Paris, however appointed, can coincide in views or feelings with the bulk of the people. By whatsoever process of representation, it must necessarily happen that the representatives actually chosen will be men more intelligent and more active than the bulk of the population. If not originally entertaining different views from their clients, they will soon be subjected to the concentrated influence of the capital, wherever that may be situated; will be possessed by the *esprit de corps*, coerced by the public opinion of their own world; and thus compelled, by the influence which is within themselves responding to the influence without, to be a distinct and separate class from their own electors. It is impossible that a body thus constituted can think and act in perfect community with the electoral body. Indeed, if it were to do so it would waive its own superiority, and withhold from the state the intelligence and power which ought to serve it. If such a body coincide with the opinion of the people at large, it can only be by favour of good fortune: if differences arise there is no appeal, for the reason that we have already described—that you cannot get at the Republic in order to make the appeal and elicit its judgment. You can only obtain the declaration of the people in a form as vague as the process of eliciting it is rude. Our own ‘appeals to the country’ never reach *our* republic; and as we have seen in France, even with universal suffrage, no sooner does the representative body assemble than the question ‘what is the opinion of the people?’ is found to be the one most keenly contested, and most incapable of solution. The most which a Republican government can do is that which is open to any kind of representative government—to govern in such wise as to obtain the sanction of the great body of the people. So long as the governing body can obtain that sanction, it obtains security for itself, peace for the country, and the best chance for the national prosperity; all of which can be obtained without any process of universal suffrage.

The immediate experience of France cannot but materially affect opinions in this country on that much mooted question of universal suffrage, the summum bonum with one party, the bug-

bear of others. It has been vaunted as the means of bringing the people, by a direct process, into the supreme council; we find that it is not capable of doing so. It has been feared as tending to place everything at the disposal of the mob in the streets: we find that, even under it, power may be obtained by those very persons that hold it under a different form of government—namely, by active men of the Deputy or Member-of-Parliament class—that is to say, by that class which, upon the whole, possesses the greatest amount of political activity and intelligence. Under a very felicitous working of republican institutions, universal suffrage may afford additional facility for obtaining that great guarantee of internal peace, the express sanction of the people; but, as we see in France, it does not do so with any certainty of operation. It cannot do so in troubled times, and is, in point of fact, no ‘royal road’ to attain the practical ‘sovereignty of the people.’

The experience of the European revolution will suggest new readings of history. It will hint to the politician, for example, that the progress of civilization has hitherto been effected, not by the advancement of whole peoples, but by that of separate classes within each nation; and to a certain extent there has been a considerable uniformity in the order of their accession to social and political importance. In the Teutonic nations, including our own, the classes of the people have entered the theatre of political power somewhat in this order: first, military leaders of unsettled armies; next, the feudal nobles and ecclesiastical bodies, forefathers of our country gentry and tithe-owning church; then the trading guilds—traders in the bulk, conquering a recognition of their social importance; then civic nobles, migrants from the landed nobility, and cadets coming to enjoy a share of town wealth; then the middle class, fostered by towns; then the peasantry, once villeins, now emancipated throughout the greater part of Europe, and freeing themselves from the operation of the feudal system, even in Hungary; and finally, the artisans and journeymen, whose rights were wholly forgotten when the traders and master workmen purchased their own, some centuries ago. There are exceptions to this order, especially in Italy; and the early power of the artisans in Florence may suggest itself as a glaring exception to the rule as we have stated it; but we have formerly recorded the fact, that Italy is to this day suffering from a premature experience in politics which she ran through before Europe was ripe for it. But whatever the order may have been in different countries, the historical reader will have no difficulty in recognising the truth, that the progress of each country has been

effected mainly by the progress of particular classes, each in its own time.

This observation helps us to the theory of revolutions, those great facts which stand recorded so often in history, and are not very wisely ignored by political science. As each class attained to political power, the spirit of contest survived the struggle, and a paramount sense of the advantage gained, not less than self-love, necessarily made the acquisition seem to that particular class the completion, the crowning grace, of the political system to which it belonged. Having what it required, satisfied in all the wants that it distinctly understood, it could recognise no further want. Viewing all that passed around it with preconceived notions, regarding each phenomenon as a mere part of existing circumstances, each class, in the time of its ascendancy, was struck with that political blindness which has been so often deplored and so little comprehended. To the noble class in France, for example, when Arthur Young visited it, the state of things at that time was the very perfection of human existence; and the impending revolution, of which the English traveller saw the signs flagrant and clamorous in the streets, was hidden to the doomed nobles, precisely because the whole training of their race had incapacitated them to receive the ideas which were the very essence of the coming revolt. It has been so in every case. The nobles whom Rudolph crushed in founding the power of the House of Hapsburg were incapable of understanding, and therefore of imagining, the next stage of the imperial history: he alone dimly understood and imagined it, and therefore it was he that brought that next stage about. So the Tories of 1829 could not imagine the Reform era of 1831; the Protectionists of '41 could not suppose the Free-trade of '42; and so the middle class of '48, in England, are as incapable of comprehending the succeeding stage—our chartists typify it by 'Universal Suffrage'—as the sagacious Louis Philippe was incapable of imagining General Cavaignac's government.

Revolutions are the transfer of power from the body politic as it was last constituted, to the body politic as it is constituted after the admission of the new class. To effect it, the power which obtains admission must be a *real* power. Mere 'right,' as it is called, will not suffice; first, because right is a thing in itself indefinable if separated from might: and next, because the newly admitted class must really possess the inherent power to exercise the functions which it claims. Mistakes on this point are disastrous. They lead to such national inflictions as the false and fruitless revolution of Rienzi, who sought to hand

over political authority from the real power as it was to some imaginary and abstract right, and so made a turbulent anarchy for nothing. The great French revolution was of a mixed kind—more destructive than constructive; but it did wrest power from the single hands of the nobles and monarch, and was in fact but a preliminary stage of the revolution completed in 1830, when the power of the middle class was finally recognised. The revolution of 1848 in France is of an administrative kind; it might have been prevented by a wise use of the constitution shaped in 1830. In other countries, as in Germany, the revolution of 1848 is commencing that which was completed for France in 1830, and for us in the æra of the Reform Bill.

Thus broadly surveying revolutions, we see, as in the case of natural phenomena, how that which seems deplorable at one time becomes a source of good afterwards—as death is the forerunner of regeneration. Thus tyrannical Austria and the detested treaties of 1815 finally broke down in Italy the last remains of the mediæval system, obsolete, corrupt, effete, and incorrigible. Thus the imperial armies of France, with their hated and hateful invasions, broke down the absolutism that imagined itself raised to perfection and immortality in 1815; for it often happens in the vast operations of human progress, as in the larger operations of Nature, that the apparent completion and triumph of one order of things occurs after its final doom has been settled. The treaties of 1815 belonged to the era of Louis XIV.; the victories of Napoleon are serving us now; the overthrowers of Louis Philippe are profiting by his achievements; Frederick William consummated the work of his reign after the revolution which overthrew it had taken root.

The future? Here we stop, not presuming to lay a finger on that volume which, as the device at the head of the leading articles in the *Times* daily reminds us, is always closed. We can see the future only in the totality of the causes at work in the present; and ‘happy the man,’ exclaimed the sarcastic poet, ‘who might know the causes of things!’ Few of them are disclosed to us. Human knowledge never will attain so far: its hope and glory is, gradually to extend its narrow compass over a small part of those causes. It is such an extension now that has created the very marked improvement which we observe in the political wisdom of Europe, substantially proved by the gigantic fact, that these vast and undetermined revolutions have been carried on, upon the whole, with a parsimony of bloodshed unknown to the history of the world. Great political geniuses may be wanting in most countries; but at all events the common run of statesmen, and even the political

gossips in all the coffee-houses of Europe, have attained a knowledge over the causes of things, extended enough to convey some insight into the meaning of each approaching revolution. For that reason, the stone blindness which so amazed and grieved Arthur Young in the gentry of France no longer afflicts any class. Even the royal classes have gone to school so effectually, that when a revolution comes to them, they do not, like his Christian majesty, mistake it for a riot. They are getting quite into the habit, these princes, of recognising revolution, and at a pinch can even bear a hand in it themselves. Thus it is that the revolutions of 1848 have been so slightly resisted, so politely welcomed in some instances, and why therefore they have been so little bloody. Diplomacy still works in secret, but the secrecy is no longer so impenetrable as it once was. It still has its old tricks of conventional language and hollow etiquette—it still may continue to talk in the name of princes; but however the next European congress may be constituted, at whatever time it may meet, it cannot but present a marked contrast to all its predecessors. Germany has outgrown the system which was organized for it at the peace of Westphalia; the opinions which were embodied at Utrecht have become traditions; the conspiracy of Vienna, where Metternich plotted to take a stand against the progress of time, was a last effort; and when the next congress meets, it will have to discuss, not the ‘divine right’ of princes, not the possessions of this or that royal individual, nor even the ‘balance of power,’ that imaginary idol of diplomacy, but it will have to consult upon the wishes of peoples, upon such functions as remain to the royal classes, upon the boundaries of states according to political expediency and material interests. The nations sitting in congress will not indeed have parted, any one of them, with the bent of their genius: France will still seek in the congress the glory of France; England tangible advantages, and some of those compromises between opposite interests which are so satisfactory to the English mind; Italy, some revival of her traditions; Austria, some modified Metternichism; and Frederick William will still talk filially of his papa and paternally of his people. These things will go on. But no more will the servants of kings sit in secret conclave, and map out Europe for their employers. The realities of Europe are too strong for them.



## CRITICISMS ON BOOKS.

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1. *The Demarara Martyr. Memoirs of the Rev. John Smith, Missionary to Demarara.* By EDWIN ANGEL WALLBRIDGE; with a Preface, by the Rev. W. G. BARRETT. 8vo, pp. 272. London, 1848.

'There will one day be a resurrection of names and reputations, as certainly as of bodies.' So said John Milton, and the saying is well chosen as a motto to the present publication. In the preface to these Memoirs, Mr. Barrett has established three points—first, that the improvement of the negro population in the West Indies, since the emancipation, has been, on the whole, fully as great as the patrons of that measure had predicted; second, that this favourable state of things, according to the testimony of the most impartial authorities, is to be traced to the wise superintendence of the missionaries; and third, that the profitless condition of a large portion of West Indian property to absentee proprietors, is to be attributed, not to the idleness of the emancipated negroes, but to the corrupt system which entrusts such property to the care of sub-managers and unprincipled attorneys, who, by extravagant expenditure or

accumulation, leave little or nothing to pass into the hands of the distant owner of the soil. It is by the destruction of this system, and not by new loans from the British Government, or rather, by a new plundering of the British people, that real benefit may be secured to the owners of such property. Nor have such proprietors any time to lose in this respect. The bankruptcy which has come in part, must become universal, if measures of this nature be not promptly taken to prevent it.

Concerning the Memoir by Mr. Wallbridge, it must suffice to say that we hold it to be a just and complete vindication of the memory of a deeply-injured man—injured, like his Divine Master, to the death. It is a memorial which will be a document for history, and will suffice to show that so late as in our own nineteenth century, and even among civilized Europeans professing Christianity, the age of the church had not ceased to be a martyr age.

Vain is the objection taken to the conduct of missionaries, as taking upon them, in such a state of society, to plead the cause of the weak against the strong. That interference of this sort may be pushed too far, and may take a shape not to be justified, no thoughtful man will deny. But that an uneducated and suffering people should look to their ministers for consolation in their sufferings, and even lean upon them as their most natural advocates in the presence of the oppressor—this is unavoidable. The history of our own Magna Charta, where so many wise and humane provisions in favour of the vassal and the serf, as well as in favour of the feudal noble as exposed to the arbitrary power of the sovereign, owed this large and kindly element very much to clerical influence. The progress of Christianity among the rude has ever been of this nature. The ministers of religion have always been compelled to act as the defenders of the otherwise defenceless. The weak could look nowhere else; and in many a case the Christian priesthood has proved to be that middle power which could alone curb the bad tendencies of bad men. Vain, therefore, is the cry against ‘meddling’ and ‘politics,’—these things have their root in the nature of religion, and in the nature of man. So far as regards the martyr, John Smith, in place of censuring him on this score, our marvel rather is, that he should have been, in such circumstances, on the whole, so prudent, self-governed, and blameless as he manifestly was.

But some persons may question the propriety of a recurrence to excitements and events so long passed, and which it is natural for many to wish should be forgotten. On this subject the author of the memoir shall speak for himself:

‘I have felt the more disposed to undertake the compilation of Mr. Smith’s memoirs, from the fact that the proceedings connected with the foundation of Smith Church attracted no small degree of public attention towards the subject of his trial, condemnation, and death. In the minds of a considerable number of the inhabitants of this colony, the name of the Missionary Smith is associated with the events of the period known as the times of ‘martial law,’ in a manner not the most honourable to his memory. That he in some way or other caused the insurrection amongst the slaves, in 1823, is stated, and probably believed by very many who are utterly unable to tell why they credit such a statement,—who are quite ignorant, indeed, of Mr. Smith’s character, and whose opinions about him have been gathered from the malicious falsehoods industriously circulated concerning him at the time of his imprisonment and death.

‘It is with a view to dispel the ignorance and error which thus exists in the minds of thousands in this colony, in reference to one of God’s honoured servants, that the following Memorials of the late Rev. John Smith, who laboured as a Christian missionary for nearly seven years previous to his arrest in 1823, are now sent forth to the public.

‘The missionary enterprise itself, and the reputation of those who have entered into the labours of Mr. Smith in this colony, are involved, to some extent, in the undeserved stigma that now rests upon the name of that devoted man. Associations of this kind with ministers of the Gospel, and the hallowed work committed to their hands, tend to hinder their usefulness, and thus impede the progress of the ‘truth as in Jesus.’ It does seem, therefore, a solemn duty to endeavour, by a plain statement of the facts of the case, to remove such obstacles to the advancement of ‘the glorious Gospel,’ and therefore whilst the primary

object in publishing the life of Mr. Smith is to vindicate his memory, it is also my aim to remove from the missionary cause—that sacred cause which the martyred missionary loved, and with which he was so closely identified, whatever of unfounded prejudice may be associated with its history.

‘In sending forth these Memoirs of the Demarara Martyr, I have no desire to revive recollections of past events, for the purpose of wounding the feelings of any, who through ignorance, or error, or passion, took part against Mr. Smith and the cause of Christian missions in this land; and I am at a loss to know, indeed, *why* a reference to the events that transpired twenty-four years ago should be, as it is by some, so earnestly deprecated. If the proceedings against Mr. Smith were honourable and just—if his imprisonment, sentence, and untimely death were deserved, (and deserved, richly deserved they were, if he were guilty,) then why should any who took part in his condemnation be annoyed at allusions to the affair? Why should they feel otherwise than glad at being the instruments of righteously punishing a guilty man? An upright judge and an honest public prosecutor do not deprecate all mention of the criminal trials in which they have been engaged, even when, as the result of those trials, the extreme penalty of the law may have been strictly enforced. When, therefore, such anxiety is exhibited about all reference to the events of 1823 and 1824, is not this in itself a strong presumptive evidence that the proceedings of that date against a defenceless missionary will not bear inspection—that the actors in that memorable but disgraceful tragedy had neither law nor conscience to justify their course?’

‘Although to conciliate such men, were they still living, the writer would not refrain from giving utterance—it may be earnest utterance—to the truth respecting an innocent and deeply-injured man, yet it may here be mentioned that the leading actors in the virulent persecution of Mr. Smith have passed from the present scene into eternity. The governor, who organized the unconstitutional tribunal before which the ill-used missionary was dragged, is gone. The gallant-officer, who presided at it, is no more. The chief-justice, who for the high occasion doffed his appropriate robes for the gay trappings of military rank, has gone to his great account; and the assistant-judge-advocate, who so earnestly and ingeniously sought to affix the stigma of guilt upon an innocent man, has also terminated his earthly course. These men, therefore, are now incapable of being affected by anything that is written about the past.

‘And with regard to several yet alive, who were more or less engaged in the disgraceful proceedings of the times to which we refer, they are now thoroughly convinced, that in taking part as they did against the Missionary Smith, they took part against an injured and innocent man; and they are ready to do what they can towards rescuing his memory from the obloquy and reproach which have been unjustly heaped upon it. Such persons need not, they will not, be offended at a plain statement of facts concerning the closing scenes of Mr. Smith’s career.

‘There are others, however, who were concerned in the unhappy events of the period of ‘martial law,’ and who, while they are in reality ashamed of what they then said and did, are too proud to acknowledge that they acted unjustly. But these parties have no right to expect that, simply to avoid what may possibly wound their unreasonable pride, the friends of the late Mr. Smith shall consent to hold back the truth about the character, ‘the manner of life, doctrine, persecutions, and afflictions,’ of this maligned and murdered minister of the Gospel. Let such persons learn that it is far more honourable to confess a fault than to justify it; and let all who are conscious that, in taking part against the Missionary Smith, they took part against a cruelly oppressed man, have the magnanimity to acknowledge their error instead of manifesting virulent feeling at the efforts of those who esteem it a sacred duty to wipe away reproach from the memory of the ‘Demarara Martyr.’

## II. *Testimony to the Truth; or, the Auto-biography of an Atheist.* Small 8vo, pp. 312. Smith, Elder and Co. London, 1848.

This is a taking title—so much so that on reading it we began to regard the book with suspicion, as being the probable production of one among the class of persons who know how to reconcile their consciences to pious frauds. But as we began to make ourselves acquainted with the mixture of incident and speculation, of action and thought, which the narrative presents, our suspicions abated, and at every step we found it more easy to believe that we were reading a veritable history. From the extreme of scepticism, the writer has passed, we think, in some instances, a little too far in the opposite direction; but if all his reasonings are not sound, the substance of them is of that description, and the book as a whole presents abundance of illustration as to the

readiness with which the evidences of natural and revealed religion present themselves, and the force they take along with them, when once the mind becomes disposed to indulge in honest observation and inquiry. The book embraces something like a treatise in favour of belief in a God and in Christianity, interspersed and enlivened by the events of a life passed in strange associations, and in remote regions.

III. *The Presbyterian, the Prelate, and the People: or Presbytery, Prelacy, and Independency, as practically developed in England.* By a CLERGYMAN OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN ENGLAND. 24mo, pp. 335. Cotes. London, 1848.

Who the gentleman signing himself as 'A Clergyman of the Presbyterian Church in England,' and as the 'Author' of this publication may be, we know not, but his book is something of a curiosity. It is an argument, if such it may be called, in the true 'League and Covenant' spirit. We might almost suppose the writer to have been of the Scotch Commission to the Westminster Assembly of Divines, and to have taken a nap from that time to the present. "The discursive efforts of Dr. Davidson and the indescribable meanderings of the Rev. Joseph Fletcher, of Hanley, in his evolving *History of Independency*," are very summarily dismissed, Dr. Wardlaw being 'the only one, in these *last* days, of all our independent writers, with whom any one that has studied the controversy can have a moderate share of patience, as having equivocally attempted to place the polity he defends upon a Scriptural and reasonable foundation.' That even 'the learned and venerable Doctor has failed,' is presumed to be beyond 'the slightest doubt.' (Preface.) This is pretty well for a beginning. What can be meant by Dr. Wardlaw's *equivocally* attempting &c. we are at a loss to understand, but the language of the author, whether from the profundity of his thoughts, or from some other cause, often becomes, after this manner, a bit of a puzzle. In some instances our zealous friend—for as a friend, he assures us, he writes—can be a little wicked as well as witty. 'It is, perhaps, not generally known,' he states, 'that the Rev. Samuel Davidson, LL.D., of the Independent College, Lancashire, occupied, in the college of Belfast, the chair of Biblical Criticism to the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, up to the moment of his appointment to a similar situation in the above institution. In return we would take the liberty of suggesting to our friends of the Irish Church, the propriety and fitness of applying to Dr. Vaughan in the event of their first vacant professorship.' (p. 229.) Dr. Davidson can hardly deem it necessary to defend himself against the 'friendly' insinuation of this passage; and as to poor Dr. Vaughan, who seems to have rather a hard fate of it, being denounced alternately as of 'Dissenting notoriety' by some, and as 'no Dissenter' by others—the sum of his presbyterian leanings, it seems, consists, in his having asserted that the Independency of Churches ought to be so interpreted as to admit of a *union* of Churches! But this, we regret to say, is the sort of perspicacity pervading the work. We have no wish to say anything disrespectful of our Presbyterian brethren of Scotland, but we state it as our conviction—a conviction the result of some knowledge—that so far as England and Englishmen are concerned, presbyterianism is an effete system, and that all the talk—whether coming from D'Aubigné, who knows nothing of us, or from some others who should know a little about us—as to the coming in of presbyterianism to do for England what may not be done by the extremes of Prelacy or Independency, it is all talk—idle talk. We feel assured that there will be great changes in the Congregationalism and in the Episcopacy of England within the next half century, but the end will be something very different from the merging of both or either in presbytery. With regard to the

scandalous tales concerning independency, 'as practically developed' in England, to which this 'Clergyman' has done his best to give currency, it may be sufficient to remind him of the old proverb — 'people that have glass windows should not throw stones.' Truly, to get up a caricature of the 'history' or 'development' of presbytery would be no difficult matter, if a man could bring himself to think that it became him to amuse himself with so doing. No, our good clerical friend, if you must take up your abode among us, your better course will be to do your own work, among your own people, like a man of peace, and not to indulge in this sort of authorship. Were we disposed, it would be easy so to dissect your argumentation as to cause the men whose principles it is intended to serve to feel thoroughly ashamed of it.

IV. *Studies of First Principles.* By JAMES BALDWIN BROWN, A.B.  
No. 1. Voluntaryism, an Appeal from the Custom to the Conscience of the Church. No. 2. Independency, a Study of an Independent of the Old School. 12mo. Ward and Co., London. 1848.

This series of tracts on 'First Principles,' contains so much clear thought clearly expressed, that we regret to perceive anything in it likely to prove a drawback to its popularity and usefulness. In its substance, it consists not only of truth, but of very important truth, and this put forth in a form, which only a man of ability and cultivation of no mean order, could have commanded. Nevertheless, the conceptions of the writer, and his manner of expressing them, are often so abstract and philosophical in their caste, that we despair of seeing the author successful in his attempt to awaken popular interest by the sort of instrumentality to which his taste in this instance disposes him. We feel that Mr. Brown can hardly belong to that vain and irritable race of authors, who, praise them as you may, forget it all the moment you take the slightest exception to their doings. There are passages in these tracts which, in perspicuity, point, and even beauty, could not be improved, showing plainly enough what the writer is capable of doing, if he will only bear in mind that, among his readers, it is not one in a thousand who has become familiar with those more abstruse and refined modes of thought and expression which are obviously so agreeable to himself. In such publications, it is of vast importance to give the *results* of philosophy, with as little as possible of its *phrase* and *mannerism*. This is what we want both in our authorship and our pulpits, and Mr. Brown is one of a class of young ministers—few in number, we regret to say—who are capable of realizing it. We could mention some living writers who have gone far beneath the surface in philosophical studies, but whose style remains of the most natural and common-sense fashion imaginable. We cannot say this of Carlyle, Emerson, and the school generally which they represent. The following we give as a specimen of the manner in which Mr. Brown can put a case. Let him hold to such a course, and, with God's blessing, he will do something in his generation.

'Jesus set men free from the stipulated assessment of the title; but did he forego the claim? Did not that remain in full force? Nay, was not a mighty addition made to its original force, when God added to his other gifts the gift of his Son? Was not the whole Jewish dispensation intended to indicate to man the kind of relationship he sustains to God—the kind of obligation under which he lies? And when he was no longer to be taught as a schoolboy, and the amount by which the obligation was to be redeemed was left to the promptings of a heart bound to God 'by cords of love and bands of a man,' did God expect less from him in love, in gifts, in service, than when he had demanded his due with the terrors of the law? If a slave renders you faithful service, and you enfranchise him, preferring to trust to the promptings of his grateful love, and he straightway abandons you, are you not wronged? And yet that is the conduct of many of us. 'Tithes!' we scout the name. 'Are we Jews?' 'Are we in bondage?' 'Are we under the law?' Shall we who are set free return to the 'beggary elements' of the world? No; the Gospel is a law of liberty, and

no man shall dictate to us about the amount of our acknowledgment, that all we have is God's, and that we are stewards for it all; and so we dole out sorrowfully our shilling, sometimes our guinea, to collections, larger sums sometimes to larger claims, and by our freedom from Jewish law we save one-half or three-fourths of the contributions which otherwise, under penalty of anathemas, we must have paid. In other words—let us state it fairly—the Gospel is less mighty than Judaism; law is stronger than love. We will not let man title us—we do well—we will not cling to the mere formula of a tenth—we do well. But let us, inasmuch as we have a more excellent inheritance of gifts, at any rate, do better than the Jew, and give to God in love, 'for the great love wherewith he loved us,' a larger gift than he paid in fear, and as a matter of course.'

It would be difficult to mend this. The logic and the style are alike admirable. But at other times Mr. Brown is in danger of erring, in common with all minds of vivid perceptions and strong feelings, by failing to take in the whole case, and to discriminate duly in relation to it. The Independent of the Old School is meant to exhibit a strong self-reliant spirit in reference to opinion. But it should not be forgotten, that while great deference is due to our *own* consciousness, *some* weight should be attached to the consciousness of other men. Authority may be in its nature obtrusive, and require to be kept in check; but in our life's history, there is a part assigned even to authority. Suppose each member of an Independent church, from the strongest down to the feeblest, to play the Independent, as regards his personal opinions, which Mr. Brown has depicted, would not the result soon be a dissolution of the brotherhood? Mr. Brown does not mean that matters should be carried so far—but in discussions of this nature, it behoves us not to exaggerate the claims of one duty, so as to leave no place for others not a whit less binding upon us. In the case of multitudes, the effect of not being Independents of this extreme school is, that men follow their neighbours' truth instead of their own errors. Abstraction and one-sidedness are the besetting infirmities of a fervent and gifted class of minds among us. Mr. Brown is in danger from this source, but we expect to see him surmount it. We sympathize strongly with his manly thoughts and generous aspirations, and only covet to see them under the safest, and the best possible guidance.

V. *Lectures delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, at the Centenary Hall and Freemasons' Hall, 1847, 1848.* 12mo, pp. 335. Green. London.

This is as it should be—Science and Literature baptised with a Christian spirit. These lectures are twelve in number, on the following subjects and by the following persons:—

\* The Natural History of Creation; by Edwin Lankester, Esq., M.D. (with engravings.) Social Organization; by Rev. John Harris, D.D. The Art of Printing, and the Effects of the Cheapness and Facility of that Art on Society; by Rev. John Todd Brown, M.A. Mahomedism: its rise, tenets, and history; by Rev. William Arthur. The Acquisition of Knowledge; by Rev. Joseph Beaumont, M.D. The Geological Evidences of the Existence of the Deity; by Rev. Thomas Archer, D.D. The Mythology of the Greeks; by Rev. John Aldis. The History of the formation of the Free Church of the Canton de Vaud, Switzerland; by Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, M.A. The Truths peculiar to Christianity, and the principal proofs of which they are susceptible; by Rev. E. Stowel. The Moral Influence of the Commercial Spirit of the Day; by Rev. George Fisk, LL.B. The Mystery of Christianity compatible with its Truth, and with Faith in its Verities; by Rev. Charles Prest. The Age we live in; by Rev. John Cumming, D.D.

Most of the subjects are discussed with ability, some of them with a degree of care and intelligence deserving high praise. To one of the lectures only have we felt disposed to take exception. The following is a passage from it:—

'Some of the movements of the age, I must notice, are of a character neither good nor evil, but simply grotesque. For instance, it is proposed especially to regulate all the clocks of

the empire by Greenwich time; so that the instant the great pontiff at Greenwich strikes twelve, all the clocks of the empire, like an obedient hierarchy, shall echo his voice. These people have *forgotten* that the earth takes twenty-four hours to turn itself round. It is therefore absolutely impossible that a spot fifteen degrees further west than Greenwich can be anything short of an hour behind it. Now, to make Exeter, and Plymouth, and Glasgow all preserve the same time as Greenwich, is just to make them tell lies—*unblushing chronological lies—to make the church bells tell lies, ladies and gentlemen's chronometers to lie—in fact, to exact lying by the law of the land.* I think I owe Pius the Ninth, that cunning chieftain of the papacy, or his friend Dr. Pusey, must be at the bottom of this conspiracy. It is *essentially popish*, for it is sacrificing truth to uniformity. It is making men tell lies, and to hide reality in order to keep up the appearance of unbroken unity with a central regulating power. Should any of you young men be placed at the head of influential establishments at a distance from London,—in Glasgow, Exeter, and so on—as I hope you will be, I hope you will keep *protestant watches.* Set them by the sun in the sky, which the *Greenwich pontiff* cannot cover, and tell Londoners upon their arrival at Glasgow, Bristol, and Exeter time, that is true time, for God never designed that we should set our creed by that of any pope, patriarch or archbishop, at Rome, Constantinople, or London, but by the sun of righteousness, whose rays and beams are texts in the word of God. It was plainly never meant that we should set our watches and clocks in Glasgow by those of Greenwich, as long as the sun shines and shows a gnomon on every sun-dial like a very Martin Luther to stand up and protest against it.

That any man of reputation should have *spoken* thus, in any connexion, would be surprising enough, but that this precious jumble of nonsense should have been written, sent to the press, corrected in proof, and allowed to go forth to the world as part of a volume, is indeed marvellous.

VI. *Tales, Essays and Poems.* By JOSEPH GOSWICK. 12mo. pp. 184. London, 1848.

This volume embraces something more than thirty literary fragments, under the title of 'Tales, Essays, and Poems.' The pieces, as will be supposed, are miscellaneous, but of the aim and temper pervading them our readers may judge from the following passage in the preface.

'To express the want, in our times, of a true, social education;—for the rich as well as the poor—to plead for human relations between the various classes of society, instead of such as are purely mercenary and falsely styled 'utilitarian'—this has been the aim of the writer. Such a purpose could not be fully developed in these few pages, which have been chosen as specimens from many other papers, which the writer, if encouraged, will be glad to publish. Whatever the public opinion of their merits may be, the author will continue to believe that their object, the union of life and literature, or, in other words, the devotion of literature to social interests, is one of the highest importance. 'There is a cant of philanthropy in our day,' some smart writer has said. Yes, and there is a 'cant' against philanthropy. Every good purpose is marred by some mistakes, and we need not wonder if some hasty advocates of social reforms have taken a one-sided view of their topic, and have represented a 'mere change of circumstances' as all that is wanted by the people. But, on the other side, it is equally fanatical to expect improved men in unimproved circumstances. Mere teaching will not suffice for our times. The people require new thoughts, new feelings, and new circumstances, and to suggest some of these has been our aim. If our views appear in some part ideal, it may be remembered that the ideal has its place and its use in literature.'

The author is a scholar and a man of taste, regarding everything pertaining to the mental and social elevation of the people with a generous sympathy. It is true his speculations sometimes verge considerably on the ideal and poetical, and his own susceptibilities become too much a rule of judgment in reference to the susceptibilities of men in general; but on the whole, there is more of sound practical sense in him than poets are commonly blessed with.

VII. *Epitome of Alison's History of Europe.* For the use of Schools and Young Persons. 12mo, pp. 575. Blackwood, 1848.

Books of this sort are too commonly dry and uninteresting—bones without flesh or blood. But this abridgment of Mr. Alison's well-known history, if

not made by himself, has been made under his superintendence, and possesses much of the cleverness and spirit of the original work. It describes what the European nations were doing from 1789 to 1815, and quick and marvellous are the changes of state-power which it presents—changes of which we now think little, but which called forth such intense solicitude in the last generation.

VIII. *Historical Sketch of the Origin of the Secession Church*—by the REV. ANDREW THOMSON, B.A.;—and *the History of the Rise of the Relief Church*. By the REV. GAVIN STRUTHIERS, D.D. 32mo, pp. 333. Fullarton, 1848.

The Secession and Relief Churches of Scotland, we are now happy to know, have become one. 'We have written these pages,' (Preface,) 'under the strong conviction that the cause and the persons of whom they principally treat deserve to be better known, that the interest of religion and of religious liberty would largely gain by a more extensive knowledge and just appreciation of the men and their measures; indeed, that there are no men since the days of Knox to whom Scotland owes more than (to) the Erskines and their associates. We are not aware of any unfounded statement or illiberal sentiment contained in our narrative—we confess to *party preferences*, though we do not confess to *party prejudices*.' So far as we have examined the work we think the writers entitled thus to express themselves, and we are glad in being able so to speak, inasmuch as the milder and more catholic virtues do not appear to have been at all times conspicuous in Scotch controversies.

IX. *Familiar Letters by the REV. R. M. MC. CHEYNE; containing an Account of his Travels as one of the Deputation sent out by the Church of Scotland on a mission of inquiry to the Jews in 1839*. Edited by his Father. Small 8vo, pp. 173. Edinburgh, 1848.

These letters have been read with much interest in previous publications—they are now published together for the first time.

X. *The White Slave; a Life of John Newton. Written for Young Children*. By G. E. SARGENT. 24mo. Green, London.

We are not satisfied with the reasons assigned by Mr. Sargent for giving such a title to such a book, but it is long since we have read a piece of biography so skilfully and judiciously adapted to the capacity of children. No intelligent child beginning the book can fail to read it through.

XI. *Four Lectures on the Apocalypse, delivered in Bristol in the Spring of 1848*. By EDWARD ASH, M.D. Hamilton, London.

Of this exposition of the Apocalypse it must be sufficient for us to apprise our readers, that it agrees, in the main, with that published by Mr. Elliot, though derived, the author states, for the most part, from his own independent study.

XII. *The Gathering of Israel*. By AARON PICK. 24mo. London, 1848.

This is a commentary by a converted Hebrew, learned in the literature of his fathers, on the prophecy of Jacob concerning the twelve tribes, as given in the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis. It is rich in Biblical illustration, and the language of the dying patriarch is so interpreted as to embrace both the dispersion, and the ultimate re-gathering of all the tribes. It is a book that will



be interesting to those occupied in such studies, but any adequate criticism of our own on the publication would require space which we have not here at command.

- XIII. *Scriptural Teaching; or a Pastor's Offering to his People.* By the REV. WILLIAM BLACKLEY, B.A. 8vo. Hatchard, 1848.

Twenty-five sermons, plain in style, evangelical in doctrine, and well adapted to village instruction.

- XIV. *Memoir of the Rev. Henry Duncan, D.D., of Ruthwell.* By his Son 12mo, pp. 378. 1848.

Dr. Duncan, author of the 'Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons,' and the 'Founder of Savings Banks,' was no common person. He was an observer and a lover of nature, a man of literary taste, of great general worth, and a steady practical philanthropist. The filial offering thus presented to his memory by his son will be welcome to many who knew him, and is fraught with incident and suggestion with which any man who is concerned to live to some purpose in his generation may with advantage intermeddle.

- XV. *The Scottish New Generation; or the Reaction.* By HUGH SCOTT, Esq. 8vo, pp. 53. London, 1848.

Mr. Scott's 'New Generation,' if it has any real existence, is we suspect, a singularly weak one. If the habits of nations were things to be changed by the magic of a tumid rhetoric, our author, and gentlemen of his sort might labour with some hope and some effect. But such things are not to be accomplished by such gear. Among the small collateral matters deemed necessary to bring renegade Scotland back to her long-lost feudalism, is the reversing of what was done by the English Parliament, in 1688, when the English crown passed into the hands of an usurper, and the schism of presbytery was raised to the position of an established church! Heigho!

- XVI. *A Brief Historical Relation of the Life of Mr. John Livingstone Minister of the Gospel.* Written by Himself, with an Historical Introduction and Notes. 32mo. New Edition. Johnstone, Edinburgh, 1848.

Mr. John Livingstone, our southern readers should know, was a man of worth in the times of the Solemn League and Covenant, and greatly concerned in the forming and upholding of the same. We feel disposed to ask Hugh Scott, Esq, whether the republication of works of this kind, which has been going on in Scotland so rapidly of late, be one of the signs of that 're-action' in favour of feudalism and episcopacy with which his dreams seem to be conversant. Our own fear, we must confess, has tended rather the other way, and we have been almost disposed to regret this apparent tendency to take the wisdom of the seventeenth century as a stereotyped model for the nineteenth. Livingstone's autobiography, however, is a work of interest, both theologically and historically, and this edition of it is well edited and supplemented.

- XVII. *A Memoir of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Long, of Clapham Park, with interesting notices of her pious ancestry, descendants of the Protestant Martyr, John Rogers.* 12mo. Hamilton, London, 1848.

The biography of private persons can scarcely be interesting beyond the connexions in which the deceased may have been known. But there are parties to whom this department of religious literature is especially acceptable,

and the eminent piety and general worth of the subject of this memoir deserve to be known far beyond the circle in which she moved. Much is said now-a-days about biography—about what it ought to be, and what it ought not to be, but in truth the tastes of readers differ very widely in this respect, and it is well that our canons of criticism cannot be made imperative in relation to it. Mr. Long has aimed to produce a book which pious persons may be disposed to read, and be the better for reading, and we think he has succeeded.

XVIII. *The Spirit of Holiness; and Sanctification through the Truth.* By JAMES HARRINGTON EVANS. Fourth Edition. 12mo. London, 1848.

Mr. Evans was one of a number of clergymen who left the Church of England some thirty years since, and is, we believe, the only one of the number who can be said to have worn well. They were much too important in their own eyes to fall into the ranks of dissent, and much too weak to institute anything better of their own. Sad were the changes that came over some of them, and Mr. Evans himself was for a while affected by his contact with so much instability. But he has long since ceased to be numbered with men given to change, and this book furnishes beautiful proof of the intelligence and piety which characterise his spirit as a man, and his services as a minister.

XIX. *The Irish Pastor and the Famine: Memoir and Remains of the Rev. Samuel Brown, of Tralee, Ireland.* By his brother, the REV. ISAAC BROWN. 24mo, pp. 274. Nisbett, London, 1848.

The subject of this memoir was an estimable young minister, pastor for four years of the Independent Church at Tralee. He was not a man of brilliant talent, or of more than average ability in any respect, but there appears to have been a fervent piety, and a power of kindness in him which imparted a charm and usefulness to his too brief career. His days were no doubt shortened by his assiduous attention to the suffering people of Ireland during the late famine. The book is a pious and suitable memorial.

XX. *Memoir of the Life and Ministry of the Rev. William Bramwell, with Extracts from his Letters; Letters hitherto unpublished; and other Original matter.* By Members of his Family. 8vo, pp. 288. London, 1848.

This is a singular performance, exhibiting some cleverness and shrewdness, but mixed up with a good deal of confused thought, and extravagant expression. The book will be acceptable to Wesleyans who knew Mr. Bramwell, or who are interested in everything concerning the history of the denomination. It will have its interest also for a very different class—men who are disposed to study religious enthusiasm, in all its forms, as a psychological curiosity. Mr. Bramwell was a man whose piety rose to enthusiasm, and who produced his impression through life, as a man and a preacher, by that means. He was a man of humble origin—of humble attainments, but of good natural intelligence, and distinguished among the best men of his times by his strong faith, and the earnestness of his religious spirit. We have no sympathy with the authors of this memoir when they rate as they do against certain parties who have presumed to intimate that Mr. Bramwell showed some sympathy, at least for a time, with the views of the late Mr. Killham; nor when they attempt something like an argument for modern miracles, that their relative might have his place with the Thaumaturgists. We see nothing in the extraordinary things recorded of Mr. Bramwell that may not be traced to ordinary causes; and nothing but mischief as likely to result from any attempt to trace them to a higher source.

XXI. *The Relation between the Holy Scriptures and some parts of Geological Science.* By JOHN PYE SMITH, D.D. LL.D. F.R.S. and F.G.S. Fourth Edition, greatly enlarged. 8vo. Jackson and Walford, London. 1848.

The lectures contained in this volume have remained in substance the same as in the successive editions of the work, but in the space assigned to notes, considerable additions have been made in each reprint. In the present edition the new matter is marked, in some instances, as belonging to the 'Fourth Edition,' but there is new matter beside the portions so distinguished. It is not needful that we should say anything in commendation of the book itself. It required some moral courage to publish it at the time of its appearance, but it has fought its way to a position above the reach of assault from prejudice or bigotry.

XXII. *Sermons on Practical Subjects.* By the Rev. SAMUEL WARREN, LL.D. Small 8vo, pp. 362. Blackwood and Co. Edinburgh, 1848.

Dr. Warren states, in the advertisement to this volume, that his aim in these discourses has not been novelty or research, so much as to be useful, and to cause the heart to become interested in the undisputed truths of our common Christianity. Such is the character and tendency of the publication. The style of the preacher is clear, his doctrine is evangelical, and his spirit is devout.

XXIII. *On Large and Small Farms, and their Influence on Social Economy; including a View of the Progress of the Division of the Soil in France since 1815.* By H. PASSY, Peer of France, Member of the Institute, Examiner of Commerce, &c. 12mo, pp. 173. Hall and Co., Edinburgh. 1848.

This publication is regarded by many as an answer to the plea in favour of large farms, as urged by Arthur Young, Macculloch, and other economists. It should be read by every man who feels the want of material on which to found a judgment upon this question. It is a question which is naturally regarded as intimately connected with the law of entails and primogeniture—the law which is doing so much to perpetuate the perilous distance between rich and poor in this country. This small volume, and another compiled by the translator, will suffice to show such as need the information, that in the liberal view of both these questions H. Passy is sustained by a host of the most distinguished economists and statesmen, from the time of Adam Smith downwards.

XXIV. *Odes of Klopstock from 1747 to 1780.* Translated from the German. By WILLIAM NIND, Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. 12mo, pp. 310. Pickering. 1848.

The name of Klopstock belongs to the *history* of German literature more than to the literature which Germans read now-a-days. No effort could avail to restore popularity to the 'Messiah,' either in Germany or England; but the lyric poems by its author still retain a portion of popularity, and are often highly praised, even by the most recent German critics. The 'Odes of Klopstock' are described by Gervinus as forming three classes—the spiritual, the bardic, and the classical. Mr. Nind's translations embrace the principal pieces belonging to each of these divisions. The translations are given with considerable spirit and pathos, but we cannot promise the translator a very wide appreciation of his services by the British public.

XXV. *The Mother's Monitor; or, Readings for Maternal Associations.* By ANNE JANE. 12mo. Green, London. 1848.

'Maternal Associations'—what do these terms mean? The following is Anne Jane's account of one of the associations intended:—'A minister commences the meeting by reading and prayer, and then retires. A mother then reads for half an hour on maternal duties and responsibilities. Another mother, a Sabbath-school teacher, then gives out a hymn and prayer; and another half hour is spent in reading, sometimes on the best mode of training children—sometimes papers to stimulate and encourage mothers in their arduous work. After this, the meeting closes with singing and prayer.' In maternal associations, accordingly, mothers seek their mutual improvement with a view to the wisest possible training of their children. The idea of such associations originated in the United States some thirty years since, and subsequently many thousand mothers have acted upon it. It is a fact often marked by the observing, that nearly all great men have had noble-hearted mothers. There is no guarantee for a wise and virtuous community like that found in a wise and virtuous motherhood. It is no doubt to a large extent true, that the hands which 'rock the cradle rule the world.' Of course, in the better education of children contemplated by these associations, their religious training is an object of prominent attention.

XXVI. *The Jewish Exile; or, Religion Exemplified in the Life and Character of Daniel.* By the Rev. JOHN KENNEDY, A.M., Stepney. 24mo, pp. 202. Snow. 1848.

This book treats of the various phases in the history of the great courtier-prophet. The subject is rich in suggestive thought, and Mr. Kennedy has expounded it with intelligence, piety, and good taste. It is dedicated, with much propriety, to the 'young' of the author's charge, and would be a very suitable present to youth. One thing we regret in it—the paper and type are of a very coarse and slovenly description. We could wish all such books to take with them a cast of neatness and elegance; the extra cost need not be considerable, and is always economically expended.

XXVII. *The Little Red Book: the History of the Holy Catholic Church in Ireland.* By ROBERT KING, A.B., Curate of the Six-Towns, Ballynascree. 12mo, pp. 104. M'Glashen, Dublin. 1848.

This little book is designed to show that the true 'Holy Catholic Church of Ireland' is the Protestant church, Romanism being an innovation—a novelty. The type and fashion of the book partakes of the antique, and the style of the writer is after the bygone old chronicle description. In such language as a monk might have used long since, Mr. King appeals to Irish history and antiquities in proof of his theory; and it is no doubt easy to show that the Romanism of Ireland, since the days of Pope Adrian, differs very much from what had obtained ecclesiastically in Ireland in ages more remote.

XXVIII. *A Dream of Reform.* By HENRY G. FORREST. Small 8vo, pp. 162. Chapman, London. 1848.

This is a dream of reform by a reformer. Mr. Forrest's Utopia is not that of Sir Thomas More, or of some others, but a vision-state, where the many forms of social improvement now mooted among us are worked out, and where our own actual state of things is supposed to belong to history. The dream floats smoothly on, and the results of much reading, observation, and thought

come before the reader with scarcely more cost to him than is required in reading a tale, or looking at a picture. The book had passed the press when the Revolution of February broke forth, and the author, in his preface, naturally regards that event as favourable to his views of progress; but a short interval is bringing its return wave, and suggesting much to abate the too sanguine expectation of the ameliorators. We should add, that many even of the supposed improvements in Mr. Forrest's *Philotopia* are not really such in our judgment. For example, one consummation realized in his imaginary commonwealth is, the equal endowment of all creeds, the voluntary principle being 'good in theory, but bad in practice'—a common expression in reference to many things, but one not very intelligible. In general, we suspect, that what is bad in practice, comes to be such as the consequence of its being something bad in principle.

XXIX. *Archæologia Hibernia. A Hand-book of Irish Antiquities, Pagan and Christian, especially of such as are easy of access from the Irish Metropolis.* By WILLIAM WAKEMAN. 12mo. M'Glashan, Dublin. 1848.

An excellent manual on the section of Irish antiquities which it embraces, illustrated with numerous and effective engravings.

XXX. *Notes, Explanatory and Practical, on the General Epistles of James, Peter, John, and Jude.* By the Rev. ALBERT BARNES. Carefully edited by the Rev. INGRAM COBBIN, M.A. Tegg and Co., London. 1848.

The present volume of this popular commentary is published, it seems, by Knight and Son, as copyright, in virtue of a contract with the author, which must preclude other publishers of the previous volumes from completing their sets, except by the purchase of this volume, and an expected volume on the Apocalypse, at a higher price. We know not that there is anything wrong in this; but it is to be regretted that some arrangement of this kind was not made or intimated earlier. The loss thus occasioned in some quarters must be considerable, though the author is, beyond doubt, entitled to the gain which will thus be secured to him.

XXXI. *The History of Greece, from the Earliest Times to A.D. 1833.* For the Use of Schools. Small 8vo, pp. 382. 1848.

This is the first in a proposed series of works for 'schools and families,' to be issued by the Religious Tract Society. The committee state that their aim will be to convey sound information, with a decidedly Christian tone. The present volume, so far as we have examined it, is in accordance with this pledge, and a good beginning.

XXXII. *Suggestive Hints towards Improving Secular Instruction, and making it bear upon Practical Life.* Intended for the Use of Schoolmasters and Teachers in our Elementary Schools. By the Rev. RICHARD DAWES, A.M., Vicar of King's Somborne, Hants. 12mo.

*Hints on a Self-improving and Self-paying System of National Education.* By Rev. R. DAWES.

The leading idea of Mr. Dawes is, that by making popular education good, you may make it self-sustaining; and he has laboured hard to show that the good required in this shape may be realized. Could we manage to people every parish in England with a fair number of persons who would bring the intelligence and zeal of Mr. Dawes to this work, all might go on very much

as Mr. Dawes supposes; but we have seen enough of the sort of reasoning which points to the wonderful things that may be accomplished, *if* certain other things be only secured! *Given* the causes, the effects are no doubt safe; but alas for this assumption at the outset!

These books by Mr. Dawes, however, are full of useful suggestions, well deserving the attention of all practical educationists; and we scarcely need say that we account him quite right in his favourite idea, that the better the education, the more likely is the school to be self-sustaining.

XXXIII. *The Sister's Friend; or, Christmas Holidays spent at Home.*

24mo. Religious Tract Society.

*Look Up; or, Girls and Flowers.* 24mo. Religious Tract Society.

These are neat little volumes. The first conveys lessons of prudence, morality, and religion, in the form of a tale. The second shows how many wise, and kind, and devout thoughts, may be suggested by a flower-garden. The engravings, and the sprightliness of the dialogue, are adapted to the young, and it is scarcely possible the young should read such books without profit.

XXXIV. *Come to Jesus!* By NEWMAN HALL, B.A. 24mo. Snow. 1848.

There are earnestness and unction in this tract, which remind us of other days. There is more of the mind and heart of Richard Baxter in it than in anything we have seen for a long time. We cannot doubt that it will be read by many with interest and profit.

XXXV. *The Black Book of the British Aristocracy; or, an Exposure of the more Monstrous Abuses in the State and the Church; with a Black List of Pensioners, Royal, Aristocratical, Civil, Diplomatic, Hereditary, Military, Clerical, &c.* London, Leeds, Manchester, Birmingham.

This is a book sold for threepence. It has been distributed by myriads through the manufacturing districts. It has passed very largely above the lower into the middle classes. Over a large portion of the kingdom there are few persons who have not seen it; and while the aim of many among those who have secured it this circulation is no doubt revolutionary, and on the side of a spoliation after their own fashion, we should despise the patriotism of any man who, after glancing at such a record, can coolly bring himself to think that things should remain as they are in this respect. It may be true, that expenditure in a multitude of the forms here mentioned is legitimate and unavoidable; but this is far from being the case with respect to *all* the cases here named; while the *extent* in which the public money is lavished in very many directions which are in themselves legitimate, is flagrantly unnecessary, impolitic, and unjust. Our statesmen are not wise if they suppose that Chartists alone are looking with an eye of discontent on these things. The feeling is common to the best portion of society, though, for the present, men of sense look to St. Stephens, shrug their shoulders, and despair of much amendment until some unexpected change shall come and sweep these evils, with much beside, from their place.

XXXVI. *Miscellaneous Letters on Currency, Free Trade, &c.* By S. A. Goddard. London. Simpkin and Co. pp. 46.

These letters are by a disciple of the Birmingham school, and, as is usual with the sect, contain a portion of truth, upon which is built a superstructure

of error and fallacy. That Mr. Goddard has some knowledge of the subjects which occupy his mind and pen we should be sorry to deny. His letter to Lord John Russell, dated January 28th, 1847, clearly shows that he foresaw the monetary panic which the imports of grain were sure to produce. The danger is not yet over, for it is impossible to predict the course of events after the corn trade shall have been finally thrown open. The singular thing is, that the advocates of a return to a depreciated and variable currency never attempt to explain *how* such a return is to be effected. It cannot be done by legislation; it must be done by a *coup de main*. But the very accession of a minister to power, supposed to be capable of such an act of audacity, would itself produce panic and total monetary confusion. How, then, is a retracement of our steps, supposing it to be right and politic, to be carried out in practice? Here is the difficulty; and until this is surmounted it is idle to talk of a return to incontrovertible paper.

XXXVII. *The Manse Garden, or Pleasant Culture of Fruit Trees, Flowers, and Vegetables, for the Beauty and Profit of the Villa or Farm.* By N. PATERSON, D.D. Sixth Thousand. 12mo. Collins. Glasgow and London. 1848.

The title of this volume describes its purpose, and it is what its title promises. It abounds with suggestions bearing upon the useful or the beautiful in domestic gardening, in the culture of trees, vegetables, or flowers.

XXXVIII. *The Jewish Nation; containing an Account of their Manners and Customs, Rites and Worship, Laws and Polity.* 8vo. Religious Tract Society.

A Calmet in little—that is, in less than five hundred small octavo pages, with numerous illustrative engravings. One of a large class of works which commend themselves to our busy and economical age by the promise of saving both in time and expense. Certainly, the volume before us presents a large amount of well-illustrated information, in a small space, and at small cost.

XXXIX. *The Afflicted Man's Companion.* By the late Rev. JOHN WILLISON. 12mo. Johnstone. Edinburgh and London.

This is a book in the marvellously cheap series issued by the Committee of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland,—neatly printed volumes, of about three hundred pages, bound in cloth, and sold for one shilling each. This volume is a kind of manual, adapted to be useful to two classes—the afflicted and the visitors of the afflicted.

XL. *Anecdotes of Fontainebleau. With an Introduction.* By the Rev. DANIEL WILSON, M.A., Vicar of Islington. 24mo. Jones. London, 1848.

These anecdotes relate to the progress of evangelical religion, and of Protestant education at Fontainebleau: they also expose the craft which has served to render the popish priests so much an object of execration through France. It is a collection of facts which will be hailed with delight by all persons interested in the diffusion of genuine Christianity in that unhappy country.

XLI. *Lectures on the Moral Evidence of Christianity.* By the Rev. R. ALLIOTT, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 24.

This lecture is such as we should expect from the pen of Dr. Alliott; it is the utterance of the scholar and the Christian, upon an aspect of our religion rarely treated with the discrimination which it demands.

XLII. *Monthly Series. Magic; Protestantism in France; Martin Boos. Tract Society.*

The first of these volumes presents an exposure of pretended miracles, and of strange natural phenomena; the second consists of a history of Protestantism in France, from its rise to the reign of Charles IX.; and the third records the life of a Catholic clergyman in Germany—one of those hidden ones who become heroes on earth from their faith in Heaven, and who are found, more or less, in all churches that hold the essential truths of the Gospel. The three numbers are worthy of the place assigned them in this valuable series.

XLIII. *The Pictorial Bible. Parts XIII. & XIV.*

These Parts bring this work to its conclusion. To youth and age, the learned and the unlearned, the Pictorial Bible may well be a most acceptable publication. We give it our warmest commendation.

XLIV. *The Works of John Bunyan, Practical, Allegorical, and Miscellaneous, with Editorial Prefaces and Notes; also, an Essay on Bunyan's Genius, Times, and Contemporaries. By the REV. ROBERT PHILIP. Royal 8vo. Parts I., II., & III.*

This edition of the entire works of our 'prince of dreamers' will be completed, it is presumed, in about twenty Parts, at two shillings each. Mr. Philip is, we have reason to think, competent beyond any other man to execute the task to which he is here pledged. His attention has been long given to the subject, and the public, we feel assured, may confide in him to present them with a careful reprint of all that can be ascertained as having been written by Bunyan; together with appendices and notes, containing selections from the best things that have been said about the man, his times, and his writings. Those who know Bunyan only through his allegories know him only in part. His genius was conspicuous in everything he did.

XLV. *The Unchungeableness of Christ. By SAMUEL THODEY. 8vo. Hamilton & Co. 1848.*

This is an able discourse, combining sound theology with excellent taste. It was delivered in Downing-street Chapel, Cambridge, in January last, when the author resigned the pastoral office, which he had sustained in that place twenty-eight years.

XLVI. *The Voice in Rama Hushed; or, Consolation for Bereaved Parents, and a word to the surviving Children. By A. E. PEARCE. 24mo. Snow, London. 1848.*

A little book, full of judicious and affectionate counsels—a very suitable present for those who wish to say a word in season to a bereft family.

XLVII. *The Organization of Industry Explained in a Course of Lectures, delivered in the University of Cambridge, in Easter Term, 1844. By T. C. BANFIELD, Esq. Longman & Co. 1844.*

A set of lectures, well written in point of style, but by no means clear or explanatory as to the important matters in question. Many of the facts brought forward by Mr. Banfield are of value, but he is deficient in the power of drawing general conclusions clearly and satisfactorily from the truths which



he knows; and hence the student imperfectly versed in political economy may read these lectures with little improvement of his general ideas of the science. Mr. Banfield, we see, quarrels with the theory of rent laid down by the late Mr. Ricardo; but does he really understand his author? Ricardo's example of the *five parcels of land* is merely an example. It is a short, plain method of explaining Mr. Ricardo's views, that is all. What Ricardo really means to establish is this—viz., that rent is the surplus after paying expenses of cultivation, interest of money advanced, and farmers' profits. When general profits were very large, and the interest of money high, only the best soils produced this surplus. As owing to taxation and the spread of population from lower living, profits and interest of money fell, rents grew, and second-rate and third-rate soils showed a surplus, which before could not exist. This is Ricardo's general theory; and who is to deny it? The theory is not confined to agriculture; it embraces trade as well as land. All that is asserted is, that as the general rate of profit *decreases*, rent must *increase*, and poor lands come more and more into cultivation, which we take to be a conclusion quite undeniable, and almost self-evident. Mr. Senior, who seems to be an object of great reverence in Mr. Banfield's eyes, might have explained this to him, one would have thought.

Mr. Banfield's observations on the injustice of a land-tax, as levied in practice, are no doubt well founded; but the remedy would involve vast difficulties. It seems to be hard measure to tax lower qualities of land by the same amount per acre as is drawn from rich soils—but who is to construct a *scale* of qualities of soil? When taxation is excessive, difficulty is insuperable; and in this conclusion all such inquiries must end.

#### XLVIII. *Lowe's Edinburgh Magazine.* Nos. 1 to 21.

This magazine embraces the range of literature, science, and philosophy, viewed in their relation to evangelical religion. It is published monthly, and as sold for one shilling is remarkably cheap, if we bear in mind either the quantity or the quality of the matter. It has evidently improved as it has proceeded, and is now taking the field with much spirit and ability against a philosophy, 'falsely so called,' which, while professing to be an ally of Christianity, tends to destroy greatly more than to subserve it.

#### XLIX. *Sermons for Sabbath Evenings.* By Ministers of the Free Church of Scotland. With Introductory Remarks by HUGH MILLER. 12mo. pp. 352. Johnstone & Co., Edinburgh. 1848.

This neat volume embraces eleven discourses, in fair type, by some of the most distinguished Ministers of the Free Church. The Introduction contains some very judicious remarks on the duty of the church, and especially of her ministers, in relation to those questions of 'progress' which now occupy so much of the public attention. Mr. Miller aims to strike out a middle course, between the retention of the old, which springs from mere prejudice, and the seeking after something new, which springs from mere restlessness, or something still more morbid. Right glad too are we to find him entering his manly protest against the cant of some of our shallow gossips and idlers—that preaching is only a small part of a minister's duty. Most justly does he intimate that these simpletons had better go one step farther, and say that preaching is no part of a minister's duty at all. One thing is sure: the minister who reckons preaching only a small part of his business will not fail to make a small business of it.

1. *The Jesuits. A Lecture*, by HENRY ISAAC ROPER. 12mo. Houlston & Co., London. 1848.

This is a frightful indictment against the disciples of Loyola, depicting their odious principles and malpractices, count after count, with a merciless thoroughness. Bad as this showing of the case is, however, we cannot avoid the conclusion that it is the true showing. But the rogue's trade is rarely in the end a thriving one. This roguery lay association has been a costly experiment to Romanism, as not a few Romanists are well aware. The Jesuits and the priests of the papal hierarchy have contrived between them to bring matters to a nice issue in the countries which have been subject to their sway. They must know—cannot but know, that they have made infidels of nearly all the educated men in Catholic Europe. The ignorant they drug with superstition, the educated they denude of all religion; and this is the system which our statesmen wish to incorporate with our national institutions!

II. *Original Thoughts on Various Passages of Scripture: being the substance of Sermons preached by the late Rev. JOHN CECIL, A.M.* Never before Published. Edited by Catherine Cecil. 8vo, pp. 691.

These fragments of discourses by the late Mr. Cecil were taken down by some four or five of his hearers, at different times, without concert, and without any view to publication. We have no doubt of the general fidelity of the report thus made, both as to what Mr. Cecil said, and as to the language in which his thoughts were clothed; but so much in his case depended on that deportment of manner which paper and type can never give, that we doubt whether it be just to his memory to force him thus, in comparative *dishabille*, and at such disadvantage, on the attention of another generation. These sketches, however, are to a great degree characteristic of the author—rich in scriptural ideas and expressions, exhibiting a highly sanctified manhood, both of head and heart. In one respect we have felt much pain in perusing them—it has been as we have been obliged to compare the fine Catholic spirit of Cecil towards all good men, with the manifest want of that spirit in our own day, on the part of many who profess to tread in his steps.

THE following paragraphs, as the conclusion of the article on Spinoza, did not reach the editor in time for insertion in their proper place:—

We are obliged to omit various matter on the relative character of inspired truth, and on the absurdity of supposing that man can give a metaphysical account of the Divine Nature. Our grandest ideas are by no means the clearest, and the *essence of things*, with all Spinoza's aid, is as much as ever veiled from human inspection.

Yet his writings have raised a world of dreams in both theology and philosophy. Their immense influence on these may be seen in *Saintes'* work—*Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de B. de Spinoza*. Paris, 1843. Our own *Clarke* and *Cudworth* discuss, with great acuteness and depth, his main positions, but the effect of his speculations on modern schools can only be known by carefully tracing out the obligations of naturalism and ideal pantheism to his principles of criticism and modes of thinking, as they obviously appear in the systems of theology and metaphysics that have engaged the largest share of attention in the present century.

The result, we are sure, will not finally be lost on mankind. Justice will one day be done. Faith in the Incomprehensible shall revive, and in its spirit, nurtured by the fulness of revelation, not in the spirit of scepticism, shall men exclaim—'Who can by searching find out God, who can find out the Almighty unto perfection?'

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